

BLOW YE WINDS

'Tis advertised in Boston, New York and Buffalo
Five hundred brave Americans a-whaling for to go

CHORUS (nach jeder Strophe)
Singing blow ye winds in the morning
Blow ye winds, heigh ho
Clear away the running gear
And blow, blow, blow

They'll send you to New Bedford town that famous whaling port
And hand you to some land sharks there to board and fit you out

They'll tell you of the clipper ships all going in and out
And say you'll take five-hundred sperm before your six months out

It's now we're out to sea me boys the wind comes on to blow
One half the watch is sick on deck the other half below

And as for the provision we don't get half enough
A little piece of stinking beef and a damn small bag of duff

The skipper's on the quarterdeck squinting at the sails
When up aloft the lookout cries he sights a school of whales

So clear away the boats me boys and after him we'll travel
But if you get too near his flukes he'll kick you to the devil

When comes to stowing down me boys will take both night and day
And you'll all have fifty cents apiece on a hundred and ninety in weight

And now we're homeward bound me boys and when we're through our sailing
A winding glass around we'll pass and damn this blubber whaling