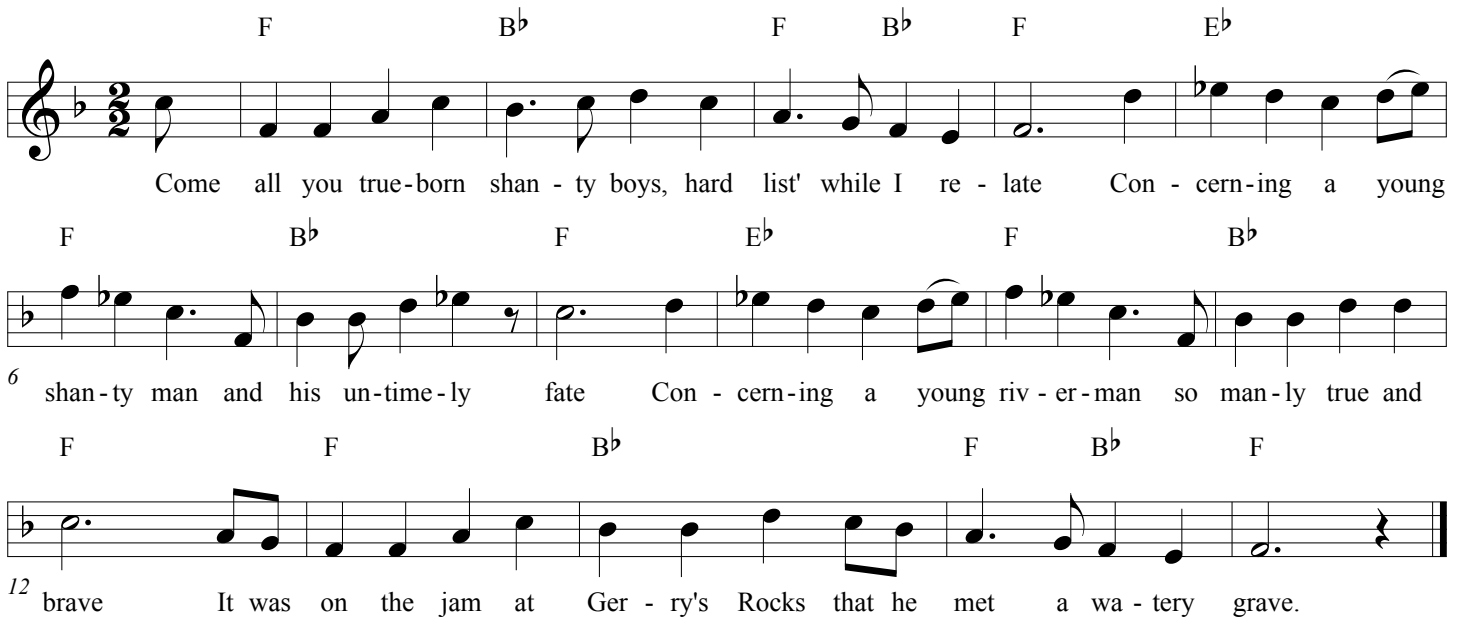


Young Monroe

(Jam at Gerry's Rocks)

As sung by LaRena Clark
Chord suggestions by Ian Bell



F B \flat F B \flat F E \flat

Come all you true-born shan - ty boys, hard list' while I re - late Con - cern-ing a young

F B \flat F E \flat F B \flat

⁶ shan - ty man and his un-time - ly fate Con - cern-ing a young riv - er - man so man - ly true and

F F B \flat F B \flat F

¹² brave It was on the jam at Ger - ry's Rocks that he met a wa - tery grave.

It was on a Sunday morning in the springtime of the year
Our logs were piled up mountains-high, we could not keep them clear
Our foreman said turn out brave boys, with hearts devoid of fear
And we'll break the jam on Gerry's Rocks and for Eganville we'll steer

Oh some of them were willing, while others they were not
To work on jams on Sunday, they did not think they ought
Till six of our Canadian boys did volunteer to go
To break the jam on Gerry's Rocks, with the foreman young Monroe

They had not rolled of many logs when they heard his clear voice say
I will have you be on guard brave boys, this jam will soon give way
Those words were scarcely spoken till the jam did break and go
And it carried off our six brave youth, and our foreman young Monroe

The rest of those bold shanty boys, the sad news came to hear
In search of their lost comrades, to the river they did steer
Some crushed and mangled bodies, all floating down did go
While bruised and bleeding near the bank, was that of young Monroe

They took him from his watery grave, brushed back his raven hair
There was one fair form among them, whose sad cries rent the air
There was one fair form among them, a maid from shingle town
Whose moans and cries rose to the skies for her true lover who had drowned

They took him from his watery grave, brushed back his raven hair
There was one fair form among them, whose sad cries rent the air
There was one fair form among them, a maid from shingle town
Whose moans and cries rose to the skies for her true lover who had drowned

They buried him in sorrow deep, being on the sixth of May
Come all you true-born shanty boys and for your comrades pray
Engraved upon the hemlock, that near the grave did grow
Is the name and the date of the sad, sad fate of the foreman young Monroe

Miss Clara was a noble girl, likewise a river man's friend
And with her aged mother dear, lived near the river bend
The wages of her own true love to her the boss did pay
And the shanty boys for her made up a generous purse next day

Miss Clara did not long survive, her heart broke with the grief
And less than three months after that, death came to her relief
And when the time had come to pass and she was called to go
Her last request was granted, to be laid by young Monroe

Come all you true-born shanty boys, I would have you come and see
The green mound by the river bend, there grows a hemlock tree
The shanty boys cleared out the woods, where the lovers there lay low
Twas the handsome Clara Vernon and her true lover Jack Monroe