

Blood Red Roses

Shanty-Crew
Bensersiel März 2010

Our boots and clothes are all in pawn. Go down! You
blood and ro - ses. Go down! It's migh - ty dra - fty
'round Cape Hoorn. Go down! You blood and ro - ses.
Go down! Oh, you pinks and ro - ses,
go down! You blood and ro - ses. Go down!

Vors.: Our boots and clothes are all in pawn.
Chor.: Go down, you blood red roses, Go down!
Vors.: It's mighty drafty 'round Cape Horn.
Chor.: Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

Chor.: Oh, you pinks and posies.
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

Vors.: But it's round Cape Horn that we must go,
for that is where them whalefish blow.
Chor.: Oh, you pinks and posies.
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

Vors.: My dear old mother wrote to me:
"Oh, son, dear son come home from sea."
Chor.: Oh, you pinks and posies.
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

Vors.: Now one more pull and that will do.
For we're the boys to pull her through.
Chor.: Oh, you pinks and posies.
Go down, you blood red roses, go down!

