

Jackaroe

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
There was none but Jack the sailor,
Her true love e'er could be
Oh her true love e'er could be

Now Jackie's gone a-sailing
With trouble on his mind
To leave his native country
And his darling girl behind
Oh, his darling girl behind.

She went into a tailor shop
And dressed in men's array
And stepped on board a vessel
To convey herself away
Oh, to convey herself away.

"Before you step on board, sir,
Your name I'd like to know"
She smiled all in her countenance,
"They call me Jackaroe"
Oh, they call me Jackaroe.

"Your waist is light and slender,
Your fingers are neat and small
Your cheeks too red and rosy
To face the cannonball"
Oh, to face the cannon-ball.

"I know my waist is slender,
My fingers 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,
They hunted all around
And among the dead and dying
Her darling boy she found
Oh, her darling boy she found.

She picked him up all in her arms
And carried him to the town
And sent for a physician who
Quickly healed his wounds
Oh, who quickly healed his wounds.

This couple they got married
And well they did agree
This couple they got married,

So why not you and me
Oh, so why not you and me.