

1. Jolly Sailor Bold

In Pirates of the Caribbean: On Stranger Tides, only the final verses of "Jolly Sailor Bold" make an appearance. This song is forcibly sung by Scrum in order to attract the mermaids. Tamara's first appearance in the film was singing the song, while the other mermaids were coming up, shortly before she attacked Scrum and the other crewmen.

Lyrics:

Upon one summer's morning, I carelessly did stray,
Down by the Walls of Wapping, where I met a sailor gay,
Conversing with a bouncing lass, who seem'd to be in pain,
Saying, William, when you go, I fear you will ne'er return again.

His hair it does in ringlets hang, his eyes as black as sloes,
May happiness attend him wherever he goes,
From Tower Hill, down to Blackwall, I will wander, weep and moan,
All for my jolly sailor bold, until he does return.

My father is a merchant—the truth I now will tell,
And in great London City in opulence doth dwell,
His fortune doth exceed £300,000 in gold,
And he frowns upon his daughter, 'cause she loves a sailor bold.

A fig for his riches, his merchandize, and gold,
True love is grafted in my heart; give me my sailor bold:
Should he return in poverty, from o'er the ocean far,
To my tender bosom, I'll fondly press my jolly tar.

My sailor is as smiling as the pleasant month of May,
And oft we have wandered through Ratcliffe Highway,
Where many a pretty blooming girl we happy did behold,
Reclining on the bosom of her jolly sailor bold.

Come all you pretty fair maids, whoever you may be
Who love a jolly sailor bold that ploughs the raging sea,
While up aloft, in storm or gale, from me his absence mourn,
And firmly pray, arrive the day, he home will safe return.

My name it is Maria, a merchant's daughter fair,
And I have left my parents and three thousand pounds a year,
My heart is pierced by Cupid, I disdain all glittering gold,
There is nothing can console me but my jolly sailor bold.

2. Pleasant and Delightful circa 1800's

PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL is a song that was first published around 1810, although some sources indicate that this specific version comes from about 1840.

Lyrics:

It was pleasant and delightful on a midsummer's morn
And the green fields and the meadows were all covered in corn;
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green spray
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day,
And the larks they sang melodious (3x) at the dawning of the day.

Now a sailor and his true love were a-walking one day.
Said the sailor to his true love, "I am bound far away.
I'm bound for the East Indies where the load cannons roar
And I'm bound to leave you Nancy, you're the girl that I adore,
And I'm bound to leave you Nancy (3x) you're the girl that I adore."

Then the ring from off her finger she instantly drew,
Saying, "Take this, dearest William, and my heart will go too."
And as they were embracing tears from her eyes fell,
Saying, "May I go along with you?" "Oh no, my love, farewell,"
Saying, "May I go along with you?" (3x) "Oh no, my love, farewell,"

"Fare thee well my dearest Nancy, no longer can I stay,
For the topsails are hoisted and the anchors aweigh,
And the ship she lies waiting for the fast flowing tide,
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride,
And if ever I return again (3x), I will make you my bride."

3. Spanish Ladies

Spanish Ladies is a traditional English naval song, describing a voyage from Spain to the Downs from the viewpoint of ratings of the British Royal Navy.

It is featured in *The Oxford Book of Sea Songs*, edited by Roy Palmer in 1986, which states that the earliest known reference to it is in the logbook of the *Nellie* of 1796 (though a ballad by the same name, registered in England December 14, 1624 with the Stationers' Company, may also be related to it).

Lyrics:

Farewell and adieu unto you Spanish ladies
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain

For it's we've received orders for to sail for old England
But we hope very soon we shall see you again

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas

Until we strike soundings in the Channel of Old England
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues

We hove our ship to with the wind at sou'west, boys
We hove our ship to, our soundings to see

So we rounded and sounded; got forty-five fathoms
We squared our main yard and up channel steered we

Now the first land we made it is called the Deadman
Next Ram Head off Plymouth, off Portland the Wight

We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlee and Dungeness
Till we came abreast of the South Foreland Light

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor
All in the Downs that night for to lie

Then it's stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank-painters,
Haul all your clew garnets, let tacks and sheets fly

Now let every man toss off a full bumper
And let every man drink off a full glass

And we'll drink and be merry and drown melancholy
Singing, here's a good health to each true-hearted lass.

