

Barrack Street Trad

C All sailors all come lend an ear, **F** come listen to me **C** song:

C A trick of late was **F** played on me and it won't **G7** detain you long.

C I come from sea the other day and a girl I **F** chanced to **G7** meet;

C Oh me friends will be **F** expecting me to a dance in **G7** Barrack **C** Street.

All sailors all come lend an ear, come listen to me song:
A trick of late was played on me and it won't detain you long.
I come from sea the other day and a girl I chanced to meet;
Oh me friends will be expecting me to a dance in Barrack Street.

I said "My young fair maid, I cannot dance so well;
Besides I am to Windsor bound where are me friends do dwell;
I've been to sea these past two years - I've saved up thirty pounds;
Oh me friends will be expecting me this night in Windsor town."

"Well if you cannot dance me love then you will stand a treat"
Have a glass or two of brandy and a something for to eat;
At six o'clock this evening, oh I'll meet you off the train,
So don't forget to give a call when you come to town again."

At eight o'clock that evening, then, the drinking did begin,
And when we all had drunk our fill the dancing did begin;
Me and me love danced all around to a merry tune;
She says, "Me dear, let us retire to a chamber alone."

So dancing being over and to bed we did reprepare,
And there I fell fast asleep the truth I will declare;
Me darling with me thirty pounds, gold watch and chain had fled,
Left me here poor Jack alone, stark naked in bed.

So I looked all around me and there's nothing I could spy,
But a woman's shirt and apron all on the bed did lie;
I wrung me hands and tore me hair crying, "Oh what shall I do?
Fare you well, sweet Windsor town, I'm sure I'll never see you."

Well, everything being silent and the hour but twelve o'clock,
I put on the shirt and apron and steered for Crowman's Wharf;
The captain says, "Now Jack, I thought you were to Windsor bound -
You might have got a better suit than that for thirty pound."

I might have got a better suit if I'd have got the chance -
I met a girl in Barrack Street; she took me to a dance.
I danced me own destruction - now I'm struck from head to feet.
I swear that I won't go no more down in Barrack street.

So all of you young sailor lads a warning take from me:
Beware of all your company when you go out on a spree,
And keep clear of Barrack Street or else you'll rue the day,
In a woman's shirt and apron, oh, they'll rig you out for sea.