

Stan Rogers

"The Jeannie C"

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Come all ya' lads, draw near to me,
That I be not forsaken.
This day was lost, the Jeannie C,
and my living has been taken.
I'll go to sea no more.

We set out this day in the bright sunrise,
the same as any other.
My son, and I and old John Price,
in the boat named for my mother.
I'll go to sea no more.

Now it's well you know what the fishing has been,
it's been scarce, and hard and cruel.
But this day, by god, we sure caught cod,
and we sang and we laughed like fools.
I'll go to sea no more.

I'll never know what it was we struck,
but strike we did like thunder!
John Price give a cry and pitched over side,
now it's forever he's gone under.
I'll go to sea no more.

Now a leak we've sprung let there be no delay,
If the Jeannie C. we're saving.
John Price is drowned and slipped away,
so i'll patch the haul while you're bailing,
I'll go to sea no more.

But no leak I found from bow to haul,
no rock it was that got her!
But what I found made me heart stop cold,
for every seam poured water.
I'll go to sea no more.

"My God," I cried, as she went down,
that boat was like no other!
My father built her when I was nine,
and named her for my mother.
I'll go to sea no more.

And sure I could have another made,
in the boat shop down in Dover,
but I would not love the keel they laid,
like the one the waves roll over.
I'll go to sea no more.

So come all ya' lads, draw near to be,
That I be not forsaken.
This day was lost, The Jeannie C.,
and my whole life has been taken.
I'll go to sea no more.

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