

## *The Whalin' Song (Country Joe McDonald)*

Am G Am G Am

Am G  
When my grandpa was a boy, he went down to the general store  
Am G Am  
Saw a picture book of a whale, shootin' his spout and flashin' his tail  
Am G  
Then he got a sailor's dream about cruisin' around on the salty seas  
Am G Am  
Joinin' up with a fishin' crew, go out and get him a whale or two  
Am G  
Tell me what kind of men are these that sail upon the salty seas  
Am  
Up and a riggin' in the afternoon,  
G Am  
swabbin' the decks and sharp'nin' harpoons.

Am G  
Hoo-ray and up she rises, hoo-ray and up she rises  
Am G Am  
Hoo-ray and up she rises early in the mornin'

Am G  
Lots of whales in the deep blue sea and we kill them for the industry  
Am G Am  
We drag 'em 'long side, cut 'em in two, melt 'em down and sell it to you  
Am G  
Hardly is a sailor alive who can keep the tears from his eyes  
Am G Am  
As he remembers the good 'ol days when there were no whales to save  
Am G  
Now we can thank the companies for scouring the deep blue seas  
Am G Am  
Lookin' for ivory and perfume and oil to light your livin' rooms

Am G  
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Am G Am  
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Am G Am  
Hoo-ray and up she rises early in the mornin'

Am  
Shanghai'd by the light of the moon  
G  
Set out for Boston in the middle of June  
Am G Am  
After 6 months out at sea nothin but death and misery  
Am G  
Set out on a 3-year cruise a union ship and a union crew  
Am G Am  
After 6 months you begin to see whalin's not what it used to be  
Am  
A modern ship and a modern crew  
G  
With sonar scopes and explodin' harpoons  
Am  
Mechanical boat made out of steel  
G Am  
Floatin' machine gonna kill the whales

Am G  
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G Am G Am  
early in the mornin' . . . early in the mornin'