



CHORUS:

But, as for provisions, we don't get half enough.  
A little piece of stinking beef and a blamed small bag of duff.

CHORUS:

Next, comes the running rigging which you're all supposed to know.  
Lay aloft, you son of a gun, or overboard you'll go.

CHORUS:

The skipper's on the quarterdeck a-squintin' at the sails,  
When up aloft the lookout spots a mighty school of whales.

CHORUS:

Now, clear away the boats, me boys, and after him we'll travel,  
But if you get too near his fluke, he'll kick you to the Devil.

CHORUS:

Now, we've got the whale turned up, me boys, we'll bring 'im alongside,  
Then over with our blubber-hooks and rob him of his hide.

CHORUS:

Now, comes the stowing down, my boy, 'twill take both night and day.  
You'll all get two bits after six months to the day.

CHORUS:

When we get home, our ship made fast, when we get through our sailin',  
A brimming glass around we'll pass, and damn this blubber whalin'.

CHORUS: