

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Sailor Likes His Bottle, Oh

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cho: So early in the morning,  
The sailor likes his bottle, oh.:

The Mate was drunk, and he went below,  
To take a swig of his bottle, oh.  
A bottle of rum, and a bottle of gin,  
And a bottle of Irish whiskey, oh.

His bottle, oh, his bottle, oh,  
The sailor likes his bottle, oh,

Tobaccio, tobaccio,  
The sailor loves tobaccio,  
A cut of the plug, and a cut of the swiss,  
And a cut of hard tobaccio,

His bottle, oh, his bottle, oh,  
The sailor likes his bottle, oh,

The maidens, oh, the lassies, oh,  
The sailor loves the Judys, oh,  
A gal from the poo (?) and a gal from the Tyne  
And a chalice (?) so fine and dandy, oh.

His bottle, oh, his bottle, oh,  
The sailor likes his bottle, oh,  
A bloody rough house, a bloody rough house,  
The sailor loves a roughhouse, oh,

A kick in the poo (?) and an all-hands-in,  
A bloody good rough-and-tumble, oh,

His bottle, oh, his bottle, oh,  
The sailor likes his bottle, oh,  
A song of war, a song of love,  
A ditty of seas and shipmates, oh,

His bottle, oh, his bottle, oh,  
The sailor likes his bottle, oh,

(Two-pull Halyard Shantey)

JY

