

Whalerman's Lament

Set your eyes sharp outside the harbour
From the north, you'll see the sails appear
'Tis a bright night for the lads returning
To their home ground they safely steer

When I shipped out on the 'Resolution'
With a harpoon in me hand I sailed the ocean
Each season hard our hands were frozen
But the cry from up aloft kept me alive

And when I see those, those tattered sailors
And I see the ships their tired sails a furling
Then I wish I was a lad to his love returning
But the love I left behind wouldn't wait for me

And though I know now, I'm alone and aging
Too weak to climb a mast, too old for sailing
I just sit and watch the ships leave from the quayside
And remember the smell of wind and spray

So, I'll throw down my harpooning spear
No more murdering of whales for me
And when my last whale so loudly breached
I wish I'd died by his jaw or his tail

Words & Music by Richard Grainger

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