Coast Of Peru

Dm C Dm
Come all ye young sailormen who've rounded the horn,
Am G Am
Come all ye bold whalers who follow the storm,
G Am
The captain has told us and we hope that it's true,
Dm C Dm
There's plenty of sperm whale on the coast of Peru.

It was early in the morning just as the sun rose,
The man on the foremast sang out, "Thar she blows,"
"Where away," said the captain and "where does she lay?"
"Three points to the eastward, not a mile away."

Then lower away your boats, my boys,
and after him we'll travel,
Steer clear of his flukes or he'll flip you to the devil,
And lay on your oars, my boys, and let your boats fly,
But one thing we've heard of, keep clear of his eye.

The waist boat got down and we made a good start,
"Lay on," says the harpooner, "I'm held fore and aft,"
Well the harpoon struck and the whale straight away,
But whatever he did, my lads, he gave us fair play.

He raced and he sounded, he twist and he spin,
But we hauled along side him and got our lance in,
Which caused him to vomit and bleed from the spout,
But in ten minutes' time, my boys, he rolled them pins out.

We got him turned over and laid along side,
Then over with our blubberhooks and rob him of his hide,
We commenced cutting in boys, and then prying out,
And the mate in the main chains, how loud he did shout.

Now we're bound for old Tumbes in our manly power,
Where a man buys a whorehouse for a barrel of flour,
We'll spend all our money on them pretty girls ashore,
And when it's all gone, me lads,
we'll go whalin' for more.