

BLOW YE WINDS

#52

'Tis advertised in Boston, New York, and Buffalo
A hundred hearty sailors, a whalin' for to go."

(Singing)

Blow, ye winds, A' mornin',

Blow, ye winds, High-Oh.

Haul away your runnin' gear and blow, boys, blow

They tell you of the clipper ships a-runnin' in and out.

They say you'll take five hundred whales before you're six months out

The Skipper's on the after deck a-squintin' at the sails.

When up above the lookout spots a mighty school of whales

Then lower down the boats, my boys, and after him we'll travel

But if you get too near his tail, he'll kick you to the devil

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

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

When we get home, our ship made fast, and we get through our sailin'.

A brimmin' glass around we'll pass and hang this blubber whalin'

(Singing)

Blow, ye winds, A' mornin',

Blow, ye winds, High-Oh.

Haul away your runnin' gear and blow, boys, blow

|: blow, boys, blow :|