



Around me Brave Boys

The anchors are weighed and the sails unfurled

Roll down

We're bound for te take you halfway round the world

Walk around me brave boys and roll down

We will roll down

Walk around me brave boys and roll down

In the white Bay of Biscay the seas will run high

These poor simple transports, they'll wish they could die

When the white coast of Africa, it do appear

These poor simple transports will tremble with fear

When the Cape of Good Hope, it is rounded at last

These poor simple transports will long for the past

When these great southern whales on the quarter do spout

These poor simple transports, they'll goggle and shout

And when we draw near to the New Holland strand

These poor simple transports will long for the land

And when we set sail for Olde England's shore

These poor simple transports will see them no more

And when we arrive in Olde England's shore

Those beds and these talents we'll make 'em to roar

Then sweet ladies of Plymouth, we'll pay all your rent

Go roving no more till our money's all spent