

ACROSS THE WESTERN PLAINS

CHORUS

OH FOR ME GROG MY JOLLY JOLLY GROG OH FOR ME BEER AND TOBACCO
WELL I SPENT ALL MY TIN IN A SHANTY DRINKING GIN
NOW ACROSS THE WESTERN PLAIN I MUST WANDER

I'M STIFF 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 OUT OVER 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 PEG RIGHT IN

AND I'LL SETTLE DOWN ONCE MORE FOR SOME HARD YAKKA