

Oh! blow, my boys, I long to hear you!
Blow, boys, blow

Oh! blow, my boys,
I long to hear you!
Blow, boys, blow!
Oh! blow, my boys,
I long to hear you!
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

O were you ever in Congo River?
O yes, I've been in the Congo River.

O Congo she's a mighty river,
Where fever makes the white man shiver.

O yonder comes the "Arrow" packet,
She fires a gun, don't you hear the racket?

O yonder comes a Creole lady,
I'm sure she's a nigger baby.

A Yankee ship comes down the river,
Her masts and yards they shine like silver.

And how d'ye known she's a Yankee clipper?
By the stars and bars that fly above her.

And who d'ye think's the skipper of her?
Why, "Holy Joe", the nigger lover.

And who d'ye think's the chief mate of her?
Why, Boss-Eyed Bill, the Bowery Runner.

And what d'ye think they've got for cargo?
Why "black sheep" that have run the embargo.

And what d'ye think they get for dinner?
Why, bullock's heart and donkey's liver.

O blow, my boys, and blow forever,
O blow me down to the Congo River.