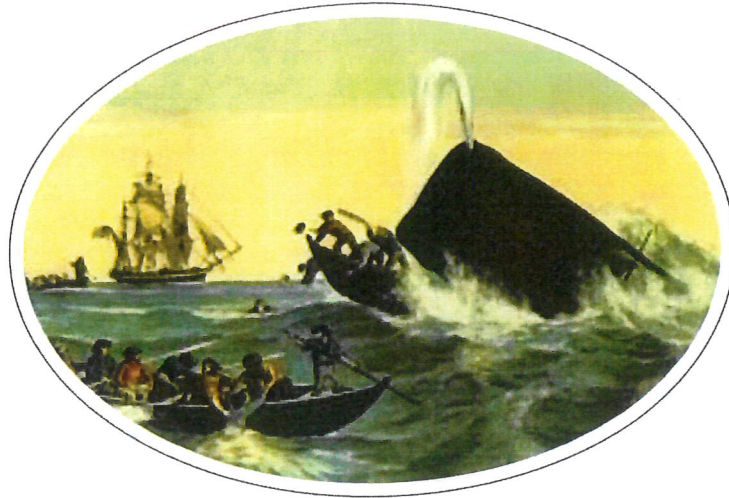


Blow Ye Winds (F)



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

Singing !

***Blow, ye winds in the morning,
blow ye winds, hey-ho,
Haul away your runnin' gear,
and blow, ye winds, hey-ho.***

They'll send you to New Bedford,
a famous whaling port,
and give you to some land-sharks,
to board and fit you out.

Singing !

Blow, ye winds . . .

They tell you of the clipper-ships-
a-running in and out,
and say you'll take five hundred sperm
before you're six month out.

Singing !

Blow, ye winds . . .

And now we're out to sea, my boys,
the winds comes on to blow;
One half the watch is sick on deck,
the other half below.

Singing !

Blow, ye winds . . .

The Skipper's on the quarter-deck
a-squinting at the sails,
when up above the lookout sights
a mighty school of whales.

Singing !

Blow, ye winds . . .

Then lower down the boats, my boys,
and after one we'll travel.
But if you get too near his fluke,
he'll kick you to the devil!

Singing !

Blow, ye winds . . .

And now that he is ours, my boys,
we'll tow him alongside.

Then over with our blubber-hooks
and rob him of his hide.

Singing !

Blow, ye winds . . .

When we get home, our ship made fast,
and we get through our sailing,
a brimming glass around we'll pass,
and damn this blubber whaling.

Singing !

***Blow, ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds, hey-ho,
Haul away your runnin' gear,
And blow, ye winds, hey-ho.***

< SLUTTÉS BRAT >