Twas in the Good Ship Rover

Soprano 1

Twas in the good ship Rover I sailed the world around, And for three years and over I ne'er saw British ground; At last in England

Soprano 2

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

Violins

open strings

D D A A D D A D D A A

Recorder

D D A A D D D A D D

S. 1

land-ed I left the roaring main, Found all re-lat-i-ons strand-ed And went to sea a-gain At last in Eng-land

S. 2

land-ed I left the roaring main, Found all re-lat-i-ons strand-ed And went to sea a-gain At last in Eng-land

Violins

A A D D A A A D D D A D D

Rec

A A D D A A A D D D A D D

S. 1

land-ed I left the roaring main, Found all re-lat-i-ons strand-ed And went to sea a-gain And

S. 2

land-ed I left the roaring main, Found all re-lat-i-ons strand-ed And went to sea a-gain And

Violins

A A D D A A D D A A D D A

Rec

A A D D A A D D A A D D A
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 Ortolga, A gale blew off the shore;
But when we made Cape Ortolga, 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.