

SOON MAY THE WELLERMAN COME

#60

There once was a ship that put to sea,
The name of that ship was the Billy o' Tea
The wind blew hard, her bow dipped down,
Oh blow, me bully boys, blow!

(Huh!) Soon may the Wellerman come
to bring us sugar and tea and rum.
One day, when the tinguin' is done,
We'll take our leave and go.

She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore.
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow.

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her.
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her,
When she dived down below.

No line was cut, no whale was freed,
The captain's mind was not on greed!
But he belonged to the Wellerman's creed
She took that ship in tow

For forty days or even more,
The line went slack then tight once more,
All boats were lost, there were only four
But still that whale did go.

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on,
The line's not cut, and the whale's not gone!
The Wellerman makes his regular call
to encourage the captain, crew and all!

(Huh!) Soon may the Wellerman come
to bring us sugar and tea and rum.
One day, when the tonguin' is done,
We'll take our leave and go.

We'll take our leave and go.
We'll take our leave and go.