

## Grateful Dead "Jack-A-Roe"

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There was a wealthy merchant, in London he did dwell  
He had a beautiful daughter, the truth to you we'll tell  
Oh, the truth to you we'll tell

She had sweethearts a plenty and men of high degree  
But none but Jack the sailor, her true love ever be  
Oh, her true love ever be

Jackie's gone a sailing with trouble on his mind  
He's left his native country and his darling girl behind  
Oh, his darling girl behind

She went down to a tailor shop and dressed in man's  
array  
She climbed on board a vessel to convey herself away  
Oh, convey herself away

"Before you get on board, Sir, your name we'd like to  
know"  
She smiled on her countenance, "They called me Jack-  
A-Roe  
Oh, they called me Jack-A-Roe"

I see your waist is slender, your fingers they are small  
Your cheeks too red and rosy to face the cannonball  
Oh, to face the cannonball

I know my waist's too slender, my fingers they are  
small  
But it would not make me tremble to see ten thousand  
fall  
Oh, to see ten thousand fall

The war soon being over, she went and looked around  
Among the dead and wounded her darling boy she  
found  
Oh, her darling boy she found

She picked him up on in her arms and carried him to  
the town  
She sent for a physician to quickly heal his wounds  
Oh, to quickly heal his wounds

This couple they got married, so well they did agree  
This couple they got married, so why not you and me?  
Oh, why not you and me?  
Oh, why not you and me?

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