

Choruses at the West End

The Lincolnshire Poacher - C (F)

1. When I was bound apprentice in famous
Lincolnshire
Full well I served my master for more than
seven years
Till I took up to poaching as you shall quickly
hear
Ch: Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the
season of the year,
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the
season of the year,
2. As me and my companions was setting out
a snare
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him
we didn't care
But we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and
jump out anywhere
3. As me and my companions was setting
four or five
And taking them all up again, we caught a
hare alive
We caught a hare alive, my boys, and
through the woods did steer
4. I threw him over my shoulder, boys, and
then we turned for home
We sold him to a gentleman for the price of
half a crown
For the price of half a crown, me boys, but I
will not tell you where
5. Bad luck to every magistrate in famous
Lincolnshire
Success to every poacher that goes to fetch a
hare

Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not
sell a deer

Oh, 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the
season of the year.

The Parting Glass - G (Em)

1. Of all the money that e'er I spent, I've
spent it in good company
And all the harm that ever I've done, alas it
was to none but me
And for all I've done for want of wit, to
memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass, good night and
joy be with you all

Refrain: repeat the last line

2. If I had money enough to spend, and
leisure to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this town, that truly
has my heart beguiled
Her rosy cheeks and her ruby lips, I own she
has my heart enthralled
So fill to me the parting glass, good night and
joy be with you all

3. Oh, of all the comrades that e'er I had,
they're sorry for my going away
And of all the sweethearts that e'er I had,
they would wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls unto my lot, that I should
leave and you shall not
I will gently rise and softly call, good night
and joy be with you all

Hard Times of Old England - G (G)

1. Come all brother tradesmen who travel
along
I'm asking you now where the work has all
gone

Long time I've been travelling and I cannot
find none

Ch: And it's oh the hard times of old England
In old England very hard times

2. Provisions you find in the shops, it is true
But if you've no money, there's none there
for you

So what's a poor man and his family to do?

3. You go to the factory and ask for a job
They answer you back with a shake and nod
It's enough to make a man turn out and rob

4. Our soldiers and sailors have come from
war

They're fighting for Queen and for country
once more

Home to be starved, better stayed where
they were

5. And you can see our poor tradesmen out
walking the street

From morning till night for employment to
seek

And scarcely have they any shoes to their
feet

6. And now to conclude and to finish my song
Here's hoping these hard times will not last
long

And soon I'll have occasion to alter my song

Final Ch. Sing, Oh the good times of old
England In old England very good times

Good Night Irene - A (D)

Ch. Irene good night, Irene good night,
Good night Irene, good night Irene,
I'll get you in my dreams.

1. Last Saturday night I got married,
Me and my wife settled down,
Now me and my wife we are parted,
I think I'll go out on the town.

1. Sometimes I live in the country,
Sometimes I live in town,
Sometimes I take a great notion
To jump in the river and drown.

3. I love Irene, God knows I do,
I'll love her 'til the seas run dry,
But if Irene should turn me down,
I'd take morphine and die.

4. Stop rambling, stop your gambling,
Stop staying out late at night,
Go home to your wife and your family,
Stay there by your fireside bright.

Pick a Bale of Cotton - F# (D)

1. Great God Almighty gonna pick a bale of cotton
Great God Almighty gonna pick a bale a day
Great God Almighty gonna pick a bale of cotton

Great God Almighty gonna pick a bale a day

Ch. Oh Lordy, pick a bale of cotton
Well oh Lordy, pick a bale a day
Well oh Lordy, pick a bale of cotton
Well oh Lordy, pick a bale a day

2. You got to jump down, turn around and pick a bale of cotton
You got to jump down and turn around and pick a bale a day

3. [squeaky] Me and my wife can pick a bale of cotton
Me and my wife gonna pick a bale a day

4. [gruff blokey] Oh me and my buddy can pick a bale of cotton

Me and my buddy can pick a bale a day

5. You got to jump down and turn around and pick a bale of cotton
You got to jump down and turn around and pick a bale a day

6. Great God Almighty, I can pick a bale of cotton
Great God Almighty, I can pick a bale a day
I can pick peck, pick peck pick a bale of cotton

I can pick peck, pick peck pick a bale a day

Daisy Bell - A (D)

1. There is a flower within my heart
Daisy, Daisy

Planted one day by a glancing dart
Planted by Daisy Bell

Whether she loves me or loves me not
Sometimes it's hard to tell
Yet I am longing to share the lot
Of beautiful Daisy Bell

Ch. Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do
I'm half crazy all for the love of you
It won't be a stylish marraige
I can't afford the carriage
But you'd look sweet on the seat
Of a bicycle built for two

2. We will go tandem as man and wife
Daisy, Daisy
Peddling our way down the road of life
I and my Daisy Bell

When the roads and we both dispise
P'licemen and lamps as well.
There are bright lights in the dazzling eyes
Of beautiful Daisy Bell.

3. I will stand by you in wheel or woe
Daisy, Daisy,
You'll be the bell which I'll ring you know
Sweet little Daisy Bell
You'll take the lead on each trip we take

Then if I don't do well

I will permit you to use the brake
Beautiful Daisy Bell

New York Girls - G (C)

1. As I went down the Broadway
One evening in July

I met a maid who asked me trade
And a sailor John says I

Ch. And away, you Santee
My dear Annie

Oh, you New York girls,
Can't you dance the polka?

2. To Tiffany's I took her
I did not mind expense
I bought her two gold earrings
And they cost me fifteen cents

3. Says she, 'You Limejuice sailor
Now see me home you may'
But when we reached her cottage door
She this to me did say

4. My flash man he's a Yankee
With his hair cut short behind
He wears a pair of long sea-boots
And he sails in the Blackball Line

5. He's homeward bound this evening
And with me he will stay
So get a move on, sailor-boy
Get cracking on your way

6. So I kissed her hard and proper
Afore her flash man came
And fare ye well, me Bowery gal
I know your little game

7. I wrapped me glad rags round me
And to the docks did steer
I'll never court another maid
I'll stick to rum and beer

8. I joined a Yankee blood-boat
And sailed away next morn
Don't ever fool around with gals
You're safer off Cape Horn

Wot Cher! Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road – D

1. Last week down our alley came a toff
Nice old geezer with a nasty cough.
Sees my missus, takes his topper off
In a very gentlemanly way!
"Ma'am" says he, "I 'ave some news to tell,
Your rich uncle Tom of Camberwell,
Popp'd off recent, which it ain't a sell,
Leaving you 'is little donkey shay."
Ch. "Wot cher!" all the neighbours cried,
"Who yer gonna meet, Bill
Have yer bought the street, Bill?"
Laugh! I thought I should 'ave died
Knock'd 'em in the Old Kent Road!
2. Some says nasty things about the moke,
One cove thinks 'is leg is really broke.
That's his envy cos we're carriage folk,
Like the toffs as rides in Rotten Row!
Straight! it woke the alley up a bit,
Thought our lodger would 'ave 'ad a fit,
When my missus who's a real wit
Says "I 'ates a Bus because it's low!"
3. When we starts the blessed donkey stops
He won't move, so out I quickly 'ops
Pals start whackin' 'm, when down 'e drops
Someone says 'e wasn't made to go.
Lor, it might have been a four in 'and,
My old Dutch knows 'ow to do the grand
First she bows, and then she waves 'er 'and,
Callin' out we're goin' for a blow!
4. Ev'ry evenin' at the stroke of five
Me and the missus takes a little drive.
You'd say, "Wonderful they're still alive"
If you saw that little donkey go.
I soon showed 'im that 'ed 'ave to do
Just whatever 'e was wanted to,
Still I sha'nt forget that rowdy crew,
'Ollerin' "Woa! steady! Neddy woa!"

