

Jack's Claim To Poll - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

JACK'S CLAIM TO POLL.

Would'st know, my lad, why ev'ry tar
Finds with his lass such cheer?
'Tis all because he nobly goes
And braves each boist'rous gale that blows,
To fetch from climates near and far,
Her messes and her gear.
For this around the world sails Jack,
"While love his bosom warms,
"While love his bosom warms;
For this around the world sails Jack,
While love his bosom warms;
For this, when safe and sound come back,
For this, when safe and sound come back-
Poll takes him to her arms, Poll takes him to her arms.

Ere Poll can make the kettle boil
For breakfast, out at sea,
Two voyages long her Jack must sail,
Encountering many a boist'rous gale;
For the sugar to some Western isle,
To China for the tea,
To please her taste, thus faithful Jack
Braves dangers and alarms,
Braves dangers and alarms;
To please her taste, thus faithful Jack
Braves dangers and alarms;
While grateful, safe and sound come back,
"While grateful, safe and sound come back-
Poll takes him to her arms, Poll takes him to her arms,

Morocco shoes her Jack provides,
To see her lightly tread;
Her petticoat, of orient hue.
And snow-white gown, in India grew;
Her bona Barcelona hides,
Leghorn adorns her head.
Thus round the world sails faithful Jack,
To deck his fair one's charms,
To deck his fair one's charms;
Thus round the world sails faithful Jack,
To dick his fair one's charms;
Thus grateful, safe and sound come back,
Thus grateful, safe and sound come back-
Poll takes him to her arms, Poll takes him to her arms.