

Jack-a-roe

Joan Baez

There was a wealthy merchant,
in London he did dwell,
He had a lovely daughter,
the truth to you I'll tell,
Oh, the truth to you I'll tell.

She had sweethearts a plenty
and men of high degree,
But none but Jack the sailor
her true love ever be,
Oh, her true love ever be.

Jackie's gonna sailin'
with trouble on his mind,
He's left his native country
and his darling girl behind,
Oh, his darling girl behind.

She went down to a tailor shop
and dressed in man's array,
She stepped aboard a vessel
and conveyed herself away,
Oh, conveyed herself away.

Before you get on board,
Sir, your name we'd like to know,
She smiled on her countenance,
they call me Jack-a-Roe,
Oh, they call me Jack-a-Roe.

I see your waist is slender,
your fingers they are small,
Your cheeks too red and rosy
to face the cannonball,
Oh to face the cannonball.

I know my waist' is slender,
my fingers are neat and small,
But it would not make me tremble
to see ten thousand fall,
Oh to see ten thousand fall.

The war soon being over
she went and looked around,
Among the dead and wounded
her darling boy she found,
Oh her darling boy she found.

She picked him in her little arms

and carried him to town,
She sent for a physician
to quickly heal his wounds,
Oh to quickly heal his wounds.

This couple they got married,
so well did they agree,
This couple they got married,
so why not you and me?
Oh, so why not you and me?