



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.