

# The Flying Cloud

Moderate

My name is Ed-mund O-li-ver, I'll give you to un-der-stand Brought  
 up by hon-est pa-rents in E-rin's hap-py land. And I being young and  
 in my prime and beau-ty on me shines, My par-ents do-ted on me for I  
 was their on-ly child.

Alternative 1st line for some verses

My name is Edmund Oliver, I'll give you to understand.  
 Brought up by honest parents in Erin's happy land.  
 And I being young and in my prime and beauty on me shines,  
 My parents doted on me for I was their only child.

My father bound me to a trade in Slatterwoods fair town;  
 He bound me to a trooper there by the name of William Brown.  
 I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or more,  
 When I jumped on board of an ocean barge, she was bound for Belfast shore.

And when we reached the Belfast shore I met with Captain Moore,  
 The commander of the *Flying Cloud* sailing out from Belfast shore.  
 He asked me if I'd go with him on a short voyage for to take  
 To the burning shores of Africa our fortunes there to make.

Now the *Flying Cloud* she's a skippered barge five hundred tons or more;  
 She can easily sail past any craft sailing out from Belfast shore.  
 Her sails are of the driven snow and on them there's no speck;  
 She has forty-nine brass mounted guns she carries on her deck.

We robbed and plundered many's the ship down on the Spanish main;  
 Left many's a wife and family their sorrows to maintain.  
 We marched them up upon the decks and sent them down below,  
 And eighteen inches to a man was all they had to go.

With port holes closed a stench arose that stomachs it did turn;  
 The blood of slaves our ship did stain, from chains that cut and burned.  
 The wind that filled our gallant sails, we welcomed to a man;  
 With clouds so black, a fog so thick, no night watch we could stand.

In two or three weeks sailing we reached the Cuban shore.  
 Nine hundred of those poor souls will see their homes no more;  
 A plaguet fever came on board, swept half of them away;  
 We carried them up upon the deck and we whirled them in the sea.

And when we reached the Cuban shore with the rest of our poor slaves,  
 We sold them to the planters there to be slaves forever more,  
 Where the sugar cane never cease to grow beneath the burning sun,  
 To live a hard and a wretched life 'til the rest of their days were done.

It's now our money is all spent and we set to sea again,  
When Captain Moore came up on deck and he said unto his men,  
There's gold and silver to be had if with me you'll agree,  
We'll hoist aloft a pirate flag and we'll scourge the Spanish sea.

They all agreed some five brave youths and he told them for to land,  
The two of them being from Boston, boys, two more from Newfoundland.  
But I on being an Irish lad who was longing to try more;  
But I wish to God I joined those lads and stayed with them on shore.

Our captain came upon the deck for he did have command,  
And he said, my boys will you follow me, they agreed unto a man;  
We'll march them up upon our decks and give them a watery grave;  
T'was a saying of our captain that the dead men tell no tales.

But a Spanish ship, a man of war, our dungeons came to view.  
He fired a shot across our deck, asked for signals to lay to.  
We gave to them no answer back, as before the wind we flew;  
When a chance shot cut our main mast down, we were forced to surrender then.