

# John Barbour

## Great Big Sea

What ails you, my daughter dear?  
Your eyes, they are so dim  
Have you had any sore sickness  
Or yet been sleeping with a man?  
I have not had any sore sickness  
But I know what's ailing me  
I am thinking of my own true love  
Who plow the raging sea  
He sloughs the raging sea  
He a Lord or a duke or a knight  
Or a man of wealth and fame?  
Or is he one of my sailor lads  
Come tell me now his name  
He is no Lord, no duke nor knight  
Nor a man of wealth or fame  
He is one of your sailor lads  
And John Barbour is his name  
Now if John Barbour is his name  
A lowly sailor man is he  
He said, "If John Barbour is his name  
Then hanged that he'll be  
Then hanged that he'll be"  
Then he called his sailors all  
By one, by two, by three  
John Barbour was the first he called  
But the last came down was he  
When he came a drippin' down  
He was clothed all in white  
His cheeks were like the roses red  
His teeth were ivory bright  
He paid their wages with a smile  
And John Barbour he did see  
He said, "If I was a woman as I am a man  
My bed fellow you would be"  
Will you marry my daughter Jane?  
And take her by the hand  
And will you come and dine with me  
And take charge of all my lands  
Yes, I will marry your daughter Jane

And I'll take her by the hand  
And I will come and dine with you  
But to hell with all your land  
For if you can give her one gold piece  
Then I can give her three  
For I'm called John Barbour  
And I've plow the raging sea  
I've plow the raging sea  
I've plow the raging sea

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>