

We Be Three Poor Mariners
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We be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the seas,
We spend our lives in jeopardy,
While others live at ease.
|: Shall we go dance the Round, around, around? :|
And he that is a bully boy,
Come, pledge me on this ground, aground, aground!

2. We care not for those martial men
That do our states disdain;
But we care for those merchantmen
That do our states maintain.
|: Shall we go dance the Round, around, around? :|
And he that is a bully boy,
Come, pledge me on this ground, aground, aground!