

Words & music: Traditional

## CHORUS

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**CHORUS:** D I'm a roving jack of many a trade — of ev'ry trade, of all trades A  
D And if you wish to know my name, they call me 'Jack-of-All-Trades' A D

# Dublin Jack of All Trades

Traditional

**Chorus**

I'm a roving jack of many a trade, of every trade, of all trades, And  
if you wish to know my name, they call me 'Jack-of - All - Trades'

**Verse**

1. I'm a roving and a sporting blade, they call me 'Jack-of - All Trades', I  
always take a great delight in court-ing pret - ty, fair maids. So  
when in Dub - lin I ar - rive to look for a sit - u - a - tion You can  
always hear them all say "He's the pride of all the nat - ion!"

2. On George's Quay I first began and there became a porter  
But me and me master soon fell out which cut our acquaintance shorter  
In Sackville Street I was a pastry cook in James' Street, a baker  
In Cook Street I did coffins make, in Eustace Street, a preacher

CHORUS

3. In Baggot Street I drove a cab and there was well respected  
In Francis Street I'd lodging beds to entertain all strangers  
Now, Dublin is of high renown, or I am much mistaken  
In Kevin Street, I do declare, sold butter, eggs, and bacon

CHORUS

4. In Golden Lane I sold old shoes, in Meath Street was a grinder  
In Barrack Street I lost me wife and I'm glad I ne'er did find her  
In Mary's Lane I dyed old clothes of which I've often boasted  
And later in Exchequer Street sold mutton, ready roasted

CHORUS