

# Jack Tarr the Sailor

The Byrds

When first I came to Liverpool  
I went upon the spree  
Me money at last I spent it  
Fast got drunk as drunk could be

And when my money was all gone  
It was then that I wanted more  
But a man must be blind to make up his mind  
To go to sea once more

I spent the night with Angeline  
Too drunk to roll in bed  
Me watch, it was new and my money was too  
And the morning with them she fled

And as I roamed the streets of Bath  
The whores they all would roar  
There goes Jarr Tarr the poor sailor  
He must go to sea once more

As I walking down the street  
I ran into Rapper Brown  
I asked him for to take me in  
And he looked at me with a frown

He said, "Last time you was on board with me  
You job no score, but I'll take your advance  
And I'll give you the chance  
And I'll send you to sea once more"

They shipped me aboard of a whaling ship  
Bound for the Arctic Sea  
Where the cold winds blow through the frost and the snow  
Jamaica rum would freeze

Alas! I had no luck with my gear  
For I left my money ashore  
It was then that I wished  
That I was there, safe with the girls ashore

Come all ye boat seafaring lads  
Who listen to my song  
And when you come off them long trip  
Pray that you don't go wrong

Take my advice, drink no strong drink  
Don't go sleeping with no whores  
But get married lads and have all night in  
And go to to sea no more