



Blow the man down

As I was a-walking down Paradise street
To me! way, aye, blow the man down
A sassy fine clipper I chanced for to meet
Give us some time to blow the man down

Of the port that she hailed from, I cannot say much
but by her appearance, I took her for Dutch

Her flag was three colours and her masthead was low
She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow

I fired me bow chaser, the signal she knew
She backed her main tops'l and for me hove to

She was bowling along with the wind blowing free
She clewed up her courses and waited for me

I hailed her in English, she answered me clear
I'm from the Black Arrow, bound for the Shakespeare

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

She then took me up to her lilly-white room
And there all the evening we danced and we spooned

Now, me shot locker's empty, me powders all spent
And I've plenty of time, boys, to think and repent