

# Joan Baez, Jackaroe

Jack-A-Roe (Traditional)

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.

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

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

&quot;I know my waist is slender,  
My fingers neat and small  
But it would not make me tremble  
To see ten thousand fall&quot;  
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.