

The Jolly Roving Tar

As sung by Frank Warner

Not too fast ♩ = 94

1. Ships may come and ships may go as long as the sea does roll. Each sail - or lad, just like his dad, he loves the flow - ing bowl. Each trip a - shore he does a - dore with a girl that's plump and round. When your mon - ey's gone, it's the same old song: "Get up, Jack! John, sit down!"

REF: Come a - long, come a - long you jol - ly, brave boys, There's lots of grog in the jar. We'll plough the brin - y o - cean with the jol - ly rov - ing tar.

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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