

Half Moon) Bar

Cocktail Menu

Cocktails



De Halve Maen 12

REFRESHING AND BRIGHT, the Halve Maen is made of Old Duff genever, lemon rose water shrub, and DDG bitters. It's an ode to the Dutch sense of exploration and the botanical wonderland Henry Hudson found in present day New York.

Turn to page 6 to read about what he saw.



Nieuw Amsterdam 14

STRONG AND AROMATIC, New Amsterdam is our twist on the classic Manhattan. This cocktail is a no-nonsense, balanced tribute to the Dutch colony that paved the way for New York.

Turn to page 8 to read about New Amsterdam and its legacy.

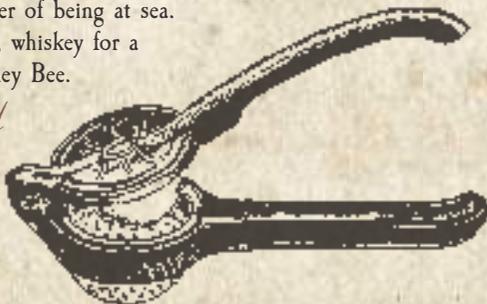


Three Mile 13

A DELICIOUS COMBINATION of lemon, honey, and your choice of liquor. Three Mile is a Prohibition cocktail that celebrates the freedom and wonder of being at sea.

Choose gin for a Bee's Knees, whiskey for a Gold Rush, or rum for a Honey Bee.

And turn to page 14 to read about the "booze cruises" we hosted during Prohibition.



Cocktails

The Original 12

THE ORIGINAL CELEBRATES our first ship, the Rotterdam I, made with Dutch gin and a hint of single malt Scotch; ingredients inspired by the building of the ship. This cocktail harkens back to our Dutch beginnings.

Turn to page 10 to read about the Rotterdam I and our auspicious start.



Sea Castles 14

A TWIST ON THE CLASSIC Sidecar, Sea Castles is a Cognac cocktail that evokes our ships of state.

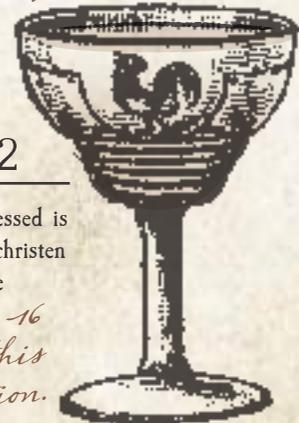
Turn to page 12 to read what our ships meant to the millions of people who traveled across the Atlantic.



May She Be Blessed 12

A CELEBRATORY DRINK with depth, May She Be Blessed is a Champagne Cocktail with your choice of essence to christen your own unique libation. This cocktail is an ode to the godmothers who bless our ships.

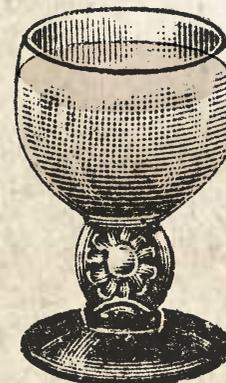
Turn to page 16 to read about this storied tradition.



Rotterdam VII 15

SWEET, FLORAL, AND NUANCED, the Rotterdam VII is a smoked gin and maraschino cocktail, dedicated to this ship and her unique blend of tradition and innovation.

Turn to page 18 to read about the Rotterdam VII and her rich lineage.



Wines By The Glass

Sparkling & Champagne

- HOLLAND AMERICA LINE SPARKLING WINE Brut 10
- LE GRAND COURTAGE Brut Rosé 12.50
- TAITTINGER BRUT Champagne 22



White

- CHATEAU STE. MICHELLE Riesling 11
- 13 CELSIUS Sauvignon Blanc 12
- CHATEAU STE. MICHELLE Chardonnay 12
- KENDALL JACKSON Chardonnay 13

Rosé

- GÉRARD BERTRAND CÔTE DES ROSES Rosé 12

Red

- SEA SUN Pinot Noir 12
- MURPHY-GOODE Merlot 12
- ZOLO Malbec 12
- CHATEAU SMITH Cabernet Sauvignon 13
- OBERON Cabernet Sauvignon 18
- CLINE Zinfandel 13



