

Blow the Man Down

As I was a walking down Paradise Street
To me *Way hey blow the man down*
A Liverpool packet I chanced for to meet.
Oh give me some time to blow the man down!

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down
To me *Way hey blow the man down*
Blow the man down, bullies, blow him away
Oh! Give me some time to blow the man down!
<Do not repeat the chorus between all verses>

She were bowling along with the wind blowing free
She heaved up her courses and waited for me

She was round in the staysails and bluff in the bow
So I pulled out me tow rope, said "Weighin' up now"

I offered to board her with no more delay
"You're welcome young man if you're able to pay"

So I tipped her me flipper and took her in tow
And yardarm to yardarm away we did go

I opened her hatches, she'd plenty of room
And in her main locker I stowed my jib-boom

I fired off me bow gun, I was but a wreck
Her topsails and rigging were all on the deck

<more>

Then it's on with me sea boots and off from the town
It's on with me sea boots and blow the man down

As soon as our package was clear of the bar
That little fire bucket had burnt me main spar

So all you bold fellers, who follow the sea
Let this be a lesson, take warning from me

Final Chorus

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down

To me Way hey blow the man down

Blow him right back into Liverpool town

Oh! Give me some time to blow the man down!