

1864

It was in my early ocean life
 And my first trip to sail
 Over broad Atlantic rolling tide
 To seek and catch the whale

One evening I remember well
 The night before my tale
 I shipmate sang a song which said
 They had not catch that whale

But soon we all were imbles in
 In stream of strange life
 Of happy home back in the past
 And the precious winter trip

At daylight some were rallied out
 To point the blackness sails
 Whilst some went to the gallant leas
 To look awhile for whales

Whilst some were slumbering yet below
 In dreams of fancy's choice
 A sound palest forth high over the deep
 Which proved a most sweet voice

Repeating sounds of there also flows
 Rang & sang on the gale
 The whalmen with a shure instinct
 Will not mistake a sperm whale

Then clear away the boats my men
 And launch upon the sea
 The Capt cries go take your chance
 To start the jubilee

It was not long before the whale
 Upon the surface breaks
 Then here ahead again my men
 And after him we make

Our boat she was the foremost one
 The little clipped bird
 Was soon upon the monster's back
 And harpoons in his side

Then smacking goes his monstrous tail
 And taking goes our skiff
 But soon we clear the mighty splash
 And over the waters shift

Then clear away the lance my boys
 There is no time to waste
 For whales soon learn their might strength
 To charge us off in haste

And now the black line is landed in
 The side the foaming swell
 And now he comes forth his blow
 From the worst we gave

The sun upon the crested tide
 In radiance now shone
 And lent more beauty there upon
 The flush of crimson foam

And after since though years have passed
 In fancy I can hear
 That happy crew whose heart and soul
 Went out in one wild cheer

The capture to the whalmen's heart
 A transient joy sends
 Out in contentment quiet home
 To happiness and friends