

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

With the Antarctic Fleet

With the Antarctic Fleet
(Harry Robertson)

I went down south a while ago
To the land of ice and snow
And 20 pound a month for that
Was all I had to show
They fed me on some pork and beans
Stewed up in a pan
I wished that I was back at home
In dear old Glasgow town

cho: Hey Oh Whale O
With the Antarctic fleet
I got a drip upon me nose
And I'm frozen in me feet

South Georgia is an island
It is a whaling base
And only men who hunt for whales
Would live in such a place
There's little entertainment there
Unless you drink home brew
And then we'd have some singin'
We'd have some fightin' , too

Our gunner came from Norway
Like many of our crew
While other spoke with gentle brogues
Like Scotsmen often do
But when the ship was closin' in
To make the bloody kill
The Scots and the Norwegians worked
Together with a will

We sailed into the Weddell Sea
Where big blues can be found
We spent some time a huntin' whales
We chased them round and round
And when the whales grew tired
And they stopped to take a breath
Our gunners shot harpoons in them
'Til they lay still in death

It's twenty years since I was there
I won't go back again
I didn't like the climate but
I liked the whalin' men
But now even on a sunny day
When I'm walkin' down the street
I've got a drip upon me nose
And I've still got frozen feet

note: imperfectly remembered from performances by Schooner's Crew

David Lovine, Pat Thompson, Tony Latimer

Harry Robertson is the author of a book, "Of Whales and Men"

SGL

APR99