

Jack Tar



1. Come my loved one, come my fond one, come my dear - est on - to me; won't you
wed with a jol - ly sai - - lor who's just re - turned from sea

2. No, you're ragged, love, no, you're dirty, love, and smell so much of the tar
So begone you saucy sailor lad, begone you Jack Tar.
3. If I'm ragged, love, if I'm dirty, love, and smell so much of the tar,
I've silver in my pockets love, and bright gold in store.
4. As soon as she heard him say so, down upon her bended knees she fell,
I'll wed with my sailor lad, I love a jolly sailor well.
5. Across the briny ocean where the waters are so green, since
You refuse my offer, love, another girl shall wear the ring.

Source: Mr John Collett at The Bank, Stanton, Glos. Collected by Percy Grainger 17 Nov 1907.