

THE LITTLE POT STOVE written by Harry Robertson

**Where the winter blizzards blow and the whaling fleet's at rest
Tacked in Leith harbour's sheltered bay safely anchored ten abreast
For there's the whalemens at their stations as to ship to ship they rove
Carry bags of coal with them and a little iron stove**

**In the little dark engine room where the chill seep in your soul
How we huddled round that little pot stove that burned oily rags and coal**

**A fireman, Paddy, he works with me on the engine frozen cold
A stranger to the truth is he, there's not a lie he hasn't told
Well, he boasted of his goldmines and of the hearts that he had won
And his bawdy sense of humour shone just like a ray of sun**

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**We live it seven days a week, cold hands and frozen feet
Bitter days and lonely nights, making grog and having fights
There's swordfish and whalemeat sausage and fresh penguin egg's a treat
Then we struggle on to work each day through the icy winds and sleet**

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**Then one day we saw the sun, we saw the factory ship return
Meet your old friends and you sing a song; we hope the journey wasn't long
And then it's homeward bound and it's over and we'll leave this icy hole
But I always will remember that little iron stove**

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**Words by Harry Robertson
from Nic Jones on "Penguin Eggs"**