

Great Big Sea, John Barbour

What ails you, my daughter dear?
Your eyes, they 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'm thinking of my own true love
He ploughs the raging sea.
He ploughs the raging sea.

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

He is no lord, no duke nor knight
Nor a man of wealth or 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,
Yes, If John Barbour is his name,
Then hanged he will be.
Then hanged he will be.

The king he called his sailors all
By one, by two, by three
John Barbour was the first he called
But the last came down was he.

When he came a trippin' down,
He was clothed all in white
His cheeks were like the roses red
And his teeth were ivory bright.

He paid their wages with a smile
And John Barbour he did see
He said "If I was a woman as I am a man
My bed fellow you would be."

And will you marry my daughter Jane?
And take her by the hand
And will you come and dine with me
And take charge of all my lands.

Yes I will marry your daughter Jane
And I'll take her by the hand
And I will come and dine with you,
But to hell with all your land.

For if you can give her one gold piece,
Then I can give her three.
For I am bold John Barbour
And I plough the raging sea.
I plough the raging sea.
I plough the raging sea.