

The Flowing Can

Trad.

Range:

Key:

G Major



A sai- lor's life's a life of woe, He works now late now ear- ly; now

5 up and down, now to and fro, what then? he takes it cheer- ly. Blest with a smi- ling

10 can of grog, If du- ty call, stand rise, or fall, To fate's last verge he'll jog. The

15 kedge to weigh, the sheets be- lay, He does it with a wish, to heave the lead, or

20 to cat- head the pond-rous an- chor fish: For while the grog goes

24 round, All sense of dan- ger's drown'd, We de- spise it to a

28 man. We sing a lit -tle, And laugh a lit -tle, And work a lit -tle, And

32 swear a lit- tle: We sing a lit- tle And laugh a lit- tle, And work a lit- tle, And

36 swear a lit- tle, And fid- le a lit- tle, And foot it a lit- tle, And swig the flow- ing

40 can, And swig the flow- ing can, And swig the flow- ing can.