

## **Jolly Roving Tar**

Ships may come and ships may go  
As long as the sea does roll.  
Each sailor lad just like his dad,  
He loves the flowing bowl.  
A trip ashore he does adore  
With a girl that's plump and round.  
When your money's gone  
It's the same old song,  
"Get up Jack! John, sit down!"

### **Chorus:**

**Come along, come along, You jolly brave boys,  
There's lot's of grog in the jar.  
We'll plough the briny ocean  
With the jolly roving tar.**

When Jack gets in, it's then he'll steer  
For some old boarding house.  
They'll welcome him with rum and gin,  
They'll feed him on pork souse.  
He'll lend and spend and not offend  
Till he's lyin' drunk on the ground  
When your money's gone  
It's the same old song,  
"Get up Jack! John, sit down!"

He then will sail aboard some ship  
For India or Japan  
In Asia there the ladies fair  
All love the sailor man  
He'll go ashore and on a tear  
He'll buy some girl a gown.  
When your money's gone  
It's the same old song,  
"Get up Jack! John, sit down!"

When Jack gets old and weatherbeat,  
Too old to roam about,  
In some rum shop, they'll let him stop  
Till eight bells calls him out.  
He'll raise his eyes up to the skies,  
Sayin' "Boys, we're homeward bound."  
When your money's gone  
It's the same old song,  
"Get up Jack! John, sit down! "