

Great Big Sea, Old Polina

There's a noble fleet of whalers, they're sailing from Dundee
Manned by British sailors that take them o'er the sea.
On a western ocean passage, we started on the trip
We flew along just like a song on a gallant whaling ship.
Was the second Sunday morning, just after leaving port,
We met a heavy sou'west gale and washed away our boat
It washed away our quarterdeck, our stanchions just as well,
And so we set the whole shabang a floatin' in the gale.

For the wind was on our quarter, the engines working free
There's not another whaler that sails the Arctic Sea
Can beat the old Polina, you need not try my sons,
We challenged all both great and small from Dundee to St John's.

Art Jackman set his canvas, Fair Weather galloped steam
And Captain Guy the daring boy came plunging through the stream
And Mullins in the Husky tried to beat the bloody lot
But to beat the Old Polina boys was something he could not.

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There's the noble Terra Nova, a model without doubt,
The Arctic and Aurora, they talk so much about.
Art Jackman's model mail boat, the terror of the sea,
Tried to beat the old Polina on a passage from Dundee.

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Now we're back in old St. John's where rum is very cheap
We'll drink a health of Captain Guy who brought us o'er the deep,
A health to all our sweethearts, and to our wives so fair,
Not another ship could make the trip, the Polina I declare !

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