

Coast of Peru - DAd capo on 1

Whaling Shanty

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Em Bm D Em

8va

T

A

B

Bm Em

8va

4 T

A

B

F#m Bm Em D Bm Em

8va

7 T

A

B

Musical notation for measures 10-12. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). Chords: Bm, Em, F#m, Bm, Em, D, Bm, Em. Bass clef with strings T, A, B. Fingering: 7, 8, 5, 6+, 7, 5, 4, 7, 5.

Musical notation for measures 13-15. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). Chords: D, Em. Bass clef with strings T, A, B. Fingering: 3, 4, 5, 3, 5, 4, 2, 3, 3, 3, 0.

Musical notation for measures 16-17. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#). Bass clef with strings T, A, B. Fingering: 3, 5, 0.

Come all you young fellows that's bound after sperm
Come all you young fellows that's rounded the Horn
Our captain has told us and we hope that it's true
That there's plenty of sperm whales on the coast of Peru

We have weathered the Horn, me boys, and are now on Peru
We are all of one mind and endeavor to do
Our boats are all rigged and our masthead all manned
Our riggin' rove light and our signals all planned

The first whale we saw it was late in the day
The captain come up and these words he did say,
"Get into your hammocks and quiet there be
We will see him in the morning close under our lee"

Nex morning at daybreak about five o'clock
The man at the masthead cried, "Yonder, she spouts!"
Where away does she lay and the answer from aloft,
"Two points on our lee bow and about three miles off."

This it's call up all hands and it's be of good cheer
Put you tubs in your boats, boys, have you bow lines all clear
Sway up your boats now; jump in you boat's crew
Lower away now, oh lower away, my brave fellows do

Our waist boat got down and of course got the start
Lay on Captain Bunker, I'm hell for to dart
Now bend to your oars, boys, and make the boat fly
But one thing we dread of, keep clear of his eye

Now the chief mate he struck him and the whale he went down
And the captain pulled up and he tried to bend on
But the whale began to vomit and blood for to spout
And in less than ten minutes we had him fin out

We towed him alongside and with many a shout
We soon cut him in and began to try out
Now our whale she is tried and likewise stowed down
She is better to us, me boys, than five hundred pounds

Now we're bound for ol' Tumbez in our manly power
Where a man buys a whorehouse for a barrel of good flour
We'll spend all our money on them pretty girls ashore
An' when it's all gone, me boys, we'll go whalin' for more