

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Fa - ther, be near when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink, For it
 may be I am near - er home, Near - er now than I think.

Blow the Man Down
 (A HOISTING CHANTEY-SONG)

SOLO CHORUS SOLO

1. As I was a-walking down Para-dise Street, (Way! Hey! Blow the man down!) A
 2. Says she to me, "Will you stand treat?" (Way! Hey! Blow the man down!) "De-

CHORUS

pret - ty young dam - sel I chanced for to meet. (Give me some time to blow the man down.)
 lighted," says I, "for a charm - er so sweet." (Give me some time to blow the man down.)