

Jack-A-Roe

Grateful Dead

There was a wealthy merchant
In London he did dwell
He had a lovely daughter
The truth to you I'll tell
Oh, truth to you I'll tell She had sweethearts a-plenty
And men of high degree
There was none but Jack the sailor
Her true love e're would be
Oh, her true love e're could be Now Jackie's gone a-sailing
With trouble on his mind
To leave his native country
And his darling girl behind
Oh, his darling girl behind She went into a tailor shop
And dressed in men's array
And stepped on board a vessel
To convey herself away
Oh, convey herself away Well before you step on board, sir
Your name I'd like to know
She smiled all in her countenance
They call me Jackaroe
Oh, they call me Jackaroe Your waist is light and slender
Your fingers are neat and small
And your cheeks too red and rosy
To face the cannonball
Oh, to face the cannon-ball Well, I know my waist is slender
My fingers are neat and 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 hunted all around
And among the dead and dying
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
And sent for a physician who
Quickly healed his wounds
Oh, who quickly healed his wounds This couple they got married
So well did they agree
This couple they got married

So why not you and me?
Oh, so why not you and me?

Songwriters

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