

# Unknown Artist, Andrew Ross Andrew Rose

ANDREW ROSS (ANDREW ROSE)

Come all you seamen and give attention  
And listen for a while to me  
While I relate of a dreadful murder  
Which happened on the briny sea  
Andrew Ross\*, an Orkney Sailor  
Whose sufferings now I will explain  
While on a voyage from Barbado  
On board the vessel, Martha Jane  
Oh think of what a cruel treatment  
Without a friend to interpose  
They whipped and mangled, gagged and strangled  
The Orkney sailor, Andrew Ross  
The mate and captain daily flogged him  
With whips and ropes, I'll tell you true  
While on Andrew Ross' bleeding body  
Water mixed with salt they threw  
For twenty days thus ill they used him  
Oh think, what sorrow, grief and shame  
Was suffered by this gallant sailor  
On board the vessel Martha Jane  
The captain trained his dogs to bite him  
While Ross for mercy he did pray  
And on the deck, his flesh in mouthfuls  
Torn by the dogs they lay  
Then in a water tank they put him  
For twelve long hours they kept him there  
While Ross for mercy he was pleading  
The captain swore none should go near  
The captain ordered him to swallow  
A thing thereof I shall not name  
The sailors all grew sick with horror  
On board the vessel, Martha Jane  
When nearly dead they did release him  
And on the deck they did him fling  
In the midst of pain and suffering  
"Let us be joyful," Ross did say  
The captain swore he'd make him sorry  
He chained him with an iron bar  
Was that not a cruel treatment  
For an honest British tar  
A timber hitch the captain ordered  
All on a rope to be prepared  
And Andrew Ross' bleeding body  
Was then suspended in the air  
Justice then did overtake them  
Into Liverpool they came  
And there found guilty of the murder  
Committed on the briny ocean  
Oh think of what were the captain's feelings  
When both his mates they were released  
To think that he alone should suffer  
He could not for a while believe  
"Oh God," he cries, "Is there no mercy  
Must my poor wife and children dear  
Be hounded out by public scorn  
It nearly drives me to despair"  
Soon after that an hour arrived  
Captain Rodgers had to die  
To satisfy offended justice  
And hangs on yonder gallows high  
I hope his fate will be a warning  
To all such tyrants who may suppose  
Who would treat an Orkney sailor

As what was done to Andrew Ross  
Note: Rose rhymes better. The third verse was sometimes used  
as a chorus; first line of that verse sometimes sung as:  
"Wasn't that most cruel usage?" RG Tune from Oxford Book  
of Sea Songs, Palmer  
recorded on Folk Songs of Britain Vol 6  
filename( ANDRROSS  
play.exe ANDRROSS  
SF  
===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY===