

## The Yankee Ship

Well, a Yankee ship sailed down the river  
Blow, boys, blow  
Oh, a Yankee ship in the Congo River  
Blow, me bully boys, blow

How do you know she's a Yankee clipper?  
The Stars and Stripes they fly above her

And who do you think's the skipper of her?  
Old Holy Joe the darkie slaver

And what do you think she's got for cargo?  
Guns and shot, she runs the embargo

What do you think they'll have for dinner?  
Hot water soup, but slightly thinner

Blow today, and blow tomorrow  
Blow for all old tars in sorrow