

# SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST

Nice, Naughty and Nourishing Songs of the London Music Hall and Pubs

SUNG BY DEREK LAMB WITH GUITAR AUGMENTED BY BANJO, VIOLIN AND VOICES FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8707



M  
1741.18  
L218  
S539  
1962

MUSIC LP

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COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE  
 DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST

# SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST

Nice, Naughty and Nourishing Songs of the LONDON MUSIC HALL & PUBS

sung by Derek Lamb

with guitar augmented by banjo, violin and voices

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THE LONDON MUSIC HALL

MUSIC LP

Notes by Derek Lamb

The songs on this album are mostly those of London Music Hall comics and singers.

Music Hall has a particularly interesting history. Introduced to London in 1840 by Charles Morton it remained unrivalled as the British working people's entertainment for almost one hundred years.

Morton's Saturday music night at the Canterbury Arms, a tavern in Westminster Bridge Road, became so popular that he built a hall next door which held seven hundred people. And that is how these songs came into being - in halls next to taverns.

Soon afterwards there were Music Halls all over Britain - most of them splendid theatres. Nineteenth century Britain was prosperous, Victorian optimism influenced Music Hall. It was never bitter or complaining - mostly funny or sentimental.

A Saturday night 'at the 'alls' was an occasion for the entire family. Drink was served at the rear of the auditorium and nuts candies and fruit were consumed in great quantities. A chairman who sat to the side of the stage, kept order, introduced the performers and bantered light-heartedly with the audience. The standard of entertainment was always high - the public demanded it. They idolised their stars and voiced loud disapproval of a bad performer.

All the acts, whether they be acrobats, comics, magicians, ventriloquists, dancers or singers, were backed by an orchestra which leaned heavily on the brass section for its effect. Comics and singers had their own songs written for them. There were a few free numbers which everybody could sing, but usually they belonged to the individual who sang them.

Music Hall died with the end of World War One. The audiences began to be attracted to the movies, the "flicks" as they were then called. Many theatres turned to revue and burlesque. Giving the stage to slick acts and the smutty comedian.

The stars of Music Hall are gone, but the best of their songs, or versions of them, are still sung in the pubs. Here are a few of them.

D. I.



Photo by Mike Soldan

SIDE I, Band 1: SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS  
HONEST

She was poor but she was honest  
Pure unstained was her name  
Till the local squire came courtin'  
And the poor girl lost her name!

CHORUS:  
Its the same the whole world over  
Its a shame a wretched shame  
Its the rich what gets the pleasures  
And the poor who gets the blame!

In that rich man's arms she fluttered  
Like a bird with a broken wing  
First he loved her, then he left her  
And the poor girl got no ring.

In a rose embowered cottage  
Where her ancient parents live  
Sipping Guinness that she sent them  
But they never can forgive!

See that squire in the House of Commons  
Making Laws to put down crime  
While the victim of his passions  
Crawls away to hide her shame!

See that girl outside the poor house  
Selling matches by the box  
While that squire from society  
Hands out doses of the pox!

So she ran away to London  
For to hide her grief and shame  
But she met another squire  
And she lost her name again!

SIDE I, Band 2: THE MONEY ROLLS IN  
(A Pub song)

My father makes counterfeit money  
My mother makes synthetic gin  
My sister sells kisses to sailors  
By God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

Rolls in, rolls in,  
By God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a slum missionary  
He saves fallen women from sin  
He'll save you a blonde for a shilling  
By God how the money rolls in.

SIDE I, Band 3:

a)

Written and sung by the cockney comedian Harry  
Champion.

PICKLED ONIONS

I like pickled onions  
I like pickle lilly  
Pickled cabbage is all right  
With a bit of cold meat on a Sunday night  
I can go tomatoes  
But what I do prefer  
Is a little bit of cucum  
I come! you come!  
Little bit of cucumber

b)

DON'T CRY DADDY

A parody.

An old man once sat by the fireplace  
His pale face as crimson as chalk  
The cupboard was bare  
It had nothing to wear,  
The fire had gone out for a walk!  
"Why are you crying?"  
Says his baby boy thirty years old!  
"Why are the tears running out of your ears?"  
And the old man looked down-cast and bold!

With a lump in his throat  
Twice as big as his head  
The youngster looked up at the old man and said -

"Don't cry Daddy! Mummy will soon be back  
She's only gone for a trip round the world  
In a Grimsby fishing smack!  
Her vessel is homeward bound  
And she'll soon be back from sea  
And she'll get a job at the New Woolwich Gasworks  
And work for dear Daddy and me!"

c)

THE WINKLE SONG

Match bar winkles are street stalls that sell  
winkles. Winkles being small, snail like, shell  
fish found along the English coast. A pin is use  
to extract them from the shell. Winkles with  
bread and butter is a traditional cockney Sunday  
afternoon tea!

As I was going home to tea  
I thought I'd take some luxury  
Went into a match bar winkle  
Bought me self a pennyworth of winkle  
Going home to tea as happy as could be  
Went up stairs left all the family  
Picking all the big ones out  
Picking all the big ones out  
You should have seen my face a'winkle  
When I saw my penny worth of winkle  
All the big ones gone  
It made me rave and shout  
There was the wife and seven kids  
Picking all the big one's out.

Singin', I can't get my winkle out  
With my old bent pin  
I can't get my winkle out!  
Isn't it a sin!  
I can't get my winkle out!  
Isn't it a doer!  
I can't get my winkle out!  
Anyone got a skewer?

SIDE I, Band 4: ROLL-TIDDLY-OLE

A Pub song.

Good morning Mr. Lee  
Good morning Mr. Lee  
Have you a lobster you can sell to me

CHORUS:

Singing: Roll-tiddly-ole  
Roll-tiddly-ole  
Roll-tiddly-ole  
Tiddly-old-tol-tol

Yes I have a lobster  
I have three  
One for you and the other two for me

I took the lobster home  
Couldn't find a dish  
Put it in the pot where the missus sometimes  
sits

Middle of the night  
Missus gave a grunt  
There was the lobster hanging on her foot  
I grabbed the pot  
Missus grabbed the broom  
And we chased that lobster all around the room

That's the end of my story  
There isn't any more  
There's an apple in my pocket and you can have  
the core!

SIDE I, Band 5: PRETTY POLLY PERKINS OF  
PADDINGTON GREEN

Often described as the most charming of all cockney ballads, it was written and sung by Harry Clifton.

I am a broken-hearted milkman, in grief I'm  
arrayed,  
Through keeping of the company of a young servant  
maid,  
Who lived on board and wages the house to keep  
clean  
In a gentleman's family near Paddington Green.

CHORUS:

She was as beautiful as a butterfly  
And as proud as a Queen  
Was pretty little Polly Perkins of  
Paddington Green.

She'd an ankle like an atelope and a step like a deer,  
A voice like a blackbird, so mellow and clear,  
Her hair hung in ringlets so beautiful and long,  
I thought that she loved me but I found I was wrong.

When I asked her to marry me she said 'Oh! what  
stuff',  
And told me to 'drop it, for she had quite enough  
Of my nonsense' - at the same time I'd been very  
kind,  
But to marry a milkman she didn't feel inclined.

The words that she uttered went straight through my  
heart,  
I sobbed and I sighed, and straight did depart;  
With a tear on my eye lid as big as a bean,  
Bidding farewell to Polly and Paddington Green.

In six months she married - this hard-hearted girl,  
But it was not a Wi-Lord, and it was not a Nearl,  
It was not a 'Baronite', but a shade or two wuss,  
It was a bow-legged conductor of a twopenny bus.

SIDE I, Band 6: BOTANY BAY

During the 18th and 19th centuries thousands of  
British convicts were shipped to Australia. This  
song tells of a chap sent to Botany Bay for nothing  
more than stealing a pocket watch!

Farewell to Merry old England  
Farewell to my old pals as well  
Farewell to the famous Old Baily  
Where they swappd me my freedom for hell.

CHORUS:

Its seven long years I've been serving  
And seven I has for to stay  
All for bashing a bloke down our alley  
And taking his ticket away.

Its not that they don't give us grub enough  
Its not that they don't give us clothes  
But all of us convicted gentery  
Goes around with a log on our toes!

Now if I had the wings of a turtle dove  
Across the broad ocean I'd fly  
Right into the arms of my only love  
And on her soft bosom I'd lie.

Now all you dukes and you duchesses  
Take heed and mind what I say  
And mind all your own what you touch it is  
Or you'll join us in Botany Bay.

SIDE I, Band 7: THE HOLE IN THE ELEPHANTS  
BOTTOM

A pub song.

I wanted to go on the stage  
And now my ambitions I've got 'em  
In my gay pantaloons I'm the rage  
As the hole in the elephant's bottom.

My friend's all think I'm a wit  
In their seats in the stall I can spot 'em  
And I wink at the girls in the pit  
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

Last night I had some bad luck  
The manager said I was rotten  
I happened to get my head stuck  
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

My part it is not very long  
Nor yet is it easily forgotten  
If you're looking for me come and look  
Through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

SIDE I, Band 8:

a) THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER!

If you've never been the lover  
Of a landlady's daughter  
Then you can't have another piece of pie!

b) SLAP DAB

Now I'm a very handy man  
To save a bit of poke my plan  
Last week I says to my wife  
Our yard needs a wash upon my life

So I'll go and do the job  
And I did so help me Bob  
Got a pail of whitewash set to work  
And the old girl helped me like a Turk!

Oh slap dab! slap dab!  
Up and down the brickwork  
Slap dab all day long  
In and out the corners  
Round the jolly horners  
We were a pair of fair clean gorners  
Slap dab! slap dab!  
With a whitewash brush  
Talk about a fancy ball  
I put more whitewash on the old woman  
Than I did upon the garden wall!

c) NINE INCH NAILS

On Monday I don't go to work  
On Tuesday I stay at home  
Wednesday I feel ill  
And work's the last thing I feel like  
Thursday is a holiday  
And Friday I detest  
Saturday is too late in the week  
And Sunday's a day of rest

I don't not know no one who don't want no nine  
inch nails  
I don't now know no one who don't want no nine  
inch nails  
I know the King, I know the Queen, I know the  
Prince of Wales  
But I don't now know no one who don't want no  
nine inch nails.

d) MY DAUGHTER'S WEDDING DAY

As today is my daughter's wedding day  
I think I'll give ten thousand pounds away!  
On second thoughts I think it best  
To put it back in the old oak chest.

e) THE POOR YOUNG GIRL

A parody by the American comedian Charlie Case.

There was once a poor young girl who lived in the  
country  
And she came to the city to seek employment.  
She left her home in the country because the wolf  
was at the door  
And her father had fallen down and hurt his knee!

Just before she came to the city her boyfriend  
whose name was Jack  
Said to her "I feel you might not be true!"  
So he made her a promise him before she got onto  
the train  
That every night at eight o'clock she would burst  
into tears.

She came to the city and was riding on an omnibus  
When a man got up and offered her his seat.  
She refused his offer with scorn for she saw that  
he wore a ring  
And for all she knew he could be a married man.

Then up came the driver and said "I knew you would  
be true!"  
And tore off his false whiskers and it was Jack.  
And that day she received a telegram saying that  
her father's knee was better!  
And that an aunt had died and left her a substantial  
amount of money!

SIDE I, Band 9: VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH

Villikins and his Dinah was introduced in one of  
Henry Mahew's short plays in 1850. It imme-  
diately became a success in Music Halls and  
literary institutions.

Villikins was a merchant of London I tell  
Who had for a daughter an uncommon nice young  
girl  
Her name it was Dinah just sixteen years old  
With a very large fortune in silver and gold

CHORUS:

Singing toorali-toorali-toorali-day

Now as Dinah was walking in the garden one day  
(it was the front garden)  
Her father came up to her and thus he did say  
Go dress yourself Dinah in gorgeous array  
(take your hair out of pins)  
And I'll bring you a husband both galant and gay.

Oh father! dear father! the daughter she said  
I don't feel inclined to be marr-i-ed  
And all my large fortune I'll gladly give o'er  
If you'll let me live single a year or two more.

Go! go! boldest daughter the parents he cried  
If you don't feel inclined to be this young man's  
bride  
I'll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin  
And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin.

Now as Villikins was a'walking the garden around  
(this was the back garden)

He spied his dear Dinah lying dead on the ground  
With a cup of cold poison all down by her side  
With a billet-doux which said 'twas by poison she  
died  
(the lable was marked British Brandy)

Then he kissed her cold corpse a thousand times  
o'er  
And called her his dear Dinah though she was no  
more  
Then he swallowed up the poison and sung a short  
stave  
(neither agreed with him)  
Now Villikins and his Dinah are laid in one grave  
(singing together):

Now all you young men don't you thus fall in love  
Or do that not by no means be disliked by your  
gov'ner  
You may learn from my song which is true every  
word  
All this wouldn't have happened if it hadn't  
occured.  
(and there would have been no occasion for singing..)

SIDE II, Band 1: SWEENY TODD THE BARBER

In old London town many years ago, there lived  
an infamous character named Sweeny Todd. He  
made a living by commercial murder on a pro-  
duction line basis and with a scientific choice of  
weapon - a barber's razor. A trap door device  
under the barber's chair dropped his victims  
through the floor and what happened to them  
there the song tells.

A number of plays and songs have been written  
about Sweeny Todd but the authenticity of such  
a person is controversial. Incidentally, Bow  
street Runners were the forerunners of the  
present-day police. It was not until 1829 that  
Sir Robert Peel created the force, the members  
of which are still hailed as bobbies.

In Fleet Street that's in London Town  
When King Charlie wore the crown  
There lived a man of great renown  
Was Sweeny Todd the barber.  
One shave from him and you'd want no more  
You'd feel his razor sharp  
Bang! Wallop! Tumble! through the floor  
And wake up playing a harp and singing

CHORUS:

Sweeny Todd the barber  
By God he was better than a play  
Sweeny Todd the Barber  
I'll polish them off he used to say.

His clients through the floor would slope  
But he had no fear of the hangman's rope  
"Dead men can't talk with their mouths full  
of soap!"  
Says Sweeny Todd the barber.

Now underneath the shop its true  
Where the bodies tumble through  
There lived a little widow, who  
Loved Swenny Todd the barber!  
She made her living by selling pies  
Her meat pies were a treat  
Chock full of meat  
And such a size  
Because she was getting the meat from  
mister....

(CHORUS)

And there's many a poor young orphan lad  
Had the first square meal he ever had  
A large meat pie made out of his dad  
From Sweeny Todd the barber.

Was Saturday night in old Sweeny Todd's shop  
And the customers sat in a row  
While Sweeny behind a screen  
Was shaving some poor mug  
And his sweetheart was making pies down below!  
Though none were aware it was cut prices there  
They were rolling up in there two's and in three's  
And Sweeny's foot was quite sore  
From pushing the knob on the floor  
And his voice was hoarse from shouting "Next  
please"

First a swell took the chair  
"Ha ha! my man! Just a shave and a perfumed  
shampoo!"  
For I've just got engaged!"  
Sweeny pushed the knob and said  
"There! now it's all fallen through!"

Then a bookmaker with his mouth full of sap said  
"They're all backing favourites today.  
'So I bet I go down.'"  
Sweeny said "You will!" and he did.  
He went down straight away  
But what (rotten) luck!  
The trap went and stuck  
For the hinge he'd forgotten to grease  
And a customer there began calling out "Police!"  
"Police!" he called nine times or ten.  
But no police came and no wonder  
They didn't have police then!  
But up came the bold Bow Street Runners  
Hoorah! And many a pie he had to let burn  
While they dragged him to quad  
And the next day old Sweeny Todd  
Was condemned to be switched off a dawn!  
And there from the gibbet in his chains he hangs  
And they say that a fat old crow  
Made a nest in Sweeny Todd's whiskers  
And sang as he swang to and fro...

(CHORUS)

And the men folk call him from his grave  
Shouting "Wake up Sweeny we need a shave!"  
And the ladies all need a permanent wave  
From Sweeny Todd the barber.

SIDE II, Band 2: BARSTED KING OF ENGLAND

A Pub song about Richard III

The minstrels sing of an English king  
Of many long years ago  
Who ruled his land with an iron hand  
Though his morals were weak and low.  
His only outer garment was a dirty yellow shirt  
With which he tried to hide his hide  
But he couldn't hide the dirt

CHORUS:

He was dirty and lousy and full of fleas  
But he had his women by two's and three's!  
God bless the barsted king of England.

The Queen of Spain was an amorous Jane  
A lascivious wench was she  
Who loved to play in a royal way  
With the king across the sea!  
She often sent a message by a royal messenger  
To ask the king to come and spend a night or two  
with her.

The king he had a rival bold  
His name was Philip of France  
Who swore he'd stop this carrying on  
By the seat of his royal pants.  
So off he sent straightway to Spain  
To steal the Queen away  
And foil the king with a royal ring  
All on a summer's day.

When the news of this foul deed was heard  
Within the royal halls  
The king he swore by the shirt he wore  
He'd have his rival's neck.  
So he (straightway) sent for the duke of zippaty  
Zap  
Who had a dose of the Clippity Clap  
To pass it on to Philip of France  
And all on a summer's day.

The Queen grew very wary when she next saw  
Philip of France  
She decided that the Frenchman  
Had gone and lost his chance.  
(So) she straightway called the king  
And offered him her hand  
And the sound of wedding bells  
Was heard throughout the land.

They had a royal wedding  
All his subjects wished him well  
The dancers danced without their pants  
And so did the king as well  
His only outer garment was a dirty yellow shirt  
With which he tried to hide his hide  
But he couldn't hide the dirt!

SIDE II, Band 3: THE OLD BABY FARMER

Hanging ballads were popular during the late 18th and 19th centuries. They were sold around the streets on the day of execution. At the Tyburn Gallows in London the men who sold broadsheets were famous. They had names like Scaffold Sam and Tragedy Bill. The songs were supposedly composed by the unfortunate malefactor the previous evening and gave detailed accounts of his life, victim, murder, capture, trial, confession and condemnation. If the murder was big news, the press could expect to sell up to a million copies and on some occasions sold a lot more. This song was considered a good one and carried over from the streets into the halls.

The old baby farmer, Mrs. Nellie Dyer, made a livelihood from her exclusive home for the offspring of unmarried society girls. The babies were murdered by Mrs. Dyer who then charged an exorbitant fee for their upkeep. She was run aground after many years of unhindered business.

The old baby farmer has been executed!  
Its about time she was put out of the way  
She was a bad woman it is not disputed  
Not a word in her favour can anyone say.

CHORUS:

The old Baby Farmer, that wretched Mrs. Dyer  
At the Old Bailly her wages be paid  
In times long ago we'd have made a big fire  
And roasted so nicely that wicked old jade!

It seems rather odd to be running down a woman  
But this one was hardly a woman at all.  
To live in a way that was so inhuman  
Browsing in luxury on poor girls' downfall.

Poor girls who fell down from the ways of pure  
virtue

What could they do with a babe in their arms?  
What they had done they could not undo  
So the baby was sent to the cruel baby home.

(CHORUS)

Down through the trap door she's quickly  
disappearing  
Her poor little victims in front of her eyes  
The sound of her own death bell she be a-hearing  
The rope round her neck - how quickly time flies!

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 4:

a) I DON'T WANT TO PLAY IN YOUR YARD

I don't want to play in your yard  
I don't like you anymore!  
You'll be sorry when you see me  
Sliding down our cellar door!  
You can't holler down our rain barrel  
You can't climb our cherry tree  
And I don't want to play in your yard  
If you won't be good to me!

b) THEY'RE MOVING GRANPA'S GRAVE TO  
BUILD A SEWER

They're moving grandpa's grave to build a sewer  
They're moving it regardless of expense  
They're moving his remains to put in nine inch  
drains  
That run to some posh bloke's residence.

Now what's the use of having a religion  
And thinking when you're dead your troubles  
cease

If some society chap wants a pipeline to his tank  
So they move you from your place of rest and peace.

Now in his life grandpa wasn't a quitter  
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now  
'Cause he'll haunt the washroom seat in his winding  
sheets  
And they'll only sleep at night when he'll allow!

And won't there be some ruddy consternation  
And won't those city toffs begin to rave  
Which is no more than they deserve  
For having the ruddy nerve  
To muck about with a British workman's grave!

d) TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES

Two lovely black eyes  
Two lovely black eyes  
All just for telling a man he was wrong  
Two lovely black eyes  
O what a surprise!  
All just for telling a man he was wrong  
Two lovely black eyes.

SIDE II, Band 5: DO IT NO MORE

A song concerning a drastically rising population of  
Victorian England.

As the Queen and Prince Albert  
So buxom and pert  
Were gaily conversing together one day  
John Bull heard 'em talking  
As they was a walking

And V unto A so boldly did say  
"The state is bewildering about little children  
And we are increasing  
You know we have four!  
We kindly do treat 'em  
And seldom do beat 'em  
So Albert dear Albert  
We'll do it no more.  
Do it no more  
Do it no more  
Albert dear Albert we'll do it no more!

Says Albert "my dearest  
There's nothing thou fearest  
Loved and respected in every degree  
And if old Bull don't like it  
Well then he can pipe it  
And kiss my royal twins  
Tweedle-dum tweedle-dee  
So do not persuade me  
Or try to degrade me  
All pleasure and pastime  
To freely give o're  
If you do I'll be bolting  
And off I'll be jolting  
Right over the sea  
Crying do it no more.

