

The Mariners Revenge - The Decemberists

**Am**

We are two Mariners, our ship's sole survivors, in this belly of a whale.

E

Its ribs our ceiling beams, its guts our carpeting, I guess we have some time to kill.

Am

You may not remember me, I was a child of three, and you a lad of eighteen.

E

But I remember you, and I will relate to you, how our histories interweave.

**F**

**Am**

At the time you were a rake and a rastabout.

F

E

F

E

Spending all your money on the whores and hounds. Oh-oh.

You had a charming air, all cheap and debonair, my widowed mother found so sweet.

And so she took you in, her sheets still warm with him, now filled with filth and foul disease.

As time wore on you proved a debt-ridden drunken mess.

Leaving my mother a poor consumptive wretch. Oh-oh.

And then you disappeared. Your gambling arrears, the only thing you left behind.

And then the magistrate, reclaimed our small estate, and my poor mother lost her mind.

Then one day in spring my dear, sweet mother died.

But before she did I took her hand as she dying cried, Oh-oh,

**Dm**

**Am**

"Find him, bind him, tie him to a pole and break his fingers to splinters,

**Dm**

drag him to a hole until he wakes up, naked, clawing at the ceiling of his

**E F E**

grave, oh-oh."

It took me fifteen years to swallow all my tears, among the urchins in the street.

And then a priory, took pity and hired me to keep their vestry nice and neat.

But never once in the employ of these holy men,

did I ever once turn my mind from the thought of revenge. Oh-oh.

## Coda Folk Orc

One night I overheard, the prior exchanging words with a penitent whaler from the sea.  
The captain of his ship, who matched you toe to tip, was known for a wanton cruelty.  
The following day I shipped to sea with the privateer.  
And in the whistle of the wind I could almost hear, oh-oh.

## Chorus - Tune

And then one fateful night, we had you in our sights, after 20 months at sea.  
Your starboard flank abeam, I was getting my muskets clean, when came this rumbling from  
beneath.

The ocean shook, the sky went black and the captain quailed.  
And before us grew the angry jaws of a giant whale, oh-oh.

Don't know how I survived, the crew all was chewed alive, I must have slipped between his teeth.  
But oh what providence, what divine intelligence, that you should survive as well as me.  
It gives my heart great joy to see your eyes fill with fear.  
So lean in close and I will whisper the last words you'll hear, oh-oh.

## Chorus - Tune

The Mariners Revenge - Tune

The image shows three staves of handwritten musical notation. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody of eighth notes. Above the first measure is a chord symbol 'Dm', and above the third measure is 'Am'. The second staff continues the melody with a 'Dm' chord symbol above the first measure. The third staff shows three chords: 'E', 'F', and 'E', each with a single note below it, followed by a double bar line.