

The Jeannie C.

Stan Rogers

Come all you 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 gave a cry and pitched over side,
Now it forever he's gone under.
I'll go to sea no more.
Now a leak we sprung, let there be no delay .
If the Jeannie C's worth saving.
John Price has drowned and slipped away,
so I'll patch the hole while your sailing.
I'll go to sea no more.
But no leak I found from bow to hold
No rock it was that got her.
But I what I found made my heart stop cold,
for every seam poured water.
I'll go to sea no more.
By God, I cried as she went down,
That boat was like no other.
My father built her, 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 you lads, draw near to me
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.