

All For Me Grog

B⁷ E A E E

Well I am a ram-blin lad me stor-y it is sad. If ev-er I get to
 (Chorus) all_ for me grog, me jol-ly jol-ly grog, It's all_ for_ me

7 E E⁷

Lach-lan I shouldwon-der... For I spent all_ me brass in the
 beer_ and tob-ac-co... For I spent all_ me tin in a

12 A E E B⁷ E

bot-tom of a glass. And a-cross the west-ern plains I mustwan - der. And it's
 shan-ty drink-ing gin. Now a-cross the west-ern plains I mustwan - der.

Well I'm stiff stony broke and I've parted from me moke,
 And the sky is lookin' black as flamin' thunder;
 The shanty boss is blue 'cause I havn't got a sou,
 That's the way they treat you when you're down and under.

I'm crook in the head and I haven't been to bed,
 Since first I touched this shanty with me plunder.
 I see centipedes and snakes, and I full of aches and shakes,
 And I think it's time to head for way out yonder.

I'll take to the Old Man Plain, criss cross him once again,
 Unti the track me eyes no longer see, boys;
 And me beer and whisky brain search for sleep, but all in vain,
 And I feel as if I've had the Darling Pea, boys.

So it's hang yer jolly grog, yer hocussed shanty grog,
 The beer that's always loaded with tobacco;
 Graffin' humour I am in, and I'll stick the peg right in,
 And settle down once more to some hard yakka.

Spoken Vocal intro on lead in bar
V1 C V2 C V3 C Inst V4 C V5 C C