

# Blow the Man Down

Nautical

Whistle

Oh, blow the man down, bul-lies, Blow the man down. To me way, hey!

Blow the man down. Oh, — blow the man down, bul - lies, blow him a - way!

Give me some time to blow the man down.

As I was walking down Paradise Street,  
Way hey - blow the man down,  
A brass-bound policeman I happened to meet.  
Give me some time to blow the man down.

Says he, "You're a Black-Baller by the cut of your hair."  
"I know you're a Black-Baller by the clothes that you wear."

"O Piliceman, O Piliceman, you do me great wrong."  
"I'm a Flying Fish Sailor just home from Hong Kong."

They gave me three months in Walton Gaol,  
For booting and kicking and blowing him down.