

Get up Jack Johns (Jolly roving tar)

Ships may come and ships may go, as long as the sea does
 Jack he then, he climbs the stairs to some old bor' - ding
 Jack he then all bent he'll sail on down on New Found -
 When Jack gets old and weather-beat too old to roam a -

roll. Each sai - lor lad just like his dad, he
 house. They'll wel - come him with rum and gin and
 land. All the la - dies on Pla - centia there they
 bout. They let him stop in some rum - shop till

loves the blo - wing foam. A trip on shore he
 feed him on prot stout. He will spend and he
 love that sai - lor man. He'll go to shore all
 eight bells calls him out. then he'll raise his eyes

does a - dore with a girl who's nice and round, but when
 won't end till he is lying drunk on the ground,
 on a tear and he'll buy some girl a gown.
 up to the sin - gin' "Boys, we're home - ward bound!"

the money gone it's the same old sound. "Get up Jack Johns! Sit
 down!" **Chorus** Come a - long, come a - long ye jol - ly ray boys, there's

lots of grogs in the jar. We'll plow the bri - ny
 o - cean with the jo - lly ro - ving tar.