4. Randy-Dandy-Oh

This was a capstan or pump shanty. The lyrics on record below date back to at least 1913. It's been said that they are a very cleaned up version of the actual lyrics used by some of the old chantymen. As with many shanties, the verses used at sea in the 18th and 19th century varied with time, location, and the skill of the chantyman. Some were deemed to be just too vulgar for print back then.

Lyrics:

Now we are ready to head for the Horn,
Weigh, hey, roll an' go!
Our boots an' our clothes boys are all in the pawn,
To be rollickin' randy dandy O!

Heave a pawl, oh, heave away,
Weigh, hey, roll and go!
The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored,
To be rollickin' randy dandy O!

Man the stout caps'n and heave with a will,
Weigh, hey, roll an' go!
For soon we'll be drivin' her 'way up the hill.
To be rollickin' randy dandy O!

Heave a pawl, oh, heave away,
Weigh, hey, roll and go!
The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored,
To be rollickin' randy dandy O!

Heave away, bullies, ye parish-rigged bums,
Weigh, hey, roll and go!
Take yer hands from yer pockets and don't suck yer thumbs.
To be rollickin' randy dandy O!

Heave a pawl, oh, heave away,
Weigh, hey, roll and go!
The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored,
To be rollickin' randy dandy O!

We're outward bound for Vallipo Bay,
Weigh, hey, roll and go!
Get crackin', me lads, it's a hell of a way!
To be rollickin' randy dandy O!

Heave a pawl, oh, heave away,
Weigh, hey, roll and go!
The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored,
To be rollickin' randy dandy O!

Heave a pawl, oh, heave away,
Weigh, hey, roll and go!
The anchor's on board an' the cable's all stored,
To be rollickin' randy dandy O!

5.) Roll The Ol' Chariot Along

This one is a bit tricky to track down as far as history goes. Looks to be a 19th Century all-purpose kind of morale booster. Lyrics change with the drop of a hat depending on who's performing it, but it's one of the easiest to learn, and change... I decided to use the lyrics of the version on the CD I made...

Oh we'd be all-right if the wind was in our sails (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind

(And) we'll roll the ol' chariot along (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind

And we'd be alright if we make it round the horn (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind

(And) we'll roll the ol' chariot along (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind

(Well) A Night on the town wouldn't do us any harm (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind

(And) we'll roll the ol' chariot along (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind

(Well) Another festival wouldn't do us any harm (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind

(And) we'll roll the ol' chariot along (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind

(And) we'll roll the ol' chariot along (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind

Other Lyrics can be used:

Oh a drop of Nelson's Blood wouldn't Do us any harm (x3)
And we'll all hang on behind

6.) Northwest Passage

While not an historic song, this has some very stylish harmonies normally associated with shanties. It is one of the best-known songs by Canadian musician [Stan Rogers](#). An [a cappella](#) song, it features Rogers alone singing the verses, with several guest vocalists harmonizing with him in the chorus

Lyrics:

[Chorus] Ah, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin Reaching for the Beaufort Sea
Tracing one warm line Through a land so wild and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the sea

Westward from the Davis Strait 'Tis there 'twas said to lie
The sea route to the Orient For which so many died
Seeking gold and glory, Leaving weathered, broken bones
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of stones

[Chorus]

Three centuries thereafter I take passage overland
In the footsteps of brave Kelso Where his "sea of flowers" began
Watching cities rise before me Then behind me sink again
This tardiest explorer Driving hard across the plain

[Chorus]

And through the night, behind the wheel The mileage clicking west
I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson and the rest
Who cracked the mountain ramparts And did show a path for me
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea

[Chorus]

How then am I so different From the first men through this way?
Like them, I left a settled life I threw it all away
To seek a Northwest Passage At the call of many men
To find there but the road back home again

[Chorus]

7. Roll the Woodpile Down

Hugill says this probably originated in the southern states of America, perhaps being one of the many river men songs that reached deep water. A sea version of the Negro song "Haul the Woodpile Down" and it was popular right to the end of sail.

