

Go Down, you Blood Red Roses

Well our boots and clothes are all in pawn
Go down, you blood red ro-o-se-e-es, Go down
It's mighty drafty 'round Cape Horn
Go down, you blood red ro-o-se-e-es, Go down

Oh, you pinks and posies
Go down, you blood red roses, Go down

But it's round Cape Horn that we must go
For that is where them whalefish blow

My dear old mother wrote to me
Oh, son, dear son come home from sea

It's growl you may, but go you must
If you growl too hard your head they'll bust

Now one more pull and that will do
For we're the boys to pull her through