



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

Robbing ships that was their game attacking them by boat

Mainly ships that passed along and were headed for Sligo
They jumped on board with blood red eyes
A sword between their teeth
Stealing women and all the drinks, so they had fun for weeks

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 be 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