

## The Whale

Oh! the whale is free of the boundless sea,  
He lives for a thousand years;  
He sinks to rest in the billow's breast,  
Nor the roughest tempest fears:  
The howling blast as it hurries past,  
Is music to lull him to sleep,  
And he scatters the spray in his boisterous play,  
As he dashes the king of the deep.  
Oh! the rare old whale, 'mid storm and gale,  
In his ocean home shall be,  
A giant in might, where might is right,  
And king of the boundless sea!

## II

A wondrous tale could the rare old whale  
Of the mighty deep disclose,  
Of skeleton forms of by-gone storms,  
And of treasures that no one knows;  
He has seen the crew, when the tempest blew,  
Drop down from the slippery deck,  
Shaking the tide from his glassy side,  
And sporting with ocean and wreck,  
Then the rare old whale, 'mid storm and gale  
In his ocean home shall be,  
A giant in might, where might is right,  
And king of the boundless sea.

### III

Then the whale shall be still dear to me  
When the midnight lamp burns dim,  
For the student's book, and his favourite nook,  
Are illumed by the aid of him;<sup>4</sup>  
From none of his tribe could we e'er imbibe  
So useful, so bless'd a thing;  
Then we'll on land, go hand in hand  
To hail him the ocean king,  
Oh! the rare old whale, 'mid storm and gale,  
In his home will ever be,  
A giant in might, where might is right,  
And king of the boundless sea!

Joseph Edwards Carpenter (1813-1885)