

The Wounded Whale

The Wounded Whale
See how ^{the} sun from her ocean bed rises
Broad over the quarters glittering light throws
But hark from our mast head what a gages
news are ringing hard on our lee beam whale
their she Blooms call up your sleepers your barbs
larboard and starboard men main yard aback
and your boats hard on our lee beam the
White quarters are gleaming gleaming and
foaming in gath'ring array

see the Livia than in vastness is lying making
the sea her luxurious bed whilst high in the
air the sea Birds are flying conuling the Billions
that Breaks over her head whilst high wide
and sinewy goes her dark flocks in the air
stately but slowly she sinks ^{in the main} waves make all
yours a white Rest from your weary toil
Waiting and watching her rising again

Bar hearties Row for the pride of your nation
spring to your oars make the Reeking sweet
flow now for the Blood let it have circulation
forward from your Throat and give way every
man see how the boat advance gaily as to a dam
floating like shadows across the blue sea stand
up and give him some send both your irons
home safely stern all trim the boat sea all clear
Wounded 5

Wounded and sour fins and plukes in command
Black skin ours contending in the spray while
so loud and so shrill blows the horn of the ocean
putted and last she brings to in dismay haul
line every man gather in all you can lances and
spades from your thwarts clear away now take
your oars again fast each boat remains
Waiting and watching her rising again

Surrounded by foes with strength undiminished
 sea board she thrashes her dark flukes in the air
 a lance in the life and the struggle is ~~over~~
 finished oh oh she stinks she sinks with her
 chimney on fire while so land and so shrill
 the cry free from our seamen (Mocking) the
 W hale in her terrible roar now looking at
 her die see the bla signal fly here she goes
 fin out and the contest is over

Monday Oct the 10th