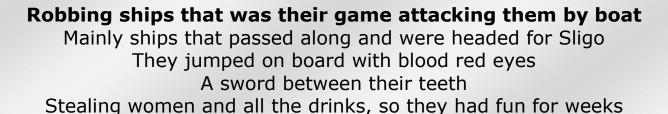


JACK THE SEAROBBER (FROM ROSSES POINT)

Cripple Jack was a sea robber who lived four hundred years ago

In a cozy cave near Rosses Point
with his mate called one eyed Joe
Rosses Point was named by Jack, he loved that spot you see
And how as it was laid on a finger in the sea



CHORUS

Jack, Jack, cripple, cripple Jack From Rosses Point he was
If he would live today he'd surely raise his glass

But one day, while robbing a ship something it went wrong
The ship it hit the hard white rocks because the stream was strong
While breaking into pieces, the cargo came roll out
A lot of barrels whiskey and a few with Irish stout

The whiskey in the water did colored the white rocks all that day

So the rocks they all turned black and they are still black today Jack had the women and some beer already loaded in his boat Regrets the whiskey that was lost it had been better in his throat

CHORUS

But once there came the day that Jack stopped by robbing boats

And he went looking for a place a home along the old coast road Jack and Joe they built a cottage on the banks of Sligo Bay And whenever they were home party would been on that day

T'was the start of Rosses Point a place where people care And wherever you have been you will always go back there

Go and see it for yourself go feel the spirit of our Jack And smell the smell of whiskey coming from rocks that are black

CHORUS

Jack, Jack, cripple, cripple Jack From Rosses Point he was
If he would live today he'd surely raise his glass

On the banks there was a place a pub called 'Out and In'

Often "in" and up for craic that's where he drank his gin With one girl on every knee he was enjoying life Till once he said to one of them will you be my wife

Happily for cripple Jack that she said yes to him

She also wanted lots of kids said Jack, when shall we begin They got plenty lovely kids and when you're looking back Most people in the Point could call him grandpa, grandpa, grandpa Jack

CHORUS

And now we're waiting for the day a statue there for all to see

Will arise for cripple Jack and please, not far from sea, The man who talks to people about drinking gin and beer And how to love a woman about his kids year after year,

Cripple Jack he was good looking so were his wife and all his kids

That's why the girls from Rosses Point
Look better than the Dublin VIP's
And don't forget about black rock its color came by Jack
If he hadn't robbed that boat those rocks had never been black,

But today, when you are eating a big fish from Sligo Bay

You will surely be surprised by its rare old whiskey taste
To finish off I'd like to say that at the bottom of Back Rock
It is possible to find some day some whiskey barrels still in stock

CHORUS

Jack, jack, cripple, cripple Jack from Rosses Point he was If he would live today he'd surely raise his glass.. SLAINTE Written and composed by Jan Hamelink January 2013