Twas in the Good Ship Rover

ne'er saw Brit-ish ground; And for three years and ov-er I ne'er saw Brit-ish ground; At last in Eng-land

land-ed I left the roar-ing main, Found all re-lat-ions strand ed And went to sea a-gain At last in Eng-land

land-ed I left the roar-ing main, Found all re-lat-ions strand ed And went to sea a-gain And
Twas in the good ship Rover, I sailed the world around,
And for three years and over, I ne'er saw British ground;
And for three years and over, I ne'er saw British ground;
At last in England landed, I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded, And went to sea again.
At last in England stranded, I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded, And went to sea again.
And went to sea again, And went to sea again,
Found all relations stranded and went to sea again.

That time bound straight for Portugal, Right fore and aft we bore,
But when we made Cape Ortagal, A gale blew off the shore;
But when we made Cape Ortagal, A gale blew off the shore;
She lay, so it did shake her, A log upon the main,
Til saved from Davey's locker, We went to sea again.
She lay, so it did shake her, A log upon the main,
Til saved from Davey's locker, We went to sea again.
We went to sea again, We went to sea again.
'Til saved from davey's locker, we went to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing, Upon a squally night,
Thunder and lightning hailing, The horrors of the fight;
Thunder and lightning hailing, The horrors of the fight;
My precious limb was lopped off, And when they'd eased my pain,
Thanked God I was not popped off, And went to sea again.
My precious limb was lopped off, And when they'd eased my pain,
Thanked God I was not popped off, And went to sea again.
And went to sea again, And went to sea again.
Thanked God I was not popped off, And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled, To bring up in life's rear,
Although I am disabled, And lie in Breenwich tier;
Although I am disabled, And lie in Greenwich tier;
The King, God bless his royalty, who saved me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty, But ne'er to sea again.
The King, God bless his royalty, who saved me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty, But ne'er to sea again.
But ne'er to sea again. But ne'er to sea again.
I'll praise with love and loyalty, but ne'er to sea again.
At the English Folk Dance and Song Society, we champion the folk arts at the heart of England’s rich and diverse cultural landscape.

Our award-winning Resource Bank contains over 100 resources – incorporating hundreds of audio files, videos and supporting documents, all free to download. They offer endless practical ways to use folk song, music, dance, drama and more in all sorts of community settings, as well as in formal education.

efdss.org/resourcebank

Please help us keep our learning resources freely available for all!

Support us now: efdss.org/donate

Registered Charity in England & Wales, no. 305999