

# Wareham Whaler's Songbook

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## **Little Pot Stove**

*AKA "Cast Iron Stove". By Harry Robertson*

Where the winter blizzards blow and the whaling fleet's at rest  
Tacked in Leith Harbours sheltered bay, safely anchored ten abreast  
Well there's the whalemens at their stations, as from ship to ship they rove  
Carry bags of coal with them and a little iron stove

### **Chorus**

***In the little dark engine room, where the chill seeps in your soul  
How we huddled round that little pot stove, that burns oily rags and coal.***

The fireman Paddy works with me, on the engine frozen cold,  
A stranger to the truth was he, there's not a lie he hasn't told  
Well he boasted of his gold mines, and the hearts that he had won,  
And his bawdy sense of humour shone, just like a ray of sun

### **Chorus**

We live it seven days a week, with cold hands and frozen feet,  
Bitter days and lonely nights making grog and having fights  
There's salt fish and whale meat sausage, and fresh penguin eggs a treat,  
Then we struggle on to work each day, through the icy winds and sleet

### **Chorus**

Then one day we say the sun, we saw the factory ship return  
Meet your old friends and you sing a song, we'll hope the journey wasn't long  
Then it's homewards bound and its over, and we'll leave this icy hole,  
But I always will remember that little iron stove

### **Chorus**

***Repeat Chorus***