



The Sailor Loves His Bottle

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-o

So early in the morning, the sailor loves his bottle-o

Tobaccy-o, tobaccy-o, the sailor loves his baccy-o

So early in the morning, the sailor loves his bottle-o

A packet of twist, a packet of shag, a plug of hard tobaccy-o

So early in the morning, the sailor loves his bottle-o

A rough-house-o, a rough-house-o, the sailor loves a rough-house-o

So early in the morning, the sailor loves his bottle-o

A tread-on my-coat, and all hands in, and a bloody good rough and tumble-o

So early in the morning, the sailor loves his bottle-o

The lassies-o, the lassies-o, the sailor loves the lassies-o

So early in the morning, the sailor loves his bottle-o

A Scottish lass or a sweet colleen, or a hard-case Liverpool Judy-o

So early in the morning, the sailor loves his bottle-o

A a sing-song-o, a sing-song-o, the sailor loves a sing-song-o

So early in the morning, the sailor loves his bottle-o

A song of love or a drinking song, tale of seas and shipmates-o

So early in the morning, the sailor loves his bottle-o

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