

Blow Ye Winds In The Morning (a.k.a. "Boston, All Come Ye", "Boston, Come- Ye-All" & "Blow, Boys, Blow")

Words & Music:
Traditional(?)

Chords courtesy of www.sailorsongs.com. There are subtle variations to the words with every version I see & hear. Here is one of them. The "Boston Come-Ye-All" version is supposed to substitute "Come all you bold Americans, a-whalin' for to go." for the second line of verse one. This song tells a truer tale of antebellum newbie seafaring life than most bowdlerized tales do.

G
'Tis advertised in Boston, New York, and Buffalo:
C G D
"Five hundred brave Americans a-whalin' for to go."

CHORUS:

G
Singing, "Blow ye winds in the morning, blow ye winds, high-ho!
C G D G
Clear away your runnin' gear and blow, boys, blow!"
[alt: "And blow, ye winds high-ho!"]

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

CHORUS:

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.

CHORUS:

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.

CHORUS:

It's now we're out to sea, me boys, the wind comes on to blow;
One-half the watch is sick on deck, the other half below.

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

Next, comes the running rigging which you're all supposed to know.
Lay aloft, you son of a gun, or overboard you'll go.

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

Now, clear away the boats, me boys, and after him we'll travel,
But if you get too near his fluke, he'll kick you to the Devil.

CHORUS:

Now, we've got the whale turned up, me boys, we'll bring 'im alongside,
Then over with our blubber-hooks and rob him of his hide.

CHORUS:

Now, comes the stowing down, my boy, 'twill take both night and day.
You'll all get two bits after six months to the day.

CHORUS:

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'.

CHORUS: