ONE FOR THE MORNING GLORY

At the [G]end of the day, I like a little drink
to [D7]raise up me voice and [G]sing
And an [C]hour or two with a [G]fine, brown brew
and I'm [A]ready for [D7]anything
At the [G]Cross Keys Inn there were sisters four,
the [D7]landlord's daughters [G]fair
And [C]every night when they'd [G]turn out the light
I would [D7]tiptoe up the [D]stair ...singin'

Chorus:

And [C]four for the [D7]love of [G]you, me [Em]girl,

I got the call from a foreign shore to go and fight the foe
And I thought no more of the sisters four, but still I was sad to go
I sailed away on a ship, the Morning Glory was her name
And we'd all fall down when the rum went 'round, then get up and start again

I bore once more for my native shore, farewell to the raging seas
And the Cross Keys Inn, it was beckonin', and me heart was filled with glee
For there on the shore were the sisters four with a bundle upon each knee
There were three little girls and a bouncing boy, and they all looked just like me...