

# Jolly Roving Tar

Oh, ships will come and ships will go as long as the seas to roll, And a sailor lad, just like his dad, he loves the flowing bowl. A trip ashore he does adore, and a girl that's plump and round, But when the 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 lots of grog in the jar We'll plow the briny ocean with the Jolly Roving Tar*

Now Jack will slip aboard some ship for India or Japan In Asia where the ladies fair all love a sailor man. He'll go out there and on a tear he'll buy some girl a gown, But when the money's gone, it's the same old song: "Get up, Jack! John, sit down!"

[Chorus]

When Jack's ashore he'll beat his way to some old boarding house He's welcomed in with his rum and gin, likewise with port and souse For he'll lend and spend and not offend 'til he's lying drunk on the ground But when the money's gone, it's the same old song: "Get up, Jack! John, sit down!"

[Chorus]

When Jack is worn and weatherbeat, too old to knock about, In some grog-shop they'll let him stop 'til eight bells calls him out. He'll raise his eyes up to the skies, crying, "Boys, we're homeward bound!" But when the money's gone, it's the same old song: "Get up, Jack! John, sit down!"

[Chorus]

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