

Three Mariners

Tudor Sea Shanty



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We be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the seas;
We spend our lives in jeopardy,
While others live in ease.
Shall we go dance the round,
the round,
Shall we go dance the round;
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on this ground.

We care not for those martial men
That do our states disdain;

But we care for the merchantmen Who do our states maintain. To them we dance this round, around,

To them we dance this round; And he that is a bully boy, Come pledge me on this ground.