

# Ghost Whalers in the Sky

By Stan Jones, 1948

Adapted by  
Lew Toulmin, April 2012

A whaler man went rowing out  
One dark and stormy day,  
Upon his oar he rested as  
He rowed along his way,  
When all at once a mighty pod  
Of great white whales he saw,  
A-swimmin' through the ragged skies  
And down a cloudy draw.

Thar she blows! Thar we goes...  
Ghost whalers in the sky.

Their eyes were all on fire and  
Their tails, they were like steel,  
Their skin was white and shiny and  
Their hot spout he could feel,  
A bolt of fear shot through him as  
He stared up in the sky,  
Then he saw the whalers comin' hard  
And he heard their mournful cry:

Thar she blows! Thar we goes...  
Ghost whalers in the sky.

Their faces gaunt, their line like rod,  
Their shirts all soaked with sweat,  
They're sleighin' hard to kill that pod,  
But they ain't caught 'em yet,  
'Cause they've got to chase forever in  
That sea up in the sky,  
Chasin' whales spoutin' fire;  
As they sleigh on hear their cry:

Thar she blows! Thar we goes...  
Ghost whalers in the sky.

The whalers dashed on past him and  
He heard one call his name,  
“If you want to save your soul from hell  
And skip this endless game,  
Then, sailor, change your ways today,  
Or with us you will ride,  
A-trying to catch the Devil's whales  
Across these endless skies.”

Thar she blows! Thar we goes...  
Ghost whalers in the sky.  
Thar she blows! Thar we goes...  
Ghost whalers in the sky....