

Icy Acres

Fare ye well, ye icy acres
Fare ye well, ye whaling grounds
Fare ye well, ye banks of Greenland
Weary whalers homeward bound

Homeward breezes round us blossom
Where the oak and the apple grows
God forgot the green in Greenland
He made the flowers of ice and snow

cho: Fare ye well, ye icy acres
Fare ye well, ye whaling grounds
Fare ye well, ye banks of Greenland
Weary whalers homeward bound

Home where grasses lace the willow
Where the river's running free
And the waters sweetly flowing
Turns towards the open sea

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