Jolly Roving Tar

Jolly Roving Tar

It was in the city of London Town, was there by the highway
I espied a lovely damsel fair and she alone did stay;
She did appear like a Venus, or some bright lovely star
As she strayed the beach lamenting for her jolly roving tar.

Oh, it's many's the pleasant evening my love and I did pass,
With many the jovial sailor lads, many the fair young lads,
With a fiddler sweetly playing, likewise a wild guitar,
I went hand in hand together with my jolly roving tar.

Pretty Susan she jumped in the boat and merrily rowed for shore,
"Then I'II go see my father's ships and see that they're well stored.
Provisions we had plenty, I've iots of grog in store,
I will cross the briny ocean for my jolly roving tar. "

Pretty Susan she jumped in the boat and then she rowed ashore,
Saying, "Farewell ye maids of London town, I'II fear no wound or scar,
Farewell ye maids of London, I'II fear no wound nor scar,
But I'II cross the briny ocean for my jolly roving tar."

From Songs of Nova Scotia, Creighton and Senior
Sung by Mr. Ben Henneberry, NS

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