An air of revelry thought the ages

Beer 7.75

- BUD LIGHT
- STELLA ARTOIS
- MICHELOB ULTRA
- CORONA
- MILLER LITE
- COORS LIGHT



*Moments before
midnight, June 30, 1919*



- SAMUEL ADAMS BOSTON LAGER
- BLUE MOON BELGIAN WHITE
- HEINEKEN
- AMSTEL LIGHT
- GUINNESS STOUT
- HEINEKEN 0.0
- MICHELOB ULTRA ZERO
- STRONGBOW CIDER
- TRULY WILD BERRY
- TRULY PINEAPPLE

Zero Proof

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Bottled Water 16oz. 5 | COCA-COLA Soft Drinks 2.95 |
| Canned Water 12oz. 3.75 | RED BULL 5 |
| MINERAL WATER 1L 6 | RED BULL Sugarfree 5 |
| SPARKLING Water 330ml 3.25 | |

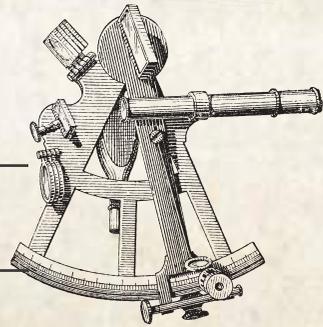


*Dutch gin,
rose water,
bitters*



*Juniper &
Botanicals*

JUNIPERUS Phœnicea. GENÉVRIER de Phœnicie.



The Halve Maen

De Halve Maen

*Henry Hudson's
River Entrance - Topan Sea*

THE LAND WAS SO LUSH that they could smell the flowers from the sea. From the decks of the Halve Maen, the explorers could see rich green forests and endless fields of corn and beans.

But they couldn't stop to enjoy the bounties of this land. Somewhere through the patchwork of woodland and rivers on the unexplored continent was meant to be a path to Asia. No one had made it through and lived to tell the tale, but Henry Hudson was sure it existed. And he wanted to find it for the Dutch.

Hudson and his crew had braved the stormy Atlantic, swelling seas and gusting winds that threatened to drown the 85-foot Halve Maen. Perhaps it was dreams of gold and spice that kept them going. Perhaps it was the allure of doing something first, in a century when someone was always doing something first. Or perhaps they just wanted to sail, perhaps all they knew how to do was sail onwards. And so they did.

And now, looking out at the continent that was meant to be a rest stop, the explorers could not help but admire it. Robert Juet, Hudson's first mate, wrote a simple declaration in his journal, "The Land is very sweet."

The land overflowed with grapes and roses. The shores were filled with herring, lobster, and cod, more than the men could eat or salt. But most of all, the men stared in wonder at the trees, so many trees, "goodly Trees, as euer they had seene." Oak trees, walnut trees, chestnut trees, ewe trees—trees that one day might

build a home, maybe even an entire town of homes.

But the men were sailors, Dutch explorers on the high sea. They weren't supposed to stop and think of homes moored to the earth. They were supposed to find a way to keep sailing.

In September, they thought they found it when they came upon "a very good Harbour" and Henry Hudson sailed up a river that would later bear his name. The men turned away from the beautiful land that fed them, hoping to meet icy waters that would lead them elsewhere.

So eager were they to sail northwest that the men gave little thought to the island they passed. The island of hills and valleys, beaches and marshes, springs and fields. The island where bears and wolves roamed, with salamanders and whales swimming nearby and songbirds flying overhead. So determined were they to push onward that the explorers couldn't have seen the bustling capital the island would become. They couldn't have known that the mounds of oysters they had just enjoyed would be replaced by a grid of streets and avenues, that from the imposing tulip and hickory trees would grow skyscrapers taller than anything they could have imagined.

It was only on their way back, after they realized that the river became shallower as the mountains came into view, after they decided to give up on Asia, this time around, did Robert Juet name the island, "the other places are greene as grasse, it is on that side of the Riuer that is called Manna-hata."

IT SAT AT THE END of one world and at the verge of another. It looked like any other trading post, cheaply bought and sparsely populated. But there was something about this place.

The land was rich. So was the sea. But perhaps there was an even stronger pull, the siren call, if you can make it here. Whatever it was, it drew in people—young newlyweds starting a life together, refugees fleeing persecution, anyone hoping for a story not yet written. They all converged on this island between two worlds.

