

# Greenland Whale Fisheries

## The Longest Johns

In eighteen hundred and fifty-six  
On June the thirteenth day  
We hoisted our colours to the top of the mast  
And for Greenland bore away  
(Brave boys, for Greenland bore away)

Well, the lookout on the crosstrees stood  
A spy-glass in his hand  
"There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whalefish!" he cried  
"And she blows at every span!"  
(Brave boys, and she blows at every span!)

For Greenland is a hell of a place  
It's a place that's never green  
Where there's ice and there's snow and the whalefishes blow  
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys  
The daylight's seldom seen

Our Captain stood on the quarterdeck  
A gallant man was he  
"Overhaul, overhaul, let your davit tackles fall  
And we launch our boats to sea."  
(Brave boys, we launch our boats to sea)

Well, the harpoon struck and the line paid out  
But she gave a flourish with her tail  
And the boat capsized and we lost seven men  
And we ne'er did catch that whale  
(Brave boys, and we ne'er did catch that whale)

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It's a place that's never green  
Where there's ice and there's snow and the whalefishes blow  
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys  
The daylight's seldom seen

Now the losing of those seven brave men  
It grieved the captain sore  
But the losing of that bloody great whale  
It grieved him ten times more  
(Brave boys, it grieved him ten times more)

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