

## **Blood Red Roses**

C

Our boots and clothes are all in pawn,  
F Am F  
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

C

And it's mighty drafty around Cape Horn.  
F Am F  
Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

C

Oh, you pinks and posies.  
F Am F  
Go down you blood red roses, go down.

You've had your advance and to sea you must go,  
A-chasin' whales through the frost and the snow.

Oh my old mother, she wrote to me,  
My dearest son come home from sea.

But 'round Cape Horn you've got to go,  
For that is where them whalefish blow.

Just one more and that'll do,  
For we're the gang to kick her through.