

John Barbour

Great Big Sea

What ails you, my daughter dear?
Your eyes, they look so dim,
Have you had any sore sickness,
Or yet been sleeping with a man? No I haven't had any sore sickness,
But I know what's ailing me,
I am thinking of my own true love
Who ploughs the raging sea. Is he a Lord or a Duke or a knight
Or a man of wealth and fame?
Or is he one of our sailor lads
Come tell me now his name. He is no Lord nor Duke nor knight
Nor a man of wealth or fame.
He is one of your sailor lads
John Barbour is his name. Now if John Barbour is his name,
A lowly sailor man is he,
If John Barbour is his name,
Then hanged he shall 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 dancing down,
He was clothed all in white
His cheeks were like the roses red
And his teeth were ivory bright. He paid their wages with a smile
And to John Barbour he did say
If I was a woman as I am a man
My bed fellow you would be. And will you marry my daughter Jane?
And take her by the hand
And will you come and dine with me
Take charge of all my lands. Yes I will marry your daughter Jane
And 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 they call me young John Barbour
And I plough the raging sea.

Songwriters

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