

Jack Of All Trades

The Chieftains

I'm a roving jack of many a trade
Of ev'ry trade
Of all trades
And if you wish to know my name
They call me Jack of All Trades

I'm a roving and a sporting blade
They call me Jack of All Trades
I always take a great delight
In courting pretty, fair maids
So when in Dublin I arrive
To look for a situation
You can always hear them all say
"He's the pride of all the nation"

On George's Quay I first began
And there became a porter
But me and me master soon fell out
Which cut our acquaintance shorter
In Sackville Street I was a pastry cook
In James' Street, a baker
In Cook Street I did coffins make
In Eustace Street, a preacher

I'm a roving jack of many a trade
Of ev'ry trade
Of all trades
And if you wish to know my name
They call me Jack of All Trades

In Baggot Street I drove a cab
And there was well respected
In Francis Street I'd lodging beds
To entertain all strangers
Now, Dublin is of high renown
Or I am much mistaken
In Kevin Street, I do declare
I sold butter, eggs, and bacon

In Golden Lane I sold old shoes
In Meath Street was a grinder
In Barrack Street I lost me wife
And I'm glad I ne'er did find her
In Mary's Lane I dyed old clothes
Of which I've often boasted
And later in Exchequer Street
Sold mutton, ready roasted

I'm a roving jack of many a trade
Of ev'ry trade
Of all trades
And if you wish to know my name
They call me Jack of All Trades