Words & Music Anonymous.

The original song is in the key of	Dmin
I sing this in	Amin
Why?	Original is too high for me.
Notes	This is one of those songs I feel that has everything. First, a cracking tale, plus a tune with a catchy rhythm (it's in 5:4) and can be sung fast or slow, depending on your whim. I've also posted the music as a manuscript and MuseScore File.

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Intro: C Emin G Amin (repeated)
Amin              G F   Emin Amin
To a New York Tra-a-der I    did belong,
    C   D           F  Amin C    D
She was built for sea, both safe and
Amin
strong.
                  G            D       Amin
Well rigged, well manned, well fit for sea,
                      D     C    Emin  G
She was bound for New York, in A-mer - i-
Amin
key.

Our cruel captain, as we did find,
Left half of our provisions behind.
Our cruel captain, we understand,
Meant to starve us all 'fore we made the
land.

At length our hunger grew very great,
And we had but little on board to eat.
And we were in necessity,
All by our captain's cruelty.

The captain in his cabin lay,
And a voice came to him, and thus did say:
"Prepare yourself and company,
For to-morrow night you will lie with me."

The captain woke in a terrible fright,
It being the first watch of the night.
Aloud his bos'n he did call,
And to him related the story all.

"Bosun" said he "It grieves my heart,
To think I've acted the villains part.
Take what was not my lawful due,
And starve the company and ships crew."

"There is one thing more I have to tell,
When I in Waterford town did dwell.
I killed my master, a merchant there,
All for the sake of his lady fair."

"I killed my wife and children three,
All through their cursed jealousy.
And on my servant laid the blame,
And hanged was he all for the same."

"Captain," says he, "If that be so,
Pray let none of your ship's crew know,
But keep your secret within your breast,
And pray to God to give you rest."

Early next morning a storm did rise,
The Chelsea men did much surprise.
The sea was over us fore and aft,
'Til scarce a man on board was left.

Then the bosun he did declare,
That our captain was a murderer.
Which so enraged the whole ship's crew,
They overboard their captain threw.

When this was done a calm was there,
And our good little ship, home it did
steer.
The wind abated, calmed the sea,
And we sailed safe to Amerikey.

And when we came to anchor there,
Our good little ship for to repair.
The people wondered much to see,
What a poor distressed ship, and crew were
we.
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