Jack Tarr The Sailor

The Byrds

When first I came to Liverpool
I went upon the spree
Me money at last I spent it
Fast got drunk as drunk could be
And when my money was all gone
It was then that I wanted more
But a man must be blind to make up his mind
To go to sea once more
I spent the night with Angeline
Too drunk to roll in bed
Me watch, it was new and my money was too
And the morning with them she fled
And as I roamed the streets of Bath
The whores they all would roar
There goes Jarr Tarr the poor sailor
He must go to sea once more
As I walking down the street
I ran 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
And I'll give you the chance
And 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 through the frost and the snow
Jamaica rum would freeze
Alas! I had no luck with my gear
For I left my 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 you come off them long trip
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 to sea no more

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