



Blow Boys Blow

Say was you never on the Congo River?

Blow, boys, blow

Oh yes I've been on the Congo River

Blow me bully boys, blow

The Congo she is a mighty river

Where the fever makes the white man shiver

A Yankee ship came down the river

Her masts and yards they shone like silver

How do you know she's a Yankee liner?

By the stars and bars that fly behind her

And how do you know she's a Yankee clipper?

By the blood and guts that run from her scuppers

And who do you think is the skipper on her?

Some bow-legged bastard from the Bowery

And who do you think is the first mate on her?

Why Pompey Squash that big black bully

And what do you think they have for cargo?

Why black sheep that have run the embargo

And what do you think they had for breakfast?

Why nice new chains and a helping of the whiplash

And what do you think they had for dinner?

Why handspike hash and a squeeze in the wringer

And what do you think they had for supper?

Belaying pin soup and a roll in the scuppers

It's blow today and blow tomorrow

We'll blow this sad old ship in sorrow