

blow the man down

Come all ye young fellows, that follow the sea.

To my way, hey, blow the man down.

Now please pay attention, and listen to me.

Give me some time, to blow the man down.

I'm a deep-water sailor, just in from Hong Kong.

To my way, hey, blow the man down.

You'll give me some whiskey, I'll sing you a song.

Give me some time, to blow the man down.

t'Was on a black-baker, I first served my time,
on a trim black-ball-liner, I wasted my prime.

When a trim black-ball-liner, preparing for sea,
you split your sides laughing, at the sights that you sea.

There's tinkers and tailors, shoemakers and all,
they're all shipped for sailors, aboard the black-ball.

When an big black-ball-liner's, a leaving her dock,
the boys and the girls on a the pear-hear do flock.

Now when the big liner, she's clear of the land,
our boson he roars out, the word of command.

Come quickly lay aft, to the break of the poop,
or I'll help you along, with the toe of my boot.