

## **BLOOD RED ROSES**

Our boots and shoes are all in pawn

**Go down, you blood red roses, go down**

It's mighty drafty round Cape Horn

**Go down, you blood red roses, go down**

Ah, y' pinks and posies

**Go down, you blood red roses, go down**

Me dear ol' mother she wrote to me

Me darling son come home from sea

It's growl y' may but go y' must

You growl too hard your head they'll bust

The bosun says before I'm through

You'll curse your mother for having you

Its round Cape Horn with frozen sail...

Around Cape Stiff to hunt for whale...

Its round Cape Horn the ship must go

For that is where them whalefish blow

Rock and shake her is the cry

The bleeding topmast sheave is dry

The bosun to the topsmen roars,

Lay aloft y' lazy whores.

Just one more pull and that will do

For we're the bullies to kick her through.