

# Go Down You Red Red Roses

Burl Ives

Come sailors listen unto me:  
Come down you bunch of roses, come down  
A lovely song I'll sing to thee  
Oh, you pinks and posies  
Come down, you red, red roses, come down

A whale is bigger than a mouse  
Come down you bunch of roses, come down  
A sailor's lower than a louse  
Oh, you pinks and posies  
Come down, you red, red roses, come down

The cook he rolled out all the grub:  
Come down you bunch of roses, come down  
One split pea in a ten-pound tub  
Oh, you pinks and posies  
Come down, you red, red roses, come down

In eighteen hundred and fifty-three  
Come down you bunch of roses, come down  
We set sail for the Southern Sea  
Oh, you pinks and posies  
Come down, you red, red roses, come down

In eighteen hundred and fifty-five  
Come down you bunch of roses, come down  
I was breathing but not alive  
Oh, you pinks and posies  
Come down, you red, red roses, come down

In eighteen hundred and fifty-seven  
Come down you bunch of roses, come down  
We sailed up to the gates of Heaven  
Oh, you pinks and posies  
Come down, you red, red roses, come down

Saint Peter would not let us in  
Come down you bunch of roses, come down  
He sent us back to earth again  
Oh, you pinks and posies  
Come down, you red, red roses, come down

All this is true that I do tell  
Come down you bunch of roses, come down  
The ship we're on's a livin' Hell  
Oh, you pinks and posies  
Come down, you red, red roses, come down

The captain's covered o'er with fur  
Come down you bunch of roses, come down  
Has grown a tail like Lucifer  
Oh, you pinks and posies  
Come down, you red, red roses, come down