



The Sailor Loves His Bottle-o

So early in the morning

The sailor loves his bottle-o.

The mate got drunk and he went below

To take a swig of his bottle-o

So early in the morning

The sailor loves his bottle-o.

The bottle-o, the bottle-o,

The sailor loves the bottle-o,

So early in the morning

The sailor loves his bottle-o.

A bottle of rum, a bottle of gin,

A bottle of Irish whisky, oh!

Tobaccy-o, tobaccy-o,

The sailor loves his baccy-o,

A packet of twist, a packet of shag

A plug of hard tobaccy-o,

A rough-house-o, a rough-house-o,

The sailor loves a rough-house-o,

A tread-on my-coat, and all hands in

And a bloody good rough-and tumble-o

The lassies-o, the lassies-o.

The sailor loves the lassies-o

A Scottish lass or a sweet colleen

Or a hard-case Liverpool Judy-o

A a sing-song-o, a sing-song-o,

The sailor loves a sing-song-o,

A song of love or a drinking song,

A tale of seas and shipmates-o

So early in the morning

The sailor loves a sing-song-o,