

Blow Ye Winds In The Morning

 G D
Tis advertised in Boston,
 G
New York and Buffalo,
 C D7 G
Five hundred brave Americans,
 A7 D7
A whaling for to go.

Chorus:

 G
Singing Blow ye winds in the morning,

And blow ye winds, high-o!

 C G
Clear away your running gear,
 D7 G
And blow, ye winds, high-o!

They send you to New Bedford,
That famous whaling port,
And give you to some land-sharks -
To board and fit you out.

They send you to a boarding-house,
There for a time to dwell;
The thieves there they are thicker
Than the other side of hell!

They tell you of the clipper-ships,
A-going in and out,
And say you'll take five hundred sperm
Before you're six months out.

It's now we're out to sea my boys,
The wind begins to blow,
One half of the watch is sick on deck
And the other half below.

The skipper's on the quarter-deck
A-squinting at the sails,
When up aloft the look-out
Sights a school of whales.

Now clear away the boats, my boys,
And after him we'll travel,
But if you get too near his fluke,
He'll kick you to the devil!

Now we've got him turned up,
We tow him alongside,
We over with our blubber hooks
And rob him of his hide.