

## Blow High, Blow Low

Text by an anonymous poet [Br]

Set by *Charles Dibdin* (1745–1814) [Br]

**Blow**     **high,**     **blow**     **low,**     **let**     **tempests**     **tear**  
[blo:ʊ     ha:ɪ     blo:ʊ     lo:ʊ     lət     'tɛm.pɪ(ə)sts     tɛə]

**The**     **main-mast**     **by**     **the**     **board,**  
[ðʌ     'me:ɪn.'mæst     ba:ɪ     ðʌ     bɔəd]  
(RP) ['me:ɪn.'mɑst]

My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
And love well stor'd,  
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,  
The roaring winds the raging sea,  
In hopes on shore, to be once more  
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,  
The whistling winds that scud along  
And the surge roaring from below  
Shall my signal be, to think on thee,  
And this shall be my song:

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear...

And on that night, when all the crew  
The mem'ry of their former lives  
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,  
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,  
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee,  
And as the ships roll thro' the sea,  
The burden of my song shall be:

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The entire text to this title with the complete  
IPA transcription is available for download.

*Thank you!*

