

Artist: lloyd

Title: The coast of Peru

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

We have weathered the Horn, 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 right 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'll see him in the morning close under our lee."

Next 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."

Then it's call up all hands, and be of good cheer;
Put your tubs in your boats, boys, have your bow lines all clear.
Sway up your boats now, jump in you boat's crew
Lower away now 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 your boat fly
But one thing we dread of, be 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 likeways stowed down
She is better to us boys than five hundred pounds.

Here's a health to all whalemens, boys, drink it down, do
Likewise to the Bengal and our whaleship's crew.
All you that want money, I would have you to go
On the coast of Peru where the sperm whales do blow.