

Jolly Roving Tar

Fiffin Market

Ships may come and ships may go
As long as the sea does roll.
Each sailor lad just like his dad,
He loves the flowing bowl.
A trip on shore he does adore
With a girl who's nice and round.
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 plough the briny ocean
With the jolly roving tar.
When Jack comes in, it's then he'll steer
To some old boarding house.
They'll welcome him with rum and gin,
And feed him on pork scouse.
He'll lend, spend and he'll not offend
Till he's lyin' drunk on the ground
When the money's gone
It's the same old song,

"Get up Jack! John, sit down!"

CHORUS

Jack, he then, oh then he'll sail
Bound down for Newfoundland
All the ladies fair in Placentia there
They love that sailor man.
He'll go to shore out on a tear
And he'll buy some girl a gown.
When the money's gone
It's the same old song,
"Get up Jack! John, sit down!"

CHORUS

When Jack gets old and weatherbeat,
Too old to roam about,
They'll let him stop in some rum shop
Till eight bells calls him out.

Then he'll raise his eyes up to the skies,
Sayin' "Boys, we're homeward bound."
When the money's gone
It's the same old song,
"Get up Jack! John, sit down!"
CHORUS

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