



English Club am Vormittag B1

252-40646A, Do, 09.00 – 10.30 Uhr, Hennef, Generationenhaus, Raum 1.26

Wellerman

There once was a ship that put to sea
The name of the ship was the Billy of Tea
The winds blew up, her **1. bow** dipped down
Oh blow, my bully boys, blow (huh)

Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguing is done
We'll take our leave and go

She'd not been two weeks from **2. shore**
When down on her a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and **3. swore**
He'd take that whale in tow (huh)

Soon may...

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her
All hands to the side, **4. harpooned** and fought her
When she dived down low (huh)

Soon may...

No line was cut, no whale was freed
The captain's mind was not of **5. greed** (Habgier)
And he belonged to the whaleman's creed (Credo)
She took that ship in tow (huh)

Soon may...

For forty days or even more
The line went **6. slack** then tight once more
All boats were lost, there were only four
But still that whale did go (huh)

Soon may...

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 **7. call**
To **8. encourage** the captain, crew and all (huh)

Soon may...

