Peter Gray (gangspil-shanty. Om het anker binnen te halen)

1. Once on a time there lived a man. His name was Peter Gray.

He lived way down in that air town; Called Pennsylvania.

Refrein: Blow, ye winds of morning.

Blow, ye winds, heigh-ho

Blow, ye winds of morning.

Blow, blow, blow.

1. Now Peter fell in love all with a nice young girl.

The first two letters of her name, were Lucianna Quirl.

1. Just as they were gwine to wed, her father did say No,

And quincicontly she was sent beyond the Ohio.

1. When Peter heard his love was lost, he knew not what to say.

He´d half a mind to jump into the Susquehania.

1. But he went travelling tot he west, for furs and other skins,

Till he was caught and scalpi-ed by bloody Injiins.

1. When Lucianna heard the news, she straightway took to bed.

And never did get up again until she di-i-ied.