

My name is Arthur Hollandin, as you may understand
The Flying Cloud

My name is Arthur Hollandin,
As you may understand
I was born ten miles from Dublin Town,
Down on the salt-sea strand,
When I was young and' comely,
Sure, good fortune on me shone,
My parents loved me tenderly
For I was their only son.

2. My father he rose up one day
And with him I did go,
He bound me as a butcher's boy
To Pearson of Wicklow,
I wore the bloody apron there
For three long years and more,
Till I shipped on board of The Ocean Queen
Belonging to Tramore.

3. It was on Bermuda's island
That I met with Captain Moore,
The Captain of The Flying Cloud,
The pride of Baltimore,
I undertook to ship with him
On a slaving voyage to go,
To the burning shores of Africa,
Where the sugar cane does grow.

4. It all went well until the day
We reached old Africa's shore,
And five hundred of them poor slaves, me boys,
From their native land we bore,
Each man was loaded down with chains
As we made them walk below,
Just eighteen inches of space
Was all that each man had to show.

5. The plague it came and fever too
And killed them off like flies,
We dumped their bodies on the deck
And hove them overside,
For sure, the dead were the lucky ones
For they'd have to weep no more,
Nor drag the chain and feel the lash
In slavery for evermore.

6. But now our money it is all spent,
We must go to sea once more,
And all but five remained to listen
To the words of Captain Moore,
"There's gold and silver to be had
If with me you'll remain,
Let's hoist the pirate flag aloft
And sweep the Spanish Main."

7. The Flying Cloud was a Yankee ship,
Five hundred tons or more,
She could outsail any clipper ship
Hailing out of Baltimore,
With her canvas white as the driven snow
And on it there's no specks,
And forty men and fourteen guns
She carried below her decks.

8. We plundered many a gallant ship

Down on the Spanish Main,
Killed many a man and left his wife
And children to remain,
To none we showed no kindness
But gave them watery graves,
For the saying of our captain was:
"Dead men tell no tales."

9. We ran and fought with many a ship,
Both frigates and liners too,
Till, at last, a British man-o-war,
The Dunmow, hove in view,
She fired a shot across our bows
As we ran before the wind,
And a chainshot cut our mainmast down
And we fell far behind.

10. They beat our crew to quarters
As they drew up alongside,
And soon across our quarter-deck
There ran a crimson tide,
We fought until they killed our captain
And twenty of our men,
Then a bombshell set our ship on fire,
We had to surrender then.

11. It's now to Newgate we have come,
Bound down with iron chains ,
For the sinking and the plundering of ships
On the Spanish Main,
The judge he has condemned us
And we are condemned to die.
Young men a warning by me
Take and shun all piracy.

12. Farewell to Dublin City.
And the girl that I adore,
I'll never kiss your cheek again
Nor hold your hand no more,
Whiskey and bad company
Have made a wretch of me,
Young men, a warning by me
Take and shun all piracy.