One time I was down to Jamaica to a place called Rose Hall Plan tation

They grow a lot of sugarcane and tomatoes and things at Rose Ha $11\ \mathrm{now}$

It used to be just a sugarcane plantation back in the days of s lavery

And they tell stories about the place and about the great house at Rose Hall

That many many years ago they came from the country of Haiti A lady named Annie Palmer who lived in that great house there And she was a mistress of the plantation she was the boss her w ord was law

Well they tell a lot of tales about Annie

They say she had three husbands one at a time I guess

But they also tell tales about Annie and the slaves

There were about 5000 slaves on the plantation

And she had her favorites and she had the ones that weren't her favorites

Well down on the sea there're three tall palm trees wavin' in the breeze

And they say that maybe Annie Palmer's three husbands Are buried under those palm trees

On the Island of Jamaica quite a long long time ago
At Rose Hall Plantation where the ocean breezes blow
Lived a girl named Annie Palmer the mistress of the place
And the slaves all lived in fear to see a frown on Annie's face

Where's your husband Annie where's number two and three
Are they sleeping neath the palms beside the Caribbean Sea
At night I hear you ridin' and I hear your lovers call
And still can feel your presence round the great house at Rose
Hall hmm

Well if you should ever go to see the great house at Rose Hall There's expensive chairs and china and great paintings on the w all

They'll show you Annie's sitting room and the whipping post out side

But they won't let you see the room where Annie's husbands died Where's your husband Annie