

1: Twas in the month of Jan-ua-ree way
Down by Southern seas our ship lay
beside a coral reef awaiting for a brezze.

The captain was down below,
And the crew lay all about:
When `neath our bows we heard
a hail and then a fearful shout.

Chorus: :/Oh, blow the wind in the mor-ning.
Oh, blow the wind yeo ho!
Clear away the morning-dew,
and blow, boys, blow/:

2: "Man overboard" the watch cried out, and
forrard we all ran,
And we saw hanging on the chains such a
funny little man.

His eyes were phink, his hair was green,
his mouth as big as three.
And a great long tail he sat upon was
dangling in the sea.

Chorus: :/Oh, blow the wind in the mor-ning.
Oh, blow the wind yeo ho!
Clear away the morning-dew,
and blow, boys, blow/: