

John Barbour

Great Big Sea

What ails you my daughter dear
your eyes are so dim
have you had any sore sickness
or yet been sleeping with a man

I have not had any sore sickness
but I know what's ailing me
I thinking of my own true love
he plows the raging sea
he plows the raging sea

Be he a lord or a duke or a knight
or a man of wealth of fame
or is he one of my sailor lads
come tell me now his name

He is no lord or a duke or knight
or a man of wealth and fame
he is one of your sailor lads
and john barbour is his name

Now if John Barbour is his name
a lowly sailor man is he
and if John Barbor is his name
then hanged he will be
than hanged he will be

The king he calls his sailors all
by one by two by three
John Barbour was the first he called
but the last came was he

When he came a trippin down
he was clothed in all in white
his hair were like the roses red
and his teeth were ivory brite

He paid their wages with a smile
when John Barbour he did see
if i was a woman if I were a man
then bedfellows we would be

Will you marry my daughter Jane
and take her by the hand
will you come and dine with me
take charge of all my land

I will marry your daughter Jane
and I'll take her by the hand
I will come and dine with you
but to hell with all your lands
if you can give her one gold piece
then I can give her three
for I am bold John Barbour
and I plow the raging sea
I plow the raging sea
I plow

