

Burl Ives

"Blow Ye Winds"

Visit "[Blow Ye Winds](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Burl Ives - Blow Ye Winds

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

Blow, ye winds in the morning, And blow, ye winds,
high-i!
Clear away your running gear, And blow, ye winds,
high-o!

They send you to New Bedord, 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 they there 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 comes on
to blow;
One half the watch is sick on deck, the other half below.

But as for the provisions, we don't get half enough;
A little piece of stinking beef and a blamed small bag
of duff.

Now comes that damned old compass, it will grieve
your heart full sore.
For theirs is two-and-thirty points and we have forty-
four.

Next comes the running rigging, which you're all
supposed to know;
'Tis "Lay aloft, you son-of-a-gun, or overboard you go!"

The cooper's at the vise-bench, a-making iron poles,
And the mate's upon the main hatch a-cursing all our
souls.

The Skipper's on the quarter-deck a-squinting at the
sails,
When up aloft the lookout 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 have got him turned up, we tow him alongside;
We over with our blubber-hooks and rob him of his
hide.

Now the boat-steerer overside the tackle overhauls,
The Skipper's in the main-chains, so loudly he does
bawl!

Next comes the stowing down, my boys; 'twill take both
night and day,
And you'll all have fifty cents apiece on the hundred
and ninetieth lay.

Now we are bound into Tonbas, that blasted whaling
port,
And if you run away, my boys, you surely will get
caught.

Now we are bound into Tuckoona, full more in their
power,
Where the skippers can buy the Consul up for half a
barrel of flour!

But now that our old ship is full and we don't give a
damn,
We'll bend on all our stu'nsails and sail for Yankee
land.

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!

Visit [Burl Ives](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

