**Jack a Roe…….………………….Traditional (arr. F. Powell)**

Am C E

There was a wealthy merchant, in London he did dwell

Am C D F

He had a beautiful daughter, the truth to you I'll tell

Am E Am

Oh, the truth to you I'll tell

She had sweethearts a plenty and men of high degree

None but Jack the sailor her true love e'er could be

Oh, her true love e'er 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 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 I'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 war, it 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 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 not you and me

Oh, why not you and me