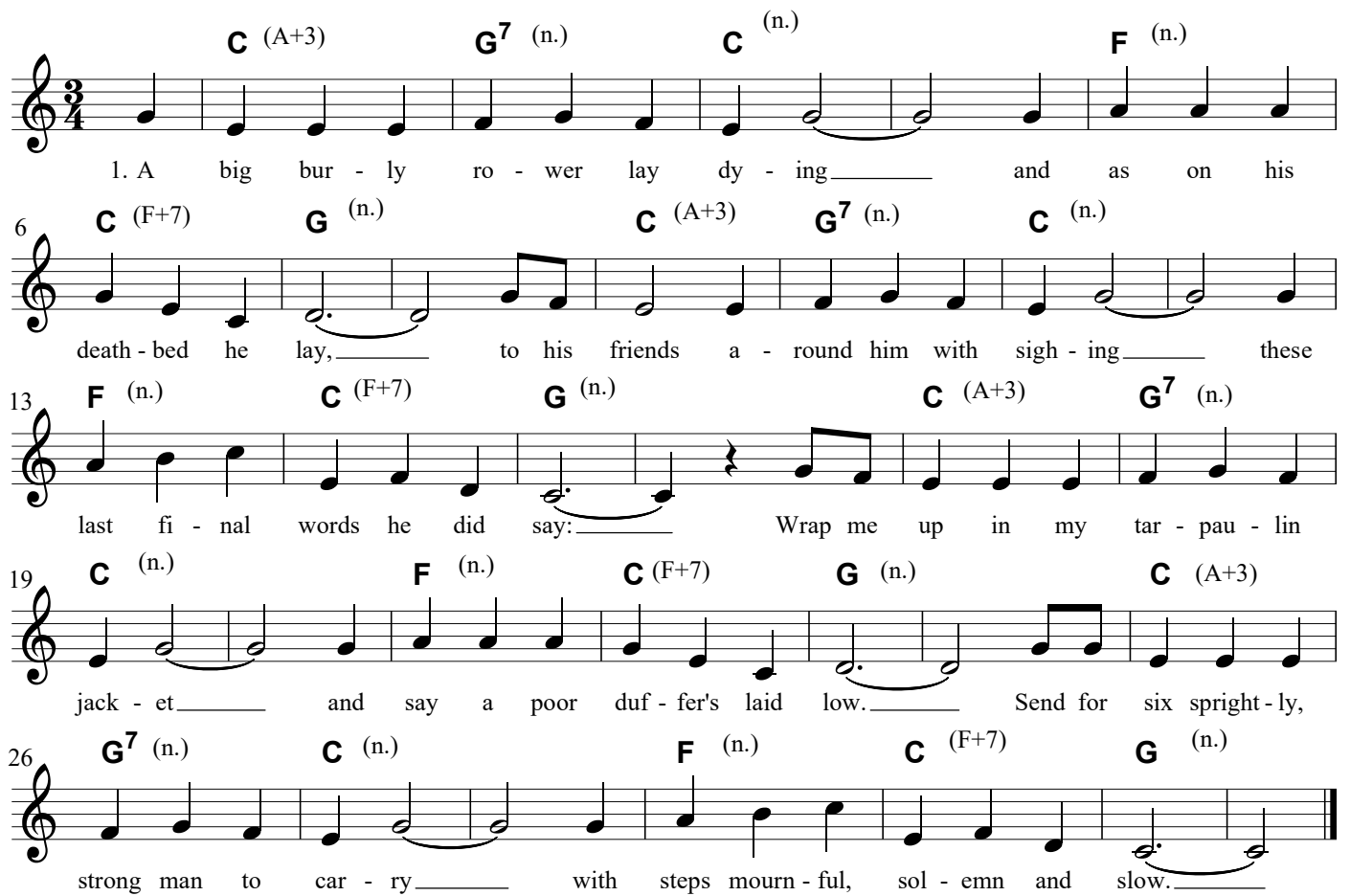


Tarpaulin Jacket

Adapted from an irish sea chanty



1. A big bur - ly ro - wer lay dy - ing and as on his
 death - bed he lay, to his friends a - round him with sigh - ing these
 last fi - nal words he did say: Wrap me up in my tar - pau - lin
 jack - et and say a poor duf - fer's laid low. Send for six spright - ly,
 strong man to car - ry with steps mourn - ful, sol - emn and slow.

2. If I had long oars as tall trees, far away I would glide, straight to the place I know hope
 and there I would stay.

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket and say a poor duffer's laid low.

Send for six sprightly, strong man to carry with steps mournful, solemn and slow.

3. Then in the calm of the twilight, when soft winds are whispering low and darkening shadows are falling
 think of this duffer below.

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket and say a poor duffer's laid low.

Send for six sprightly, strong man to carry with steps mournful, solemn and slow.

4...

(F ist immer auch A+8)