

ICY ACRES

(Colin Wilkie)

*Fare ye well, ye icy acres
Fare ye well, ye whaling grounds
Fare ye well, ye banks of Greenland
Weary whalers homeward bound*

Homeward breezes round us blossom
Where the oak and the apple grows
God forgot the green in Greenland
He made the flowers of ice and snow

*Fare ye well, ye icy acres
Fare ye well, ye whaling grounds
Fare ye well, ye banks of Greenland
Weary whalers homeward bound*

Home where grasses lace the willow
Where the river's running free
And the waters sweetly flowing
Turns towards the open sea

*Fare ye well, ye icy acres
Fare ye well, ye whaling grounds
Fare ye well, ye banks of Greenland
Weary whalers homeward bound*

Six long months we've been a-hunting
Through a hell of frozen flame
Now our hearts like sails are billowing
As we turn for home again

*Fare ye well, ye icy acres
Fare ye well, ye whaling grounds
Fare ye well, ye banks of Greenland
Weary whalers homeward bound*