

Jolly Roving Tar (Get Up, Jack! John, Sit Down!)

#51

Ships may come and ships may go,
Just as long as the seas do run
And a sailor lad, likewise his dad,
He loves his pork and rum.
Now a lass ashore he do adore
One that's plump and round;
When your money's gone it's the same old song:
Get up, Jack! John, sit down!

Come along, come along me jolly brave boys,
There's plenty more grog in the jar;
We'll plow the briny ocean with a jolly roving tar.

When Jack's ashore he makes his way
To some old boarding house
He's welcomed in with rum and gin,
Likewise with fork and scouse.
Now he'll spend and spend and never offend
Until he's drunk on the ground;

He then will slip aboard some ship
For India or Japan,
Or in Asia there, the ladies fair
All love the sailor man.
He will trip ashore and he won't scorn
To buy some maid a gown

When Jack is old and weather-beat,
Too old to sail about,
In some grog shop they'll let him stop
Til eight bells do ring out.
His hands raised high he'll loudly cry,
"Thank God I'm homeward bound"