

## The Balaena

#25

The noble fleet of whalers went sailing from Dundee,  
Well-manned by British sailors to work upon the sea.  
On the Western Ocean passage; none with them can compare,  
But the smartest ship to make the trip is Balaena, I declare.

Oh, the wind is on her quarter, her engines working free,  
There's not another whaler that sails out of Dundee  
Can beat the old Balaena, she needs no trial run,  
And we challenged all, both great and small, from Dundee to St John.

It happened on a Tuesday, three days out of Dundee,  
The gale took off her quarter-boat and a couple of men, you see.  
It battered at her bulwarks, and her stanchions and her rails,  
And left the old Balaena, boys, a-frothing in the gale.

Bold Jackman cut his canvas and he fairly raised his steam,  
And Captain Guy with Erin Boy was ploughing through the stream,  
And the noble Terra Nova, her boilers nearly burst,  
And still at the old whaling grounds, Balaena got there first.

And now the season's over and the ship half-full of oil,  
Our flying jib boom points for home towards our native soil.  
And when that we have landed, boys, where the rum is very cheap,  
We'll drink success to the Skipper's health for getting us over the deep.