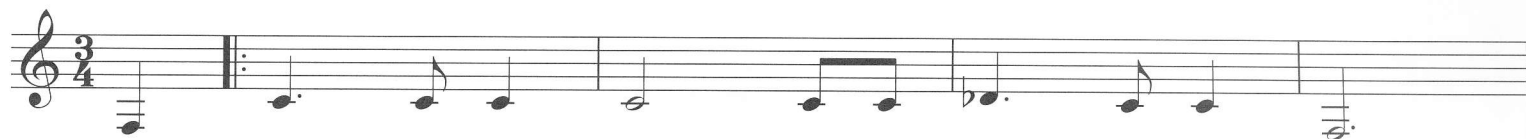


# HOIST THE COLOURS

Lyrics by TED ELLIOT and TERRY ROSSIO  
 Music by HANS ZIMMER and GORE VERBINSKI



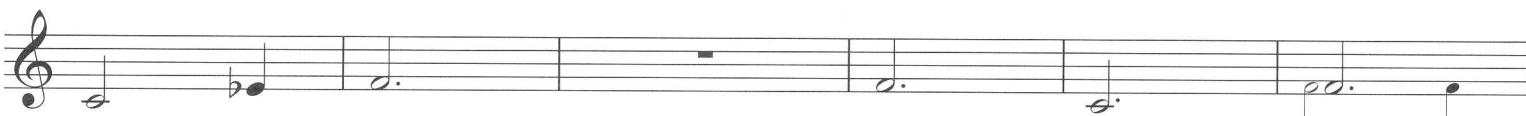
The king and his men stole the queen from her bed  
 Some have died and some are a - live  
 bell has been raised from its wa - ter - y grave.



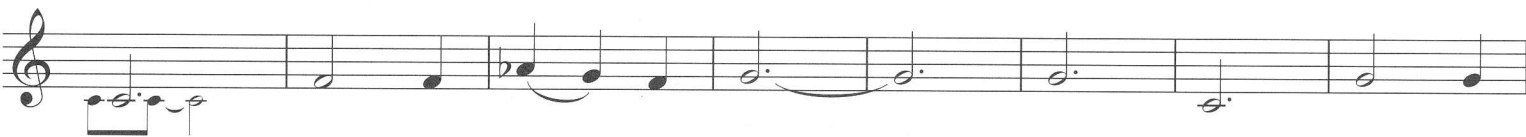
and bound her in \_\_\_\_\_ her bones. The  
 and oth - ers sail on the sea. With the  
 Do you hear its sep - ul - chral tone? A



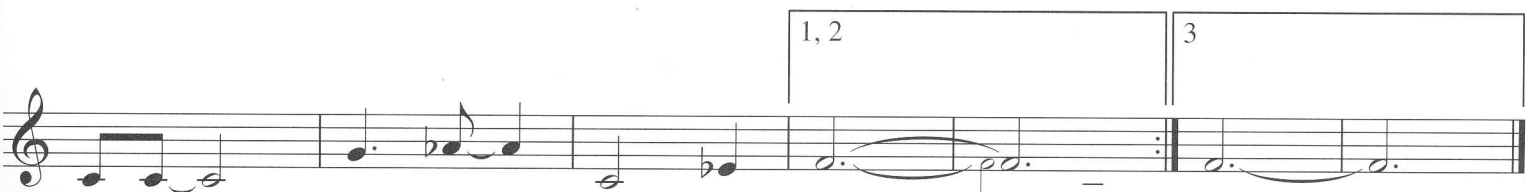
seas be ours and by the pow'rs, where \_\_\_\_\_ we  
 keys to the cage and the dev - il to pay we lay \_\_\_\_\_ to  
 call to all, pay heed the squall and turn \_\_\_\_\_ your



will, we'll roam! (1., 3.) Yo, ho, all  
 Fid - dler's Green! (2.) Yo, ho, haul to -  
 sails to home.



hands, hoist the col - ours high. \_\_\_\_\_ Heave, ho, thieves and  
 geth - er, \_\_\_\_\_ hoist the col - ours high. \_\_\_\_\_ Heave, ho, thieves and



beg - gars, \_\_\_\_\_ nev - er \_\_\_\_\_ shall we die. \_\_\_\_\_ die. \_\_\_\_\_  
 beg - gars, \_\_\_\_\_ nev - er \_\_\_\_\_ shall we die. \_\_\_\_\_ The