

Chorus:

**Fare thee well, ye icy acres,
Fare thee well, ye whaling ground.
Fare thee well, ye banks of Greenland,
Weary whalers homeward bound.**

1. Home where grasses lace the willow,
By a river running free;
And the waters, sweetly flowing,
Turn towards the open sea.

2. Home where breezes bend the blossom
Where the oak and the apple grow.
God forgot the green in Greenland -
He made the flowers from ice and snow.

3. 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 thee well, ye icy acres,
Fare thee well, ye whaling ground.
Fare thee well, ye banks of Greenland,
Weary whalers homeward bound.**

A song written by **Colin Wilkie**, c 1968.
www.colinwilkie.de

Recorded by **Andrew McKay and Carole Etherton**: CD
Characters (see crandrivermusic.com)

Notes:

Although this song was written by **Colin Wilkie** in the 1960's, it has often been taken to be traditional.

Notably this happened in the whaling town of Whitby, where the chorus was changed appropriately enough to the more alliterative

"Whitby whalers homeward bound",

and a verse was added by **Gren Stubley**:

Soon we'll enter Whitby harbour
Haul our catch onto the quay
Spend a short time with our families
Then my boys return to sea.

Like many singer-song-writers in folk, Colin took his song being regarded as traditional as a compliment.
[\[mudcat.org/thread.cfm?threadid=13966\]](http://mudcat.org/thread.cfm?threadid=13966)



Valentine, Dundee: *Pounding away at the Floe in the Whaler AURORA* via Flickr.com

From the book: *A Voyage to the Arctic in the Whaler Aurora (1911)*, which can be read online at www.gutenberg.org.



[photoeverywhere](#): *The whale bone monument at Whitby*, Monument composed of the jaw bone of a whale standing in the upright position to form an arch. via www.freeimageslive.co.uk.