

YE, BLOOD RED ROSES

#20

Our boots and clothes is all in pawn
Go down you blood red roses, go down
It's bleedin' draughty 'round Cape Horn
Go down you blood red roses, go down

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

It's 'round Cape Horn that we must go
'Round Cape Stiff, through ice an' snow.

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 much your head they'll bust.

It's 'round Cape Horn you've got to go,
For that is where them whale fish blow.

The gals are waitin' right ahead,
A long strong pull should shift the dead

You've got your advance, to sea you'll go
To chase them whales through the frost and snow.

Oh it's one more pull and that'll do
We're the boys fer to kick 'er through