

# THE WIND IT CAN BLOW

We're bound on a whaler  
from the ol' port of Poole  
We're off to the Artic Ground  
The Old man's a drunk  
His last ship was sunk  
And his oaths are a horrible sound

*Oh! The wind it can blow  
With sleet and with snow  
For I'll never go ... no more  
The wind it can blow  
For it's now that I know  
That I'll never go...no more*

The lookouts a-calling  
"to Starboard she blows!"  
Then we go chasing a whale  
The harpoon strikes home  
With a terrible groan  
And he flips half our boats with his tail

*Oh! The wind it can blow...*

With our casks full of oil  
And our hands stained with blood  
After three years for home we do sail  
The waves break on deck  
Tryin' to make her a wreck  
As we're struck by a Northerly gale

*Oh! The wind it can blow...*

When I come a-sailing  
back home from the sea  
Then I'll go whaling no more  
I'll never go back  
On that Westerly tack  
I'll spend all my time with a whore

*Oh! The wind it can blow...*