

# All For Me Grog

## Across the Western Plains

First printed in the Bulletin in May 1916 and based on the sailor song 'Across the Western Ocean'.  
Can be sung slowly as a lament but more usually as a rollicking celebration of good drinking times.

Verse

Well I am a ramb - lin' lad and me stor - y it is sad.

If ev - er I get to Lach - lan I should won - der.

For I spent all me brass in the bot - tom of a glass,

Now a - cross the west - ern plains I must wan - - der.

Chorus

And it's all for me grog me jol - ly jol - ly grog.

It's all for me beer and to - bac - co

For I spent all me tin in a shant - y drink - ing gin.

Now a - cross the West - ern Plains I must wan - - der.

I'm stiff and stoney broke and I've parted with me moke  
And the sky is looking black as flaming thunder;  
And the shanty boss is too for I haven't got a sou  
That's the way you're treated when you're down and under.

Well I'm crook in the head for I haven't been to bed  
Since first I touched this shanty with my plunder.  
I see centipedes and snakes, and I'm full of pains and aches  
So I'd better make a push for way out yonder.

I'll take that Old Man Plain and I'll cross it once again  
Until me eyes the track no longer see boys.  
And my beer and whisky brain looks for sleep but all in vain  
And I feel as if I had the Darling Pea boys.

So hang that blasted grog, that hocussed shanty grog  
And the beer that's loaded with tobacco.  
Grafting humour I am in and I'll stick the spurs right in  
And settle down once more for some hard yakka.