

The Boothbay Whale

Maine, ca. 1850

source in D

■ 1	◆ 5 ⁷	4
D	A ⁷	G
A	E ⁷	D

slantnote on rails (<http://earfirst.com>)

◆ dominant
■ tonic

3 "Three
2 Blind
1 Mice"

The musical notation consists of five staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a slantnote on the first rail (indicated by a square) and contains several measures of music with notes and rests. Above the staff are fingering numbers: '1' above the second measure, '5⁷' above the fifth measure, and '4' above the first measure. The second staff continues the melody with a '1' above the final measure. The third staff is labeled 'Chorus' and begins with a slantnote on the first rail. It contains several measures of music with notes and rests. Above the staff are fingering numbers: '4' above the fourth measure, '1' above the seventh measure, and '1' above the final measure. The fourth staff continues the chorus with a '5⁷' above the fifth measure and a '1' above the final measure. The fifth staff continues the chorus with a '1' above the final measure.

Blow high for his big black head, blow low for his big black tail. Now

set right down and listen up a bit* and you'll soon see a Boothbay whale.

It was way up north in Boothbay harbor
where the water's always cold.

The fisher folk are a clever lot, or so I have been told.

They catch their pollack, cod and shad
by the mouth, the fin or tail.

One day they got a heck of a jolt
when into the bay swam a whale.

|| chorus || break ||

Says Captain Pete, "I've harpooned tuna,
and caught them with my rig,
but-I ain't gettin' near no eighty-foot whale;
that fish is too damn big."

MAYBE:
Rehearse
audience
on chorus.
(Tune
"Camptown
Races"
chorus.)

Well Skipper Jake was a ready man,
though he had a wooden leg.
Says he, "I think I'll catch that whale.
Let me have that old rum keg."

|| chorus || break ||

Well-he stood on the bow of the *Nancy U.*
and followed that whale for a ride,
and when that whale she surfaced and blowed,
he steered her to starboard side.
The whale blowed steam from his big spout hole,
while Jake took a swig from his keg,
and 'fore he could dive, Jake jumped on 'is back,
hangin' on with his one good leg.

|| chorus || break ||

Well, Jake took his keg and used it like a plug,
pushed it tight in the old whale's spout.
He kicked it hard, then jumped on board,
sayin' "Boys, it will never come out!"
Well-the whale he blew, he huffed, he heaved,
and the boys all gave a shout;
And-the very next time he 'rose to blow,
he blew his brains right out.

|| chorus || break ||

You bold seafarin' whalermen,
you've wasted all these years
with race boats, harpoons, ropes and hooks,
and all that other gear.
┌ All you need is a big ol' plug;
next time you see him spout,
just kick it in, sit back and rest,
while he blows his brains right out.

|| chorus || coda ||

*(orig:.) step right up and take a little swig