

## Burl Ives

### "Wrap Me Up In My Tarpaulin Jacket"

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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.

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