

All for my grog

G C G
It's all for my grog, me jolly, jolly grog,
G D
It's all for my beer and tobacco,
G Em C G
for I spent all my tin, whith the lasses drinking gin,
G D G
far across the Western Ocean I must wander.

Where is my shirt, me noggin', noggin' shirt,
it's all gone for beer and tobacco,
for the collar is all worn, and the front it is all torn,
and the tail is looking out for better weather.

And it's all for my grog...

Where is my boots, me noggin', noggin' boots,
they're all gone for beer and tobacco,
for the uppers are worn out, and the soles are kicked about,
and the heels are looking out for better weather.

And it's all for my grog...

And where is my bed, me noggin', noggin' bed,
it's all gone for beer and tobacco,
for i lent it to a hore, and the mattress is all worn,
and the springs are looking out for better weather.

And it's all for my grog...

Where is me wife, me noggin', noggin' wife
She's all sold for beer and tobacco
Her front it was worn out and her tail I kicked about
And I'm sure she's lookin' out for better weather

And it's all for my grog...

Now I'm sick in my head, and I haven't been to bed,
since I came ashore with my plunder.
I've seen centipides and snakes, and I'm full of pains and aches,
and I think I'll make a pass for way out younder.

||: And it's all for my grog... :||

Traditionel Irsk. Ingen synes at kende oprindelsen af denne vise der som så mange andre handler om kvinder, sprut og tobak.