## Andrew Rose

(alternate:)

Andrew Rose

Andrew Rose, the British sailor
Now to you his woes I'll name
'Twas on the passage from Barbados
Whilst on board the Martha Jane.

CHO: Wasn't that most cruel usage
Without a friend to interpose?
How they've whipped and mangled, gagged and strangled
The British sailor, Andrew Rose.

'Twas on the quarter-deck they laid him,
Gagged him with an iron bar;
Wasn't that most cruel usage
To put upon a British tar?'

Twas up aloft the Captain sent him
Naked beneath the burning sun,
Whilst the mate did follow after,
Lashing him till the blood did run.

The captain gave him stuff to swallow;
Stuff to you I will not name,
Whilst the crew got sick with horror,
While on board the Mary Jane.

'Twas in a water-cask they put him;
Seven long days they kept him there.
When loud for mercy Rose did venture,
The Captain swore no man should go there.

For twenty days they did ill-use him,
When into Liverpool they arrived.

The Judge he heard young Andrew's story;
"Captain Rodgers, you must die.

"Come all ye friends and near relations,
And all ye friends to interpose;
Never treat a British sailor
Like they did young Andrew Rose.

From Colcord, Songs of American Sailormen

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