

**Koor: O, blow the man down bullies, blow the man down
Way, hay, blow the man down,
Oh blow the man down in the liverpool town
Give me some time to blow the man down.^[kort]**

Solist: As I was awalking down Paradise street,

Koor: Way, hay, blow the man down

Solist: A saucy young policeman I happened to meet,

Koor: Give me some time to blow the man down.

Solist: Says he, "You're a Black Baller by the cut of your hair,

Koor: Way, hay, blow the man down,

Solist: I see you're a Black Baller by the duds that you wear,

Koor: Give me some time to blow the man down

Solist: You've sailed in a packet that flies the Black Ball,

Koor; Way, hay, blow the man down.

Solist: And robbed some poor Dutchman of boots, clothes and all

Koor: Give me some time to blow the man down.

Muzikaal intermezzo

Solist: Oh no, Mr.Policeman, you do me great wrong,

Koor: Way, hay, blow the man down

Solist: I'm a Flying Fish sailor, just in from Hong Kong,

Koor: Give me some time to blow the man down.

Solist: They gave me three months in that hard Walton Jail,

Koor: Way, hay, blow the man down.

Solist: For booting and kicking and blowing him down,

Koor: Give me some time to blow the man down