

The Grateful Dead, Jack-A-Roe

JACK-A-ROE

Lyrics: Robert Hunter

Music: Traditional

There was a wealthy merchant, in London he did dwell
He had a beautiful daughter, the truth to you I'll tell
Oh, the truth to you I'll tell

She had sweethearts aplenty, and men of high degree
But none but Jack the sailor, her true love there could be
Oh, her true love there could be

Jackie's gone a-sailing with trouble on his mind
He's left his native country, and his darling girl behind
Oh, his darling girl behind

She went down to a tailor's shop and dressed in mens' array
She climbed on board a vessel to convey herself away
Oh, to convey herself away.

Before you get on board, sir, your name we'd like to know
She smiled all in her countenance, "They call me Jack-A-Roe."
Oh, they call me Jack-A-Roe.

I see your waist is slender, your fingers they are small
Your cheeks too red and rosy to face the cannonball.
Oh, to face the cannonball.

I know my waist is slender, my fingers, they are small
But it would not make me tremble to see ten thousand fall
Oh, to see ten thousand fall.

The wars then being over, she went and looked around
Among the dead and wounded, 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
She sent for a physician who quickly healed his wounds
Oh, who quickly healed his wounds.

This couple, they got married, so well they did agree
This couple, they got married, so why don't you and me
Oh, so why don't you and me?