

Jerry the One-Legged Rigger

By the time he was born he'd been twice round the Horn, for his
Mam was his Dad's na- vig- a- tor, He was born in the dark on an
old Swan- sea barque, a- bout for- ty miles from the E- qua- tor. By the
(chorus) Oh you
time he was three he'd spent four years at sea, what he did- n't
may have a dock where you float round the clock, and your ships may be
know did- n't fig- ure, now his sail- ing is past, but he's
fast- er and big- ger, but there's one thing we've got, which we're
still up the mast, he's Jer- ry the one- leg- ged rig- ger.
sure that you've not, that's Jer- ry the one- leg- ged rig- ger.

By the time he was born he'd been twice round the horn,
For his Mam was his Dad's navigator,
He was born in the dark on an old Swansea barque
About thirty miles from the equator.
By the time he was three he'd spent four years at sea,
What he didn't know didn't figure,
Now his sailing is past, but he's still up the mast,
He's Jerry the one-legged rigger.

(chorus)

*Oh you may have a dock where you float round the clock,
And your ships may be faster and bigger,
But there's one thing we've got
Which we're sure that you've not,
That's Jerry the one-legged rigger.*

Now copper's our trade, in the Hafod it's made,
The ore comes from far away places,
So the sea's always glad of a strapping young lad,
Who knows how to haul the lee braces.
By the time he was ten Jerry'd sailed with the men,
On the *Gem* and the old *Ocean Beauty*,
It was always his boast to be first at his post
And foremost in doing his duty.

(chorus)

Well, the story's in balk, because Jerry won't talk
Of just how his leg went a-missing,
Was it through work, from which he'd never shirk,
Or a fight over who he'd been kissing?
Or could it have been like a fellow I seen,
When we was in port making merry,
Took a swim for a lark, and got ate by a shark,
Well, perhaps that's what happened to Jerry.

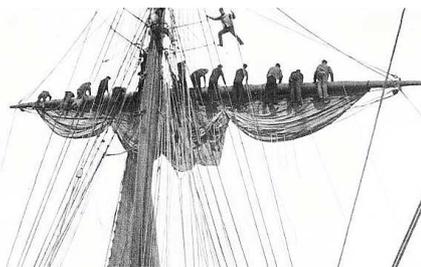
(chorus)

When your ship's on the Strand and you've ale in your hand,
The sails in the locker are lying,
When it's time to put out, well they gives a great shout,
And that's when the riggers come flying.
They're an old stranded crew but they know what to do,
And they do it with skill and with vigour,
But the foremost of all, at the foot-rope or fall,
Is Jerry the one-legged rigger.

(chorus)

When there's ships to prepare, you'll see him up there,
His old ragged trouser-leg flapping,
And he hops to and fro, both aloft and alow,
To check out the rigging and wrapping.
When she puts out to sea, Jerry's left on the quay,
But you know that whate'er may betide her,
Come spring airs or late gales, Jerry's heart's in her sails,
And his thoughts on the ocean beside her.

(chorus)



"Jerry the one-legged rigger would be seen out on the yardarm, his empty trouser-leg flapping in the breeze as he worked on the rigging." So reported an old Swansea sailor talking about the days of sail. Jerry deserves a song.