Album: The Ever Decreasing Circle – Artist: The Kipper Family

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
On March the fourteenth day,
I bought myself a calendar
For we were bound away.
We sailed from tacky guano
And followed the seabird's flight,
For we were hunting whales, me boys,
At least we thought we might.

We sailed for three long days and nights
But saw no whales at all.
The mate went up the mast to look
While our captain went up the wall.

We sailed for four more days and nights
And still we had no luck;
Till a whale come up for air, me boys
And the mate cried, "Thar she suck!"

The whale she lashed her tail, me boys,
One man on deck took a glancing blow;
But not so bad as our captain
For he was wounded down below.

Now the first to throw his harpoon out
Was Valparaiso Luke.
He hit her in the tail, me boys,
But they said that was a fluke.

Now we went in with our blubber hooks
And the whale sunk down below;
We caused her for to vomit, boys,
And the mate cried, "Thar she throw!"

Now we hauled that whale on deck, me boys,
Amid many hearty cries;
But that fish it was so huge, me boys,

That our vessel did capsize.

And our captain with remorse was filled
Likewise with water too;
” I’ll no more hunt the whale,” he cried,
” If that’s the last thing I don’t do!”

“I’ll never more hunt that whale,” he cried,
And what’s more, he was right.
For the heavy seas bore down on him
And carried him from our sight.

And soon likewise we all were drowned
None lived to tell the tale;
Not one of us survived to tell
Of how we lost that whale.