Lyrics:

Away down South where the cocks do crow
Way down in Florida
Them girls all dance to the old banjo - And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rollin', rollin', rollin' the whole world 'round
That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia line - And we'll roll the woodpile down

Oh, what can you do in Tampa bay?
Way down in Florida
But give them yellow girls all your pay - And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rollin', rollin', rollin' the whole world 'round
That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia line - And we'll roll the woodpile down

Them Cardiff girls ain't got no frills
Way down in Florida
They're skinny and tight as catfish gills - And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rollin', rollin', rollin' the whole world 'round
That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia line - And we'll roll the woodpile down

Oh, why do them little girls love me so?
Way down in Florida
Because I don't tell all I know - And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rollin', rollin', rollin' the whole world 'round
That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia line - And we'll roll the woodpile down

Oh, one more pull and that will do
Way down in Florida
For we're the boys to kick her through - And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rollin', rollin', rollin' the whole world 'round
That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia line - And we'll roll the woodpile down
That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia line - And we'll roll the woodpile down

Now we can always change the lyrics "That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia line" to something less specific such as "That gal of mine's on the Georgia line" as to not give offense to anyone - Crew's call on that.

8.) Barret's Privateers

It's a modern folk song in the style of a sea shanty, written and performed by Canadian musician Stan Rogers, having been inspired after a song session with the Friends of Fiddler's Green at the Northern Lights Festival Boréal in Sudbury, Ontario. Although Barrett, the Antelope and other specific instances mentioned in the song are fictional, "Barrett's Privateers" is full of many authentic details of privateering in the late 18th century.

Lyrics:

Oh, the year was 1778, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
A letter of marque come from the king, To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,
God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
For twenty brave men all fishermen who Would make for him the Antelope's crew
God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier The last of Barrett's Privateers.

The Antelope sloop was a sickening sight, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
She'd a list to the port and and her sails in rags And the cook in scuppers with the staggers
and the jags
God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier The last of Barrett's Privateers.

On the King's birthday we put to sea, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
We were 91 days to Montego Bay Pumping like madmen all the way
God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier The last of Barrett's Privateers.

On the 96th day we sailed again, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight With our cracked four pounders we made to fight
God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier The last of Barrett's Privateers.

The Yankee lay low down with gold, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
She was broad and fat and loose in stays But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days
God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Then at length we stood two cables away, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in
God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier The last of Barrett's Privateers.

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs And the Main trunk carried off both me legs
God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier The last of Barrett's Privateers.

So here I lay in my 23rd year, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
It's been 6 years since we sailed away And I just made Halifax yesterday
God damn them all!

I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier The last of Barrett's Privateers

9. Drunken Sailor

It first enters the historical record in the nineteenth century, and was one of the few shanties sung in the British Royal Navy. Although it is first recorded as being sung aboard American ships, it sounds very much like a British song

Lyrics:

What will we do with the drunken sailor? (x3)
Early in the morning!

Way, hey and up she rises, (x3)
Early, in the morning!

Shave his belly with a rusty razor, (x3)
Early in the morning!

Way, hey and up she rises, (x3)
Early, in the morning!

Put him in a long boat till his sober, (x3)
Early in the morning!

Way, hey and up she rises, (x3)
Early, in the morning!

Stick him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him, (x3)
Early in the morning!

Way, hey and up she rises, (x3)
Early, in the morning!

Put him in the bed with the captain's daughter, (x3)
Early in the morning!

Way, hey and up she rises, (x3)
Early, in the morning!

That's what we do with a drunken sailor, (x3)
Early in the morning!

Way, hey and up she rises, (x3)
Early, in the morning!

Way, hey and up she rises, (x3)
Early, in the morning!

10. Santy Anno

Another popular shanty, but from the 19th Century. Fast paced and fun.

Santy Anna gained the day
Away Santy Anno!
And Santy Anna gained the day
All on the plains of Mexico!

CHORUS

Mexico, Oh, Mexico,
Away Santianno!
Ah, Mexico is a place I know!
All on the plains of Mexico!

Nassau girls don't use no combs (Away Santy anno)
They combs their hair with a kipper backbone (All on the plains of Mexico)

Chorus

Them yaller girls I do adore (Away Santy anno)
With their shinin' eyes and their cold black hair (All on the plains of Mexico)

Chorus

Why do them yaller girls love me so (Away Santy anno)
Because I don't tell them all I know (All on the plains of Mexico)

Chorus

When I was a young man in me prime (Away Santy anno)
I knocked them scouse girls two at a time (All on the plains of Mexico)

Chorus

Skipper likes whiskey, the maid likes rum (Away Santy anno)
the crew likes both, but we can't get none (All on the plains of Mexico)

Chorus

Times is hard and the wages low (Away Santy anno)
It's time for us to roll and go (All on the plains of Mexico)

Chorus

Santy Anno gained the day
Away Santy Anno!
And Santy Anno gained the day
All on the plains of Mexico!

