

'Tis advertised in Boston
Blow, Ye Winds

'Tis advertised in Boston,
New York and Buffalo,
Five hundred brave Americans,
A-whaling for to go, singing,
Chorus:
Blow, ye winds in the morning,
And blow, ye winds, high-o!
Clear away your running gear,
And blow, ye winds, high-o!

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

3. 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!
Chorus:

4. 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.
Chorus:

5. 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.
Chorus:

6. But as for the provisions,
We don't get half enough;
A little piece of stinking beef
And a blamed small bag of duff.
Chorus:

7. 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.
Chorus:

8. Next comes the running rigging,
Which you're all supposed to know;
'Tis "Lay aloft, you son of a gun,
Or overboard you go!"
Chorus:

9. The coopers's at the vise bench,
A-making iron poles,
And the mate's upon the main hatch
A-cursing all our souls.
Chorus:

10. The Skipper's on the quarterdeck
A-squinting at the sails,
When up aloft the lookout sights
A school of whales.
Chorus:

11. "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!"
Chorus:

12. Now we have got him turned up,
We tow him alongside;
We over with our blubber hooks,
And rob him of his hide.
Chorus:

13. Now the boat steerer overside
The tackle overhauls,
The Skipper's in the main-chains,
So loudly does he bawl!
Chorus:

14. 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.
Chorus:

15. Now we are bound into Tonbas,
That blasted whaling port,
And if you run away, my boys,
You surely will get caught.
Chorus:

16. 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!
Chorus:

17. 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.
Chorus:

18. 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!
Chorus: