

Jolly Jack, The Rover - song lyrics

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JOLLY JACK, THE ROVER

Here I am one, and still will be.
Who spend their days in pleasure,
The tailor's bill is seldom fill'd,
For he's never took my measure.

Chorus.
It must be while I do live.
And I must not give over,
Until old age doth me engage,
From being a jolly rover.

It's on my vamps, I take my tramps, ^
My shoes being in bad order,
My stockings down into the ground,
For I seldom wears a garter.-Chorus.

If I would dress up in fine clothes,
The ladies would adore me,
The fops of beaux that wear fine clothes.
They think to go before me.-Chorus.

It's I can play at cards and dice.
Let me be drunk or sober,
Win or lose, I'll have my dues,
For I'm jolly Jack, the rover.-Chorus.

Three tons of wool through a comb I pull,
All in the neatest order,
As white as milk and soft as silk,
To please the farmer's daughter.-Chorus.

When my work's done and finish'd off,
I'll take it to the owner;
I have no doubt that she's found out
That I'm jolly Jack, the rover.-Chorus.

When I am old, if I have gold,
I'll set down by my table,
With you, my dear, I'll toast good beer.
And drink while I am able.-Chorus.

When I am dead, and in my grave,
It's then I must give over.
Let each jolly lass nil a parting glass,
And drink a health to Jack, the rover. - Chorus.