

Whaling Song

Low as the sun from her ocean bed was rising
 Brood on the ocean its glittering light there
 Hark from our mast head our look out are crying
 'Tis hard on our lee beam a whale there she blows
 Call up your slupers Starboard and Starboard men
 Main yard aback the boats clear away
 'Tis it is hard off our lee beam
 See the white water gleam
 Glittering and foaming in gorgeous array
 'Tis the old Leviathan fruting is lying
 Making the ocean his dexterous beds
 High into the air the sea birds are flying
 Combining each billow that breaks o'er his head
 High wide and swimming dark waves are flying
 Slowly but surely he sinks to the main
 Now speak your oars a while
 Waiting and watching his rising again
 'Tis the heartiest row for the pride of your Nation
 Spring to your oars let the raging sweat flow
 And for your blood let it have free circulation
 Forward on your throats give away all you know
 See how the Boat advances gaily as to a dance

Nothing like a feather o'er the dark blue sea
 Stand up and give him some ~~send~~ ^{home} send both iron
 Turn off him your Boat we are all clear

Verse No 4

Wounded and sore thousand times commotion
 Paddles and oars to contend with the spray
 Loud and so shrill the horn of the ocean
 Wounded and fatigued he brings to his dismay
 Haul line every man gather in all you can
 Lances and spades from your throats blow away
 Now speak your oars again while fast each Boat remains
 For softly and surely we hold him at Bay

Verse No 5

Wounded and sore yet strength undiminished
 He lashed the sea in his ire
 A lance in his life the struggle is finished
 As he sinks down with his glimmering on fire
 Loud rings the shouts from every German mouth
 Watching the sea in its turbulent roar
 Now see the whale die let your red signal fly
 For softly and surely the Contest is over

End O
 On Board
 On Barge Pacific
 March 1st 1865
 Capt J. Allen
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