


Jolly Roving Tar




Well, ships may come and ships may go just as long as the seas do run

3



Each sai-lor lad, just like his dad, he loves his port and rum. A girl

6



a - shore, he does a - dore; one that is plump and round.

8



When your mon - ey's gone, it's the same old song, "Get up Jack, John sit down.

10



Come a - long, come a - long my jol - ly brave boys, there's

12



plenty more grog in the jar. We'll plow the bri - ny oc - ean with the jo -

14



- ly ro-ving tar.