Congo River

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Was you never down the Congo River,
Blow, boys, blow;
Where the fever makes the white man shiver,
Blow, me bully boys, blow.

Yonder comes a Yankee packet
Blow ...
She fires her guns, don't you hear the racket
Blow...

Oh, how do you know she's a Yankee clipper?
Why, her masts and yards, they shine like silver

Oh, what do you think the crew eats for dinner?
Oh, a monkey's arse and a sandfly's liver

And who do you think is the skipper of her?
Oh, a blackjack slave, the bowery runner

And what do you think they get for supper?
Oh, a punch in the mouth and a roll in the skuppers

(Repeat 1st verse)

JY