

# 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