

BLOW, MY BULLY BOYS, BLOW.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.



Oh, Sally Brown's a bright mulatto ; *Blow, boys, blow!* Oh, she drinks rum and chews tobacco  
*Blow, my bully boys, blow.*

Oh, Sally Brown's a Creole lady,  
Chorus, and repeat with chorus.  
Oh, Sally Brown, I long to see you,  
Chorus, &c.

Oh, Sally Brown, I'll ne'er deceive you.  
Chorus, &c.

It will be noticed that neither rhyme nor sentiment has much place in these songs. Each line is usually repeated twice, even if there be a rhyme impending, for the shantymen's stock must be carefully husbanded.

A favorite and frequently used song, in which Bonaparte's fortunes are portrayed in a manner startling to the historian, as well as to those who may have the fortune to hear it sung at any time, is:—

JOHN FRANCOIS.



Oh, Boney was a war-rior, *Away, hey way!* Oh, Boney was a warrior, *John Francois.*

Oh, Boney went to Roo-shy,  
Chorus.

He made a mistake at Waterloo,  
Chorus.

Oh, Boney went to Proo-shy,  
Chorus.

He died at Saint Helena.  
Chorus.

He crossed the Rocky Mountains,  
Chorus.

Where Tommy actually proceeded to know, but the fact is related with con- when he went a "high low" nobody tinual gusto nevertheless:—

TOMMY'S GONE, A HIGH LOW.



My Tommy's gone and I'll go, too ; Hurrah, you high low,



For without Tom - my I can't do. My *Tom-my's* gone a *high low.*

My Tommy's gone on the Eastern Shore,  
Chorus.

My Tommy's gone to Baltimore,  
Chorus.

A person who knows a little of geo- world according to his own discre- graphy can send Tommy around the tion.