

Roving Jack

Young Jack he was a
jour - ney - man That roved from town to town, — And
when he'd done a job of work, He light - ly sat him down. With his
kit up - on his shoul - der, and A graf - ting knife in hand, — He
roved the coun - try round a - bout, A mer - ry jour - ney - man. —

Young Jack he was a journeyman
That roved from town to town,
And when he'd done a job of work,
He lightly sat him down.
With his kit upon his shoulder, and
A grafting knife in hand,
He roved the country round about,
A merry journey-man.

And when he came to Exeter,
The maidens leapt with joy;
Said one and all, both short and tall,
Here comes a gallant boy.
The lady dropt her needle, and
The maid her frying-pan,
Each plainly told her mother, that
She loved the journey-man.

He had not been in Exeter,
The days were barely three,
Before the Mayor, his sweet daughter.
She loved him desparately;
She bid him to her mother's house,
She took him by the hand.,
Said she, "my dearest mother, see
I love the journey-man!"

Now out on thee, thou silly maid!
Such folly speak no more:
How can'st thou love a roving man,
Thoust ne'er seen before?
"O mother sweet, I do entreat,
I love him all I can;
Around the country glad I'll rove
With this young journey-man.

"He need no more to trudge afoot,
He'll travel with coach and pair;
My wealth with me - or poverty
With him content I'll share."
Now fill the horn with barleycorn,
And flowing fill the can:
Here let us toast the Mayor's daughter
And the roving journey-man.