

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 nation!

[CHORUS]

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 renown, 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, was a nailer
In Townsend Street, a carpenter, and in Ringsend, a sailor.

In Cole's Lane, a jobbing butcher; in Dame Street, was 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 dairyboy; 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!