They conducted trade in half a dozen languages, exchanging Dutch guilders, Spanish doubloons, British florins, Flemish pounds, pelts of the region's fine fur, and wampum, beads polished soft from purple clamshells. They gathered and drank and sometimes fought in the many taverns. They took each other to court, debated and demanded their rights, trying to figure out what it meant to live in a far-flung, lawless trading post, in the middle of nowhere and on the cusp of everything.

And with each drink they shared and each right they defined, they slowly figured out how to live with each other, side-by-side, even if they didn't speak the same language or come from the same country. Because who cared about those old countries anyways? This was Nieuw Amsterdam.

They started to build the place they wanted to live in, the one they crossed the ocean for. They bought land and built houses with yellow bricks from the ballast of Dutch ships. They swept the streets and paved the roads, loaning their own money to develop Nieuw Amsterdam into a town.

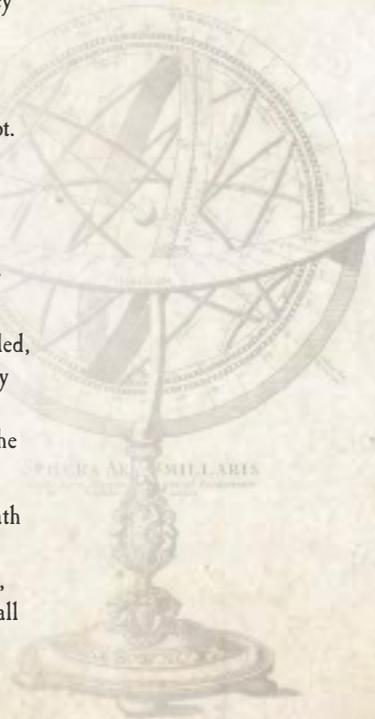
And when the British sailed into the waterways and demanded control, some wanted to fight and save the trading post for the Dutch empire. But many refused. They looked around at the houses and fortunes they built, they felt the power of the rights they fought for, and they saw something much more valuable than a trading post. They saw a home. So they surrendered without firing a single shot.

They may have given in, but they didn't give up. By handing over New Amsterdam, they ensured that what they had built would be saved.

And it was, far outlasting the Dutch trading post. The lives they led, the places they touched, and the way they thought about the world, rich and undefined, are still all around the island today.

It's in the Bowery, used as a footpath by the Lenape, the first residents of the island, and called bouwerij road, farm road, by the Dutch. It's in Wall Street, the site of a defensive wall built to protect against the British. And the Battery, the site of Fort Amsterdam. And Harlem, named for a Dutch city famous for its tulips.

And it's in the yellow bricks that still turn up on the lower end of the island. It's in the river named for Hudson, the man who claimed this blessed patch of earth and water for the Dutch. Most of all, it's in the millions of residents, who live side-by-side, elbow-to-elbow with neighbors from all parts of the world, each trying to make it on this island we now call Manhattan.



*Spirits made
from grain of
the new world*



*Bourbon, a
blend of two
sweet vermouths,
bitters*

Nieuw Amsterdam

Nieuw Amsterdam 1670



*Dutch genever,
smoky single
malt Scotch,
floral essence*



*Dutch goods...
gin and tulips*



The Original

*The Rotterdam as featured
in a historical poster*

ON AN OCTOBER DAY IN 1872, a ship set sail.

This was an unremarkable thing for 1872. Ships set sail, goods criss-crossed the globe, people left homes and made new ones. This was just another ship, from just another port city, trying to make her way across an ocean.

Except, this ship changed everything. Her Captain, Jacob Hus, had been waiting for her. A marvel of iron and steam, at a time when iron and steam were new for ships, she had commanded the utmost care. And Jacob answered the call. He was the son of a navy merchant captain who married the daughter of another navy merchant captain. And when he was old enough, he did what his father did and what so many from the Netherlands still do: sail the seas. By 1872, he had years of experience with steamships.

So, when a new company in Rotterdam wanted to build a new steamship, they moved Jacob and his family from the Netherlands to Scotland just so he could watch over her. She cost 30,000 guilders—a small fortune at the time—and would be magnificent. She would go faster than the sailing ships that came before her, ferrying passengers and cargo more safely and affordably across the Atlantic Ocean. And she would do it all while sailing under the Dutch flag and bearing the name of her city, Rotterdam. Any captain would be lucky to command her. Anyone from Rotterdam would be proud to see her sail.

But there was a problem: a strike in the shipyard. For what must have seemed like forever, the rivets were untouched, the beams forgotten, the propeller idle. And the ship was delayed. And delayed. And delayed. What was supposed to be a pleasant spring debut became a late autumn crossing. Not many wanted to face the Atlantic in the cold, so the ship sailed her maiden voyage with 800 tons of cargo and only 70 passengers.

Despite the rocky start, she was a hit. Maybe it was the christening from the Captain's daughter, Jacoba Helena, the granddaughter of two captains, that blessed her journey. Maybe it was her city's colors, green and white, atop her funnels and her country's goods, Dutch gin and tulips, in her cargo that guided her to safety. Or maybe she just came at the right time to the right place after all: in 1872 to Rotterdam, a city that welcomes those who love the sea and the ships upon the sea, like Jacob and Jacoba Helena.

Her success helped launch a passenger line. More ships were ordered. More routes were sailed. And within 25 years, half a million passengers experienced the wonder of traveling at sea on these Dutch ships.

Of course, there was much more to come, and at the beginning was our very first, the original Rotterdam.

Captain Jacob Hus

Hundreds of people gathered on the dock. A band played music. Klaas felt giddy—he had just left his village, toured the city of Rotterdam in a whirlwind, and downed brandy wine to still his racing heart. Standing at the pier, he stared up in wonderment at his ship.

Later, Klaas would write, “we boarded the ship...I said ship, but it was more like a sea castle.”

That’s how impressive it all was.

Klaas and his wife Anna had joined the millions of people who left everything they knew and brought what they could carry onto such a ship. To emigrants, a ship like this must have seemed like a dream, a vessel that would hold all of their hopes, so enormous and delicate, and bring them safely to another shore.

The emigrants came from towns and villages all over Europe. Some were accustomed to moving around. Others had never stepped foot outside of their hometowns. Many had heard tales of America, a place where someone might get a fair chance, and where the future was boundless. They learned how people were able to build a business, buy a big house, raise their children without want. They looked around at their own towns, where the path before them was already paved and lackluster in comparison to the tales they heard, to what was waiting for them across an ocean.

So, they marveled at the colorful posters of ships that were plastered all around town. The ships looked bigger and grander than anything most of them had ever seen. Some, eager to start their new lives, bought tickets for the fastest ship. Some, needing to save up money, bought the cheapest tickets they could find. Still others chose another passenger line: not the fastest or the cheapest, but one that had a reputation for treating passengers well. One that offered three square meals a day—breakfast, lunch, and dinner served in a dining room—at a time when emigrants were expected to bring their own food. One that prepared emigrants with English language and American civics classes before they boarded their ships. One that was famous for being “spotless.”

One in ten who sailed emigrant class from Europe to the United States chose to sail aboard this passenger line. They included writers, actors, diplomats, even Olympic gold medalists. And millions of people whose names we don’t know, people like Klaas and Anna, who had eight children and a farm outside of Chicago, who once stood on a deck in Rotterdam, hearts full and pounding, who looked up at their Holland America Line ship and saw a sea castle.

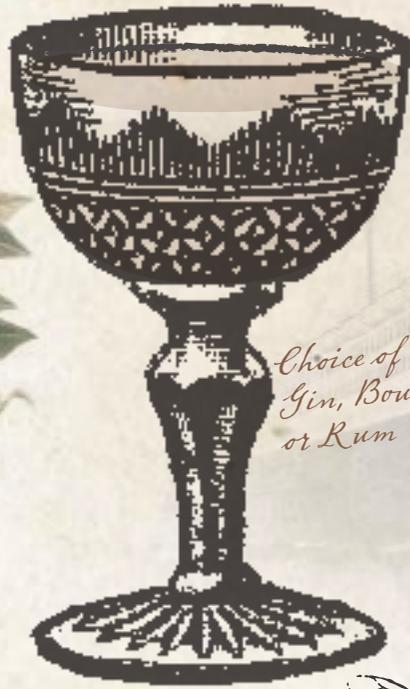
Gateway to a new world



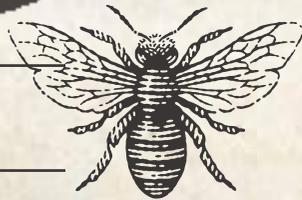
Sea Castles

*Statendam to New York
poster from 1914*

*Classic
Prohibition
Flavors*



*Choice of
Gin, Bourbon
or Rum*



Three Mile

The Rotterdam

AUGUST 1, 1921 LATITUDE: 40°49'N LONGITUDE: 72°52'W

THERE'S A PLACE just beyond home where the rum tastes a bit sweeter, the whiskey stronger, the gin crisper. A place where anyone can dance all night, laughing and falling in and out of arms under a crystal chandelier as the water sways below. A place where a beau can toast to his sweetheart, look out at the stars, and decide that everything's going to be just fine.

That place is a ship. Usually, a ship this big and beautiful would be found crossing the Atlantic. But tonight, she hugs the harbor. Those seeking a good drink and a glamorous place to have that drink could spend the night on board, cruising in international waters just three miles from shore.

It's the time of freedom and prosperity, of jazz and new ideas, of short bobs and never-ending parties. Even if Prohibition is raging in the backdrop, with the "drys" trying to ruin the fun and laws that turn a few ounces of pleasure into a crime, it's all so thrilling. The thousands of illicit bars that, with a wink and a nod, serve all the bathtub gin and moonshine they could want. The sounds of music oozing throughout the cramped basements until their bodies buzz with syncopated beats. The flappers leading the Charleston, legs kicking and red lips smiling without abandon. Celebrities and scofflaws rubbing elbows, everyone equal and united in the desire to have a drink and then another and then another.

Prohibition makes it feel like the whole city is scheming together. The streets and avenues packed with moonshine runners who, in souped up cars, outgun those pesky revenue agents. The entire network of roads and highways intertwined for the delivery of goods from all across the globe. Even the waters teem with rumrunners. Everyone's trying to throw a good party. And why not—any night could be the last, and every night is worth celebrating.

But now, looking back at the city from the water, the one-night cruise-goers feel the commotion on land drift away. They've spent the night dancing in magnificent ballrooms, strolling hand-in-hand on the spacious decks, and breathing in the fresh sea air. They feel relieved to be away from it all—the frantic energy of sneaking around, of going to one party after another, of trying to outdo every moment. They don't think about how by morning, they'll have to disembark this beautiful Holland America Line ship, go back to their homes, and start their days. That might as well be a lifetime away.

All they know is that they have tonight, so they decide it's going to be one of those nights, when it feels like anything can still happen but even if nothing does, everything is perfect as it is. They feel as free as their ship on the water, sailing this new-fangled "booze cruise," as bright as the drink in their hands, and they hope, they know, that the world will be just as sweet.

THE CHILDREN CRANED their heads as their parents pointed towards the sea and readied cameras. Everyone was dressed in their best, men in dark suits and slim ties, women in modern two-piece dress suits and sensible hats. Some were lucky enough to have seats in the crowd, but most stood.

It was a sunny afternoon in 1958, and 50,000 people were waiting on the docks of Rotterdam.

Then, suddenly, a burst of applause. Cheers and waves rippled through the crowd. A woman stepped out onto a stage.

She wasn't an ordinary woman, and this wasn't an ordinary stage. She was the Queen. And her stage was set before the hull of a 748 foot (228 meter) long ship. And this Queen was here on this stage to carry out a centuries-old tradition.

For nearly as long as ships have been sailing, seafaring people around the world have been blessing ships. For most of history, venturing out into the sea meant facing the unknown: uncharted waters, unpredictable winds, unfamiliar lands. Sailing was for the adventurous, the brave of heart, those who loved the sea and could not stand to be encumbered by the land and the dirt and the trees, those who looked out at the horizon and were determined to reach it.

To protect their vessels and their seafarers, the ancient Greeks wore olive branches on their heads, drank wine, and blessed ships with water. The ancient Romans called on Neptune, the Roman god of the sea, to watch over their ships. Ships in the Ottoman Empire were launched with prayers and feasting. The French treated ship christenings like marriage ceremonies, with both a godmother and godfather, and a priest.

Brandy and whiskey have been used, as well as wine, water, cider, and juice, but throughout the centuries, one drink has achieved special status as a blessing agent: Champagne.

And it was this elixir that Queen Juliana used that sunny afternoon in 1958. Even for a Queen, she wasn't ordinary. She was a Queen who promised to send tulips to Canada every year, in thanks for their wartime hospitality. She was a Queen who welcomed the poor and downtrodden and visited the sick and the needy. And she was a Queen who helped promote policies that helped the most vulnerable people in her country.

And the ship that she christened, the Rotterdam V, was no ordinary ship. Her design, with no funnels, was so modern that it was a tightly guarded secret. The world was changing; jet planes were soaring and the age of transatlantic sea crossings would soon be over. And this design, so different and so forward-looking, would make the ship future-proof.

But on that sunny afternoon in 1958, no one in the crowd of 50,000 knew of what was to come, of what was ahead on the horizon. All they knew was their Queen stood tall and proud next to a ship that also made them stand tall and proud. As Queen Juliana cut a cord that released a bottle of Champagne to crash upon the ship's hull, she said, "I name you Rotterdam and wish you good sailing."

And the ship named Rotterdam was blessed, just like every Holland America Line ship before and after her.



*Champagne
Cocktail with your
choice of essence*

*Choose from
our bespoke
collection of
bitters and
essence*



May She be Blessed

Blessing of the Rotterdam 1958

*Sweet, floral,
and nuanced*



*Smoked gin
and
maraschino
cocktail*

Rotterdam VII

*Rotterdam II
taking on cargo*



AUGUST 1, 2021 LATITUDE: 45°38'N LONGITUDE: 13°45'E

WELDED TO OUR SHIP are two coins. One side shows the bust of a man, the other a crown atop a lion-adorned shield. Two small silver coins, hardly noticeable on a ship this large and grand.

But these coins are special. They've traveled all the way from the nineteenth century Netherlands, passing through countless hands and witnessing some of the most important moments in history to arrive here, to this ship.

These coins are from 1872, the year our very first Rotterdam set sail across the Atlantic. And they're just one way this ship pays homage to all the ships she was named in honor of, all the ships that paved the way for her and everyone who sails on her.

The first Rotterdam launched our company.

The second was twice the size of the first. She sailed through the Kiel Canal, embarking on our first ever pleasure cruise.

The third was the largest ship in the Dutch merchant marine in her time. She later became a British troopship.

The fourth, the "Queen of the Spotless Fleet," was so beautiful that her designs were copied by the Titanic.

The fifth, the "Grande Dame," helped us weather the Jet Age and cemented our standing as a cruise line. Jackie Onassis, Ella Fitzgerald, and Frank Sinatra, among many others, sailed on her.

The sixth was the fastest ship in our fleet. Her side-by-side funnels were a nod to the "Grande Dame," while her impeccable service earned her multiple "Ship of the Year" recognitions.

The seventh, our Rotterdam, our flagship, celebrates her rich lineage, while embracing the future. It's all around us, in the nuts and bolts that make up every inch of the ship. The Main Dining Room drenched in light and beautiful Delft Blue, a tribute to the classic Dutch craft. Our decades-long partnership with Fincantieri's Marghera shipyard in Italy. The sextant that sits in our bridge, alongside the latest technologies. It's even in the smallest and most invisible details—the tables that are carefully welded to the steel decks, equipped with flexiboards to eliminate vibration; thousands of miles of cables that run through the ship, ensuring all systems work properly; the iconic blue on her hull, painted on twice.

It's in the commitment to not only show people the world, but to also make the journey as enjoyable as the destination. It's in the art—intricate, bold, and unexpected—from artists with diverse backgrounds and perspectives. It's in the sense of joy and fluidity in the expression of the music theme, carried over from her sister ships. And it's in the 1,025 crew members and 2,668 passengers on board, hailing from all parts of the globe and coming together on this ship for this journey.

After her maiden voyage, the Rotterdam VII will visit ports all over the world, from San Juan to Half Moon Cay, Seville to Dublin, St. Petersburg to Reykjavik. With each port she calls upon, she bears the two coins from 1872, commemorating the 150 years of travel that came before her on ships that share her name. And with each knot she sails, she celebrates the countless journeys not yet taken and all the wonder that lies ahead on the marvelous seas.

