

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

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