Irish Song Lyrics

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DUBLIN JACK OF ALL TRADES

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.