

Blow the Man Down

Come all ye young fellows that follows the sea
To me, 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 come from Hong Kong
You give me some whiskey, I'll sing you a song

When a trim Black Ball liner's preparing for sea
On a trim Black Ball liner I wasted me prime

When a trim Black Ball liner preparing for sea
You'll split your sides laughing such sights you would see

There's tinkers and tailors, shoemakers and all
They're all shipped for sailors aboard the Black Ball

When a big Black Ball liner's a-leaving her dock
The boys and the girls on the pier-head do flock

Now, when the big liner, she's clear of land
Our bosun 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 me boot

Pay attention to orders, now, you one and all
For see high above there flies the Black Ball

'Tis larboard and starboard, on deck you will sprawl
For kicking Jack Rogers commands the Black Ball