

Jack-A-Roe

This Is the Kit

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

She had sweethearts a plenty, and men of high degree
But none but Jack the sailor, her true love ever be
Oh her true love ever 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 shop and dressed in man's array
She climbed on board a vessel to convey herself away
Oh convey herself away

Before you get on board sir, your name we'd like to know
She smiled on her countenance, they called me jack-a-roe
Oh they called 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's to 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 war soon 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 on in her arms and carried him to the town
She sent for a physician to quickly heal his wounds
Oh to quickly heal his wounds

This couple they got married so well they did agree
This couple they got married so why not you and me?
Oh why not you and me?
Oh why not you and me?