

Blow Ye Winds (in the morning)

1. 'Tis advertised in Boston,
New York, and Buffalo
Five hundred hardy sailors a-whalin' for to go.

**(Singin') Blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds High-Ho
Clear away your running gear
And blow, boys, blow.**

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

**Blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds High-Ho
Clear away your running gear
And blow, boys, blow.**

They send you to a boardin' house,
there for a time to dwell;
The thieves there they are thicker
than the other side of Hell.

3. They send you to New Bedford town,
a famous whaling port,
And give you to some land sharks
to board and fit you out.

**Blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds High-Ho
Clear away your running gear
And blow, boys, blow.**

4. And now we are at 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 bit of stinking beef and a little bag of duff.

Then there's the running rigging which you're
supposed to know;
It's "Lay aloft, you son of a whore, or overboard
you go!"

The cooper's at the vice bench a-making iron
poles;
The mate's up on the main-hatch a-blasting all
our souls.

5. The skipper's on the afterdeck
a-squintin' at the sails,
When up aloft the lookout spots
a bloody school of whales.

6. It's lower down the boats, my boys,
and after him we'll travel,

But if you get too near his flukes,
he'll kick you to the Devil.

Then our waist-boat got down and we made a
good start.
"Lay on me now, you bleeders, for I'm hell for a
long dart."

Then the harpoon it struck and the whale he
sped away,
But whatever he done, me boys, he gave us fair
play.

Now we got him turned up and we towed him
alongside,...

7. And now that she is ours, me boys,
we'll bring 'im alongside,
Then over with our blubber-hooks
and rob her of her hide.

**Blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds High-Ho
Clear away your running gear
And blow, boys, blow.**

Now the bosun overside
the lift-tackle do haul,
And the mate there in the main-chains, so
loudly he do bawl.

Next comes the stowing down, boys, to take
both night and day
"You'll have a tanner apiece, boys, on the
hundred and ninetieth lay."

Now we're all bound into Tumbez,
that blasted whaling port,
And if you run away, me boys, you surely will
get caught.

Now we're bound for Talcahuana,
all in our manly power,
Where the skipper can buy a whorehouse for
half a barrel of flour.

8. When we get home, our ship made fast,
when we get through our sailin',
A brimming glass around we'll pass,
and damn this blubber whalin'.

**Blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds High-Ho
Clear away your running gear
And blow, boys, blow.**

Michael Cooney sings the eight numbered verses at
<https://youtu.be/RW6MZSkase8>, but there are plenty
more verses available for when the work lasts longer,
as you can see.

Blow Ye Winds (in the morning)

Notes:

Other names: Blow boys blow, Blow ye winds in the mornin', Blow ye winds high-oh, The Boston come-ye-all.

Gale Huntington, Elon, 1964 (corr 1970), *Songs the Whalermen Sang*, wrote:

"This is one of the best known of the whaling songs, [my] version is from the Elizabeth Swift journal of 1859 is called only "whaling song" and there is no indication of a chorus. But the song always was sung with a chorus and often sung as a chantey."

Running gear - tackle, specially tackle for hauling.

New Bedford - Massachusetts port, had its heyday as a whaling station in the 19th century. Its famous

[whaling museum](#) has a very interesting web site. (see also [Yankee Whalermen](#))

Land sharks - boarding masters / crimps who took your "month's advance" and kitted you out at inflated prices. See my notes for the [Dead Horse Shanty](#).

Sperm - sperm whale

Flukes - the lobes of the whale's tail.

Waist-boat - a boat carried in the waist of a whaling vessel on the port side and usually commanded by the second mate (Merriam Webster).

Blubber-hooks - to hold the blubber being cut - see <https://www.nationalgeographic.org/media/whaling-tools/>

Shanty Crew sing this amusing version:

1. 'Twas on a Sunday morning down across the Southern Seas
Our ship she lay at anchor while awaiting for a breeze,

**Singin' - Blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds high-oh
Clear away your running gear
And blow, boys, blow.**

2. The captain he was down below,
the men at the work about,
When under our bow we heard a splash
and then a lusty shout,
Singin' ...

3. "Man overboard" the lookout cried and
forward we all ran,
And hanging through our larboard chain was a
bluff old green merman,
Singin' ...

4. "Hullo", cried the mate, as bold as brass,
"What ho, shipmates!" cried he,
"I'd like to speak you merman I've a favour to
ask you see,"
Singin' ...

5. I've been out all night in a ruddy sea-fight to
the bottom of the deep blue sea,
And I've just come home and found that you
have caused a hell of a spree,
Singin' ...

**Blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds High-Oh
Clear away your running gear
And blow, boys, blow.**

6.. You've dropped your anchor afore me house
and locked me only door,
And me wife's locked in and she can't get out
now we's number four,
Singin' ...

7. The anchor shall be hove at once and me
wife and me babes set free,
But I never saw a scale, from a fret or a whale
that could speak to me,
Singin' ...

8. Why you [figure out?] like a sailor's bold
and you speak like a human man
But where did you get such a bloody big tail?
Answer me that if you can.,
Singin' ...

9. A long time ago from the ship *Hero*, I fell
overboard in a gale
And away below where the seaweeds grow I
met a girl with a tail,
Singin' ...

10. She saved me life, and I made her me
wife, and me legs changed instantly,
And now I'm married to a sweet mermaid at
the bottom of the deep blue sea,
Singin' ...

11. So I'll stay here for the rest of me life, with
never a worry nor care
Goodbye to the life of a sailor bold, my lot with
the fishes I'll share,
Singin' ...

**Blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds High-Oh
Clear away your running gear
And blow, boys, blow.**