

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Get Up, Jack! John, Sit Down!

Get Up, Jack! John, Sit Down!

Oh, the ships will come and the ships will go,
As long as waves do roll
The sailor lad, likewise his dad,
He loves the flowing bowl:
 A lass ashore we do adore,
 One that is plump and round, round, round.
When the money is gone, it's the same old song,
Get up, Jack! John, sit down!

Chorus:

Singing, Hey! laddie, ho! laddie,
Swing the capstan 'round,'round,'round
When the money is gone it's the same old song,
Get up, Jack! John, sit down!

[I] go and take a trip in a man-o'-war
To China or Japan,
In Asia, there are ladies fair
Who love the sailorman.
 When Jack and Joe palavers, O,
 And buy the girls a gown, gown, gown.
When the money is gone it's the same old song,
Get up, Jack! John, sit down!

When Jack is ashore he beats his way
Towards some boarding-house:
He's welcome in with his rum and gin,
And he's fed with pork and s[c]ouse:
 For he'll spend and spend and never offend
 But he'll lay drunk on the ground, ground, ground
When my money is gone it's the same old song:
Get up, Jack! John, sit down!

When Jack is old and weatherbeat,
Too old to roustabout,
In some rum-shop they'll let him stop,
At eight bells he's turned out.
 Then he cries, he cries up to the skies:
 I'll soon be homeward bound, bound, bound."
When my money is gone it's the same old song:
Get up, Jack! John, sit down!

From American Ballads and Folk Songs, Lomax

This song was sung and written down by John Thomas, a Welch sailor
on the Philadelphia, in 1896

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