

The Jam on Gerry's Rock

As sung by Ted Ashlaw

With very free rhythm

Capo: 3 A G D E A

1. Come all you true-born shant-y - boys, wher - ev - er you may be. I would
 2. It was ear-ly on a Sun-day morn - ing as you will soon now hear, Our__
 3. Now some of them were will- ing while oth - ers they hung back; To__
 4. They had not rolled off man-y a log when Mon - roe to them did say, "I would
 5. It was ear - ly on a Sun-day morn, to our sad grief and woe, To__

Em A D Em

have you pay at - ten - tion and lis - ten un - to me; Con -
 logs were piled up moun-tain high, we could not keep them clear. Our
 work up - on a Sun - day, they did - n't think it right. While
 have you be on guard, brave boys, for the logs will soon give way." He
 search for our dead com - rades to the riv - er we did go. We

A D Em

cern - ing one young shant - y - boy, who was man - ful, true and brave While
 fore - man cried, "Turn out, brave boys, with your hearts all void of fear, We'll
 six of our brave Can - a - dian boys did vol - un - teer to go To
 had no soon - er spoke those words when the logs did break and go, And
 found one head - less bod - y to our sad grief and woe, All

A G D E A

break - ing jams on Ger - ry's Rock where he met his wa - t'ry grave.
 break the jam on Ger - ry's Rock and for Ag - ons - town we'll steer.
 break the jam on Ger - ry's Rock with their fore-man young Mon - roe.
 car-ried off six of our brave men and the fore-man young Mon - roe.
 crushed and man - gled on the beach was the head of young Mon - roe.

6. We picked it from its wat'ry grave, smoothed back his coal-black hair;
 There was one fair form amongst them whose cries would rend the air,
 There was one fair form amongst them, a girl from Saginaw town,
 Whose mourns and cries would rend the skies for her true love that was drowned.

7. Miss Clara Benson was her name and she dearly loved her friend;
 She lived with her widowed mother down by the river bend.
 All of her lover's wages the boss to her did pay,
 Besides a large subscription from the shantyboys next day.

8. Miss Clara did not survive long, to her sad grief and woe,
 For scarce six months was over when Death called her to go.
 Ere scarce six months was over when her body did lay low;
 And her last request was granted, to be laid by young Monroe.

9. Now come all you true-born shantyboys who wish to go and see,
 To a little mound by the river bend there stands a hemlock tree.
 The shantyboys cut the woods all round where two lovers do lie low;
 Miss Clara Benson was the maid, and her lover, *young Monroe*.

*The final words of traditional ballads were often spoken rather than sung.