CHORUS 2x

11. Fifteen Men / Dead Man's Chest (Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of Rum)

"Dead Man's Chest" (also known as Fifteen Men On The Dead Man's Chest or Derelict) is a fictional^[1] sea song,^[2] originally from Robert Louis Stevenson's novel *Treasure Island* (1883). It was expanded in a poem, titled *Derelict* by Young E. Allison, published in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* in 1891. It has since been used in many later works of art in various forms.

*1. Fifteen men on a dead man's chest - Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum
Drink and the devil had done for the rest - Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.
The mate was fixed by the bosun's pike - The bosun brained with a marlin's pike
And cookey's throat was marked belike - It had been gripped by fingers ten;
And there they lay, all good dead me - Like break o'day in a boozing ken
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.*

*2. Fifteen men of the whole ship's list - Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and be damned and the rest gone whist! - Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
The skipper lay with his nob in gore - Where the scullion's axe his cheek had shore
And the scullion he was stabbed times four - And there they lay, and the soggy skies
Dripped down in up-staring eyes - In murk sunset and foul sunrise
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.*

*3. Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark - Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Ten of the crew had the murder mark! - Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Was a cutlass swipe or an ounce of lead - Or a yawning hole in a battered head
And the scuppers' glut with a rotting red - And there they lay, aye, damn my eyes
Looking up at paradise - All souls bound just contrawise
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.*

*4. Fifteen men of 'em good and true - Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Ev'ry man jack could ha' sailed with Old Pew, - Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
There was chest on chest of Spanish gold - With a ton of plate in the middle hold
And the cabins riot of stuff untold, - And they lay there that took the plum
With sightless glare and their lips struck dumb - While we shared all by the rule of thumb,
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!*

*5. More was seen through a sternlight screen - Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum
Chartings undoubt where a woman had been - Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.
Was a flimsy shift on a bunker cot - With a dirk slit sheer through the bosom spot
And the lace stiff dry in a purplish blot - Oh was she wench or some shudderin' maid
That dared the knife and took the blade - By God! she had stuff for a plucky jade
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.*

*6. Fifteen men on a dead man's chest - Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum
Drink and the devil had done for the rest - Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.
We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight - With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight, - With a Yo-Heave-Ho! and a fare-you-well
And a sudden plunge in the sullen swell - Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell,
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!*

12. Hoist the Colors

FICTIONAL - The song Hoist the Colours told the tale of the binding of Calypso by the Pirate King and the First Brethren Court. It was also used as the method of summoning the Court to stand together in the pirates' most dire need. It was sent forth by Hector Barbossa, who intended to unite the Pirate Lords and release Calypso from her form of flesh.

Lyrics:

The King and his men stole the Queen from her bed
and bound her in her bones
the seas be ours and by the powers where we will we'll roam

Yo ho, all hands Hoist the colors high
Heave ho, thieves and beggars
Never shall we die

Now some have died and some are alive
and others sail on sea
with the keys to the cage and the Devil to pay we lay to Fiddler's Green.

Yo ho, haul together Hoist the colours high
Heave ho, thieves and beggars
Never shall we die

The bell has been raised from it's watery grave
Hear it's sepulchral tone?
A call to all pay heed the squall and turn yourself toward home

Yo ho, haul together Hoist the colors high
Heave ho, thieves and beggars
Never shall we die

Yo ho, haul together Hoist the colors high
Heave ho, thieves and beggars
Never shall we die

Yo ho, haul together Hoist the colors high
Heave ho, thieves and beggars
Never shall we die

The King and his men stole the Queen from her bed
and bound her in her bones
the seas be ours and by the powers where we will we'll roam

13. Don't forget your old shipmate

traditional song that was sung by British Royal Navy sailors in the Napoleonic Era.

Lyrics:

Safe and sound at home again
Let the waters roar, Jack
Safe and sound at home again
Let the waters roar, Jack

*Long we've tossed on the rolling main
Now we're safe ashore, Jack
Don't forget your old shipmate
Fal dee ral dee ral dee rye eye doe!*

Since we sailed from Plymouth Sound
Four years gone, or nigh, Jack
Was there ever chummies, now
Such as you and I, Jack?

We have worked the self-same gun:
Quarterdeck division
Sponger I and loader you
Through the whole commission

Oftentimes have we laid out
toil nor danger fearing,
Tugging out the flapping sail
to the weather bearing

When the middle watch was on
And the time went slow, boy
Who could choose a rousing stave
Who like Jack or Joe, boy?

There she swings, an empty hulk
Not a soul below now
Number seven starboard mess
Misses Jack and Joe now

But the best of friends must part
Fair or foul the weather
Hand yer flipper for a shake
Now a drink together

14. Leave Her Johnny Leave her

This shanty was sung as the bilge was pumped out before coming into port or as they were warping to the dock. What makes "Leave Her, Johnny" even more unique was its lyrical function of airing grievances—the only time that this could be done out on the open deck

oh the work was hard and the wages low. Leave her Johnny, Leave her.
I guess its time for us to go, and its time for us to leave her.

Leave her Johnny leave her, oh leave her Johnny, leave her.
For the voyage is done and the winds don't blow and its time for us to leave her.

Oh I thought I heard the old man say, Leave her Johnny, leave her.
Oh tomorrow you will get your pay and its time for us to leave her,

Leave her Johnny, leave her, oh, Leave her Johnny, leave her,
for the voyage is done and the winds don't blow and it's time for us to leave her.

The winds blew foul and the seas ran high. Leave her Johnny, leave her.
We shipped up green and none went by and its time for us to leave her,

Leave her Johnny, leave her. oh leave her Johnny, leave her.
Oh the voyage is done and the wind don't blow and its time for us to leave her.

The Knight was a Bucko and the man a turd. leave her Johnny, leave her.
and the Bosun was a begger with a middle name of work and its time for us to leave her.

Leave her Johnny, leave her, oh, leave her Johnny, leave her.
Oh the voyage is done and the winds don't blow and it's time for us to leave her.

The old man swears and the mate swears too, leave her Johnny leave her.
The crew will swear and so would you and so will you, and its time for us to leave her,

leave her Johnny, leave her, oh, leave her Johnny, leave her.
Oh the voyage is done and the winds don't blow and its time for us to leave her.

The starboard pump is like the crew. Leave her Johnny leave her
It's all worn out, and will not do, and it's time for us to leave her

leave her Johnny, leave her, oh, leave her Johnny, leave her.
Oh the voyage is done and the winds don't blow and its time for us to leave her.

The rats have gone, and we the crew. Leave her Johnny leave her
It's time be damned that we went to, and it's time for us to leave her

leave her Johnny, leave her, oh, leave her Johnny, leave her.
Oh the voyage is done and the winds don't blow and its time for us to leave her.

Well I pray that we shall ne'er more see, leave her Johnny leave her
A hungry ship the likes of she, and it's time for us to leave her

leave her Johnny, leave her, oh, leave her Johnny, leave her.
Oh the voyage is done and the winds don't blow and its time for us to leave her.

15. ALL FOR ME GROG

A popular 18th Century sea song that we can find in several collections. Over the years has become popular in many areas of the world from sea to dry land.

Chorus

Well it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog
It's all for me beer and tobacco
For I spent all me tin with the lassies drinking gin
Far across the western ocean I must wander

Where are me boots, me noggin', noggin' boots?
They're all gone for beer and tobacco
For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking out for better weather

Chorus

Where is me shirt, my noggin', noggin' shirt?
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
For the collar is all worn, and the sleeves they are all torn
And the tail is looking out for better weather

Chorus

I'm sick in the head and I haven't been to bed
Since first I came ashore with me slumber
For I spent all me dough on the lassies movin' slow
Far across the Western Ocean I must wander

Additional verses:

Where is me bed, me noggin' noggin' bed
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well I lent it to a whore and now the sheets are all tore
And the springs are looking out for better weather.

Where is me wench, me noggin' noggin' wench
She's all gone for beer and tobacco
Well her (clap) is all worn out and her (clap) is knocked about
And her (clap) is looking out for better weather.

Alternate chorus:

Well it's all for me grog, me jolly jolly grog
It's all for me beer and tobacco
I spent all me loot in a house of ill repute
And I think I'll have to go back there tomorrow.