

JACK TARR THE SAILOR (BRITISH TRADITIONAL, 1700's) *

(Intro) Dm C Dm C Dm

Dm C Dm C Dm
When first I come to Liverpool I went upon a spree

(Dm) C Dm C A
Me money at last I spent it fast got drunk as drunk could be

Dm C Dm C A
And when me money was all gone it was then that I wanted more

Dm C Dm C Dm
But a man must be blind to make up his mind to go to sea once more

Dm C Dm C Dm

I spent that night with Angeline too drunk to roll in bed
Me watch it was new and me money was too in the morning with them she fled
And as I roamed the streets of Bath, the whores they all would roar
There goes Jack Tarr that poor sailor he must go to sea once more

As I was walking down the street, I run into Rapper Brown
I asked him for to take me in and he looked at me with a frown
He said last time you was on board with me you job no score
But I'll take your advance & I'll give you the chance & I'll send you to sea once more

They shipped me aboard of a whaling ship bound for the Arctic Sea
Where the cold winds blow thru the frost and the snow and Jamaica rum would freeze
Alas I had no luck with me gear for I left all me money ashore
It was then that I wished that I was there safe with the girls ashore

Come all ye boat seafaring lads who listen to my song
And when ye come off them long trips pray that you don't go wrong
Take my advice drink no strong drink don't go sleeping with no whores
But get married lads and have all night in and go to sea no more

***Based on The Byrds arrangement of this song.**