Blow the Man Down (2)

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I'm a blue water sailor just back from Hong Kong
    Way, hey, blow the man down
If you give me some whiskey I'll sing you a song
    Give us some time to blow the man down

As I was a-walkin' down Paradise Street
A dashing young damsel I chanced for to meet

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow
So I took in all sail and cried, "Way enough now."

I hailed her in English and I hailed her all round
I hauled up alongside and asked where she was bound

She said to me, "Sir, will you stand a treat?"
"Delighted," says I, "For a charmer so sweet."

So I tailed her my flipper and took her in tow
And yard-arm to yard-arm away we did go

It was up in her quarters she piped me aboard
And there on her bed I cut loose with my sword

Ah, but just as my cutter was forging ahead
She shouted, "My husband!" and jumped out of bed

He was seven feet tall, had a chest like a horse
A straight for my jawbone he plotted his course

He loosened my rigging, he kicked in my stays
I flew down the stairs like a ship on the ways

I chanced on a packet that happened on by
And when I awoke I was bound for Shanghai

So come all you young laddies that follow the sea
Don't never take heed of what pretty girls say.

SOURCE: Bob Pfeffer
SOURCE'S SOURCE: Garrett Warner (also recorded Oscar Brand)
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