

The Jolly Roving Tar

Ships may come and ships may go as long as the sea doth roll
Each sailor lad, just like his dad, He loves the flowin' 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, ye jolly brave Boys!
There's lots of grog in the jar
We'll plow the briney 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 'til he lies drunk on the ground.
When your money's gone it's the same old song!
Get up Jack-John, sit down.

Chorus

He then will sail aboard some ship for India or Japan.
In Asia there the ladies fair all love the sailor men.
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.

Chorus

When Jack gets old and weather beat, too old to roam about.
In some rum shop they'll let him stop 'til 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.

Chorus