

Come, messmates, pass the bottle 'round
Farewell To Grogg

Come, messmates, pass the bottle 'round,
Our time is short, remember,
For our grogg must stop, our spirits drop,
On the first day of September.

Chorus:

|: For tonight we'll merry, merry be, :|
For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

2. Farewell old rye, 'tis a sad, sad word,
But alas! It must be spoken,
The ruby cup must be given up,
And the demijohn be broken.

Chorus:

3. Jack's happy days will soon be gone,
To return again, oh never!
For they've raised his pay five cents a day,
But stopped his grogg forever.

Chorus:

4. Yet memory oft' will backward turn,
And dwell with fondness partial,
On the days when gin was not a sin,
Nor cocktails brought court martial.

Chorus:

5. All hands to split the main brace, call,
But split it now in sorrow,
For the spirit-room key will be laid away
Forever, on tomorrow.

Chorus: