

# Great Big Sea, Jolly Roving Tar

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 X2