

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