

The Woods Band

"The Dublin Jack Of All Trades"

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Oh I am a roving sporting blade, they call me Jack of all Trades

I always place my chief delight in courting pretty fair maids.

So when in Dublin I arrived to try for a situation

I always heard them say it was the pride of all the Nations.

Cho: I'm a roving jack of all trades

Of every trade of all trades

And if you wish to know my name

They call me Jack of all trades.

On George's Quay I first began and there became a porter

Me and my master soon fell out which cut my acquaintance shorter

In Sackville Street, a pastry cook; In James' Street, a baker

In Cook Street I did coffins make; In Eustace Street, a preacher.

In Baggot street I drove a cab and there was well requited

In Francis Street had lodging beds, to entertain all strangers

For Dublin is of high reknown, or I am much mistaken

In Kevin Street, I do declare, sold butter, eggs and bacon.

In Golden Lane I sold old shoes: In Meath Street was a grinder

In Barrack Street I lost my wife. I'm glad I ne'er could find her.

In Mary's Lane, I've dyed old clothes, of which I've often boasted

In that noted place Exchequer Street, sold mutton ready roasted.

In Temple Bar, I dressed old hats; In Thomas Street, a sawyer

In Pill Lane, I sold the plate, in Green Street, an honest

lawyer

In Plunkett Street I sold cast clothes; in Bride's Alley, a broker

In Charles Street I had a shop, sold shovel, tongs and poker.

In College Green a banker was, and in Smithfield, a drover

In Britain Street, a waiter and in George's Street, a glover

On Ormond Quay I sold old books; in King Street, a nailer

In Townsend Street, a carpenter; and in Ringsend, a sailor.

In Cole's Lane, a jobbing butcher; in Dane Street, a tailor

In Moore Street a chandler and on the Coombe, a weaver.

In Church Street, I sold old ropes- on Redmond's Hill a draper

In Mary Street, sold 'bacco pipes- in Bishop street a quaker.

In Peter Street, I was a quack: In Greek street, a grainer
On the Harbour, I did carry sacks; In Werburgh Street, a glazier.

In Mud Island, was a dairy boy, where I became a scooper

In Capel Street, a barber's clerk; In Abbey Street, a cooper.

In Liffey street had furniture with fleas and bugs I sold it

And at the Bank a big placard I often stood to hold it
In New Street I sold hay and straw, and in Spitalfields made bacon

In Fishamble Street was at the grand old trade of basketmaking.

In Summerhill a coachmaker; in Denzille Street a gilder
In Cork Street was a tanner, in Brunswick Street, a builder,

In High Street, I sold hosiery; In Patrick Street sold all blades

So if you wish to know my name, they call me Jack of all Trades.

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