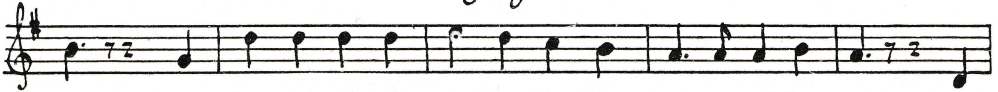


Chanty Song

Moderato



So it's pass around the grog, my boys, And never mind the



scores But give to me the girl I love I'll never ask for more Oh!



here's to him that merry be And never taste of joy Sing, sing the



merry, merry song, March onward my brave boys

Sung by Mr. Richard Hartlan, South-East Passage.

1. So, it's pass around the grog, my boys,
And never mind the scores,
But give to me the girl I love,
I'll never ask for more.
Oh, here's to him that merry be
And never taste of joy,
Sing, sing the merry, merry song,
March onward, my brave boys.
2. Oh, here's to Queen Victoria,
Oh, long may she reign,
Here's to her jolly tars
That plough the raging main,
For here's to him that merry be
And never taste of joy,
Sing, sing the merry, merry song,
March onward, my brave boys.

3. Oh, it's pass around the grog, my boys,
And never mind the scores,
And when our money is all gone
We'll go to sea for more.
Oh, here's to him that merry be
And never taste of joy,
Sing, sing the merry, merry song,
March onward, my brave boys.

No. 56. *Chanty Song.* (*So, it's pass.*)

Although Mr. Hartland has sung this as a chanty it looks more like a sailor's adaptation of a soldier's song. It is a merry piece, and one can imagine either sailor or soldier singing it with the greatest gusto.