

Blow The Man Down

Chorus:

 D D7 D D7
Oh blow the man down bullies, Blow the man down,
 D D7 Em A7
To me way! hey! Blow the man down,
 Em A7 Em
Oh, Blow the mandown bullies, Blow him away,
A7 D
Give me some time to blow the man down.

As I was a-walkin' down Paradise Street,
To me way! hey!—Blow the man down!
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

She hailed me with her flipper, I took her in tow,
To me way! hey!—Blow the man down!
Yard-arm to yard-arm away we did go
Give me some time to blow the man down.

As soon as that Packet was clear of the bar,
To me way! hey!—Blow the man down!
The mate knocked me down with the end of a spar,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Its yard-arm to yard-arm away you will sprawl,
Way! hey!—Blow the man down!
For kicking Jack Rogers commands the Black Ball
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Next comes the stowing down, my boys,
'Twill take both night and day,
And you'll all have fifty cents apiece
On the 190th lay.

Now we are bound into Tuckoona,
Full more in their power,
Where the skippers can buy the Consul up
For half a barrel of flour.

When we get home, our ship made fast,
And we get through our sailing,
A winding glass around we'll pass
And damn this blubber-whaling.