

2. When Jack gets in, it's then he steers
For some old boarding house.
He's welcomed in with run and gin,
They feed him on pork scouse.
He'll lend and spend and not offend
Till he lies drunk on the ground
When his money's gone, it's the same old song:
"Get up, Jack! John, sit down!"
REF:
Come along, come along, you jolly, brave boys,
There's lots of grog in the jar.

We'll plough the briny ocean with the jolly roving tar.

3. 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!"
REF:
Come along, come along, you jolly, brave boys,
There's lots of grog in the jar.

We'll plough the briny ocean with the jolly roving tar.

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