

# Great Big Sea, Jack Hinks

Ah, when Jack comes ashore  
He's got money galore  
And he's seldom cut short of a job  
He can dress now as well  
As any can tell  
With a good silver watch in his fob

Poor Jack in his life  
Was ne'er paired with a wife  
Though sometimes with lasses he links  
He's a seafaring sailmate  
Can gambol a caper  
Grog drinking hero, Jack Hinks  
Oh, Jack Hinks

When inclined for to spend  
He walks with a friend  
And with pleasure he sits himself down  
He tips off his glass  
And he winks at the lass  
And he smiles if she happens to frown

And like a ramblin' true blue  
When the rent becomes due  
On the table the money he clinks  
He's a seafaring sailmate  
Can gambol a caper  
Grog drinking hero, Jack Hinks

Round home the other fall  
We fell into a squall  
Now the northermost head of Cape Freels  
We were washed away  
Without further delay  
At the thought how my spirit it chills

We were bashed on the rocks  
Like a hard hunted fox  
Of death and destruction he thinks  
He's a seafaring sailmate  
Can gambol a caper  
Grog drinking hero, Jack Hinks  
Oh, Jack Hinks

Jack without fail  
Was out in that same gale  
Having drove across Bonavist Bay  
Oh Neptune did sail  
As he handed all sail  
And he had his two spars cut away

Oh, but Providence kind so eases the wind  
And on sailors so constantly thinks  
He saved  
That seafaring sailmate  
Can gambol a caper

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