

Burl Ives

"Go down you red red roses"

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Burl Ives - Go down, you red, red roses

Come sailors listen unto me:

Chorus: Come down you bunch of roses, come down

A lovely song I'll sing to thee.

Chorus: 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:

One split pea in a ten-pound tub.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-three

We set sail for the Southern Sea.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-five

I was breathing but not alive.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-seven

We sailed up to the gates of Heaven.

Saint Peter would not let us in.

He sent us back to earth again.

All this is true that I do tell.

The ship we're on's a livin' Hell.

The captain's covered o'er with fur;

Has grown a tail like Lucifer.

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