

WAITING FOR ISABELLA

Words & Music by Allen Power

The unicorns play out in Baffin Bay and the whalefish, they run free,
But our ship lies still in an icy cell, half a mile from the open sea.
We were running a shore lead, free and clear; great bounties the sea brought forth,
But the icepack closed on a wayward gale crashing in from the cursed North.

*Now the long, dark winter's closin' in, and the great southwesters roar,
And we're waiting for Isabella,
And hoping we'll live to see green England's shore.*

We tried to mill-doll through the ice, but our rowboats all were lost,
So we work in the bow to patch the cracks opened up by the Arctic frost.
And on windy nights we sleep on deck with our gear up from below,
For a sudden shift could stave her in, and it's onto the ice we'll go.

Chorus

When Isabella saved John Ross, four years in the ice was he,
And he had provisions aplenty, but few supplies have we.
We never learned, like the Eskimo, how to hunt for the seal or hare,
And we fear we'll all be lost or starved, or a meal for the Great White Bear.

Chorus

The Northern Lights dance off Cape Searle, but their beauty's lost on me.
I'd trade all the gold in a whaler's hold for the green of an English tree.
For the unicorns play out in Baffin Bay, and the whalefish they run free,
But our ship lies still in an icy cell, half a mile from the open sea.

Chorus x 2

And if she comes, I'll go to sea no more.

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