

blow, ye winds

It's advertised in Boston, New York and Buffalo,
five hundred brave Americans, a-whaling for to go

refrein: singing: Blow ye winds in the morning
and blow ye winds high-o.
Clear away your running gear
and blow ye winds high-o!

They send you to New Bedford, that famous whaling port
and give you to some land-sharks for to board and fit you out.
refrein

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 old.
refrein + tussenspel

It's now we're out to sea my boys, the wind comes on to blow,
one half the watch is sick on deck, the other half below.
refrein

The skipper's on the quarter-deck, a-squinting at the sails,
when up aloft the look-out sights a mighty school of whales.
refrein

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
refrein + tussenspel

When we get home our ship made fast, and we get through our sailing
A winding glass around we'll pass, and damn this blubber whaling!
refrein

herhalen: Clear away your running gear
and blow ye winds high-o!