Then let me approach ten  
Ye cooks and ye coachmen  
Ye footmen and servants of every degree  
If out in the stable  
Or under the table  
You dance to a hornpipe  
Called tweedle-dee-dee!  
By noon night and morning  
From me take a warning  
Such vile naughty tricks  
You must freely give o're  
Or you'll be forsaken  
Sing fried eggs and bacon  
Queeny and Prince Albert  
And do it no more!

SIDE II, Band 6: THE END OF ME OLD CIGAR

One evening after supper  
The Landlord of the Star  
Presented me with a nine-penny cigar  
I smoked it until Easter  
Like one of the lah-di-dah  
Now everybody knows me by  
The end of me old cigar.

CHORUS:

Oh! the end of me old cigar  
Tra-la! Tra-lah! Tra-la!  
Now everybody knows me  
By the end of me old cigar!

One evening after supper  
I'm strolling in the park  
I comes upon a lady  
It's getting rather dark  
Says she, "can you direct me  
I've wandered rather far?"  
So I takes a puff and shows her the way  
With the end of me old cigar.

CHORUS:

Oh! The end of me old cigar  
Tra-lah! Tra-lah! Tra-lah!  
I takes a puff and shows her the way  
With the end of me old cigar!

When Colonel Smith the millionaire  
Last had a garden party  
Wife and me got a welcome true and hearty



The wife was carrying on  
With some of the lah-di-dah  
But I was doing a trade of me own  
With the end of me old cigar!

CHORUS:

Oh! The end of me old cigar  
Tra-lah! Tra-lah! Tra-lah!  
I was doing a trade of me own  
With the end of me old cigar!

One evening after supper  
Into my surgery  
Come a lady with a vaccination plea!  
She says vaccinate me doctor  
But please don't leave a scar  
So I vaccinated Gurtie  
With the end of me old cigar!

CHORUS:

Oh! The end of me old cigar  
Tra-lah! Tra-lah! Tra-lah!  
I vaccinated Gurtie  
With the end of me old cigar!

SIDE II, Band 7: THE LITTLE SHIRT MY  
MOTHER MADE FOR ME

I shan't forget the day that I was born  
Was on a cold and frosty winters morn.  
The doctor said I was a chubby chap  
And then the nursie took me on her lap!  
Oh! she washed me all over I remember  
And powdered me all over tenderly -  
Then she put me in the cradle by the fireside  
In the little shirt my mother made for me.

Last summer I went on my holidays  
Upon the briney ocean I did gaze  
The sea it looked so nice I thought I'd go  
And have a dip - but in a minute, oh!  
All the girls on the beach at me were staring  
And some were taking snapshots I could see  
It's a good thing for me that I was wearing  
The little shirt my mother made for me!

SIDE II, Band 8: MY MA'S A MILLIONAIRE

a)

My ma's a millionaire  
Flat feet and curly hair  
Marching up and down the street  
With her big banana feet  
My ma's a millionaire!

b)

WISE MEN SAY

Wise men say  
There are more women than men in this world  
That's way some stay single all of their lives!  
Three women to every man  
O go say if you can  
Why can't every man  
Have three wives?

c)

YOU ARE A MARVEL

The King he said to me  
"You are a marvel  
For singing you really have the knack!"  
From his tie he took a diamond tie pin  
He showed it to me,  
Then he shoved it back!

d)

ANY OLD IRON

These last two numbers were written and sung by  
the celebrated cockney comedian Harry Champion.

Any old iron!  
Any old iron!  
Any any any old iron!  
You look neat, talk about a treat  
Dressed like a dapper  
From your napper to your feet.  
Dressed in style  
With a brand new tile  
And your father's old green tie on  
But I wouldn't give you two pence  
For your old watch chain  
Old iron!  
Old iron!

e)

HENERY THE EIGHT

I am Henery the Eight  
Henery the Eight I am, I am  
I got married to the widow next door  
She's been married seven times before  
Every one was an 'enery  
She wouldn't have a Willie or a Sam!  
I'm her eight old man named Henery  
Henery the Eight I am!

SIDE II, Band 9: THE MINER'S DREAM OF  
HOME

I would have sung this appallingly sentimental  
song in its entirety had I stopped myself from  
crying.

I saw the old 'omstead and faces I knew  
I saw England's valleys and dales  
And I listened with joy as I did when a boy  
To the sound of the old village bells.

The log was burning brightly  
Was a night that would bannish all sin  
The bells were ringing the old year out  
And the new year in.

