

Wrap Me Up In My Tarpaulin Jacket

Burl Ives

Oh, had I the wings of a turtledove,
So high on my pinions I'd fly
Slap-bang to the heart of my Polly love
And in her dear arms I would die.

Chorus: Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket
And say a poor duffer's laid low.
Send for six salty seamen to carry me
With steps mournful, solemn and slow,

Oh, then let them send for two holly stones
And place them at the head and the toe.
Upon them write this inscription,
"Here lies a poor duffer below."

Then send for six jolly foretopmen
And let them a-rollickin' go
And in heaping two-gallon measures
Drink the health of the duffer below.