

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Jack Tar (2)

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Now when Jack he comes ashore with his gold and silver store,
There's no one can get rid of it so soon,
The first thing Jack demands is a fiddle at his hand,
Choice liquors and cigars of every kind,
And a pretty girl, likewise with a dark and rolling eye,
Then it's Jack he is suited to his mind.

Now the landlady, she comes in when she finds Jack in good trim,
She appears like an evening star,
She likes to wait on him when he has got lots of tin,
Chalks him down as one at the bar.

Now Jack is down and his money is all gone,
No more choice liquors can Jack afford,
The landlady, she comes in with a nasty sneering grin,
Saying, "Sailor it is time that you were gone.

Now Jack gets in a rage and the wine glass he lets fly,
Swears the deck, fore and aft he will clear,
The landlady in a fright, calls the watchman of the night,
To take Jack away from the bar.

Now Jack's given to understand there's a big ship to demand,
And away to the East Indies she is bound,
With a sweet and pleasant gale, Jack crowds on his lofty sail,
Bids adieu to the girls round the town.

Now Jack is on a tack, like a cutter or a smack,
As she rolls from her lee to her weather,
Just you keep her full and by just as close as she will lie,
And I'm sure she'll afford you much pleasure.

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Laws K39

From Creighton and Senior, Songs of Nova Scotia

Collected from Captain William Crowell of Dartmouth

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