'Arry, 'Arry, 'Arry - G

1. Wiv 'Arry Brown a pal of mine at night I
often go
Round to a pub, a little pub, a cosy little
show
A widow lady keeps it and there's one thing
very clear
'E finks a lot more of the widow than 'e does
the beer
And while they tell their little tales of love
across the bar
I keep my "Chivvy chase" inside a pot
"E's very slow, and so I always whisper in his
ear
Every opportunity I've got.
Ch. 'Arry 'Arry 'Arry 'Arry, you've got a
chance to marry
A nice little widow wiv a nice little pub
Plenty of bacca, beer, and plenty of grub
I would come round and see you, and keep
you company
It would be nice for you an 'er and wouldn't it
be nice for me.
2. Now "Arry is so awkward, why 'e don't
know what to do
Proposing ain't in his line, so I'm going to pull
him through
I'll write it out on paper so as 'e can make a
start
He'll take it home one evening and 'e'll learn
it off by heart
And when 'e gets his courage up and throws
it off his chest
She'll take 'im on without the slightest fear
And when the job is over, and they start their
'oney-moon
Why, I can stay at 'ome and mind the beer.
3. When we go round each evening and we
'elp 'er shut the pub
She takes us in the parlour and she fills us up
with grub

And when the supper's over, of course, well,
there you are
To give them both a chance, I always stroll
into the bar
But there 'e sits a moping with 'is thumb
stuck in 'is mouth
At courting he's as lazy as a Turk
I told 'im only Yesterday, if something wasn't
done
The pair of us would have to go to work.

Rolling Home – B (G)

1. Call all hands to man the capstan
See the cable flake down clear.
Heave away, and with a will, boys,
For old England we will steer.
Ch. Rolling home, rolling home
Rolling home across the sea,
Rolling home to dear old England
Rolling home, fair land to thee.
2. Now Australia we are leaving
For Old England give a cheer,
Fare thee well, ye dark-eyed damsels
And three cheers for English beer!
3. Farewell Heads, we're bound to leave you
Haul the tow-rope all inboard,
We will leave Australia sternward
With all sail we can afford.
4. Round Cape Horn on a winter's morning
Down among the ice and snow,
You will hear us shellbacks calling
Sheet her home, and let her go!
5. Eighteen months away from England
Only fifty days, no more,
On salt horse and cracker-hash, boys
Boston beans that make us sore.
6. Now the Lizard Light's a-shinin'
And we're bound up to the Nore,
With the canvas full an' drawin'
Soon we'll be on England's shore.

The Lambeth Walk - G

1. Anytime you're Lambeth way,
Any evening, any day,
You'll find us all
Doing the Lambeth walk.

2. Every little Lambeth gal,
With her little Lambeth pal,
You'll find us all
Doing the Lambeth walk.

Middle 8 Everything's free and easy,
Do as you darn well pleasey,
Why don't you make your way there,
Go there, stay there.
Once you get down Lambeth way,
Every evening, every day,
You'll find yourself doin' the Lambeth walk.

The Mermaid - E (C)

1. On a Friday morn when we set sail,
And our ship not far from the land,
When our captain spied a mermaid so fair,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Ch. Oh, the ocean waves do roll,
And the stormy winds do blow.
We old sailors are skipping at the top,
While the landlubbers lying down below,
below, below,
Oh, the landlubbers lying down below.

2. And up spoke the captain of our gallant
ship,
And a fine old man was he.
"This fishy mermaid has warned me of our
doom,
We shall sink to the bottom of the sea."

3. And up speaks the mate of our gallant
ship,
And a well-spoken man was he,
"Oh, I have a wife in Plymouth by the sea,
And tonight a widow she will be."

4. And up spoke the cabin-boy of our gallant
ship,
And a brave young lad was he.

"Oh, I have a sweetheart in Plymouth by the
sea,
And tonight she'll be weeping for me."

5. And up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
And a crazy old butcher was he.

"Oh I care much more for my pots and my
pans,
Than I do for the bottom of the sea."

6. Then three times around spun our gallant
ship,
And three times around spun she.
And three times around spun our gallant ship,
And she went to the bottom of the sea.

Hopping Down in Kent - A (A)

1. Now some say hopping's lousy but I don't
believe it's true

We only come down hopping to earn a quid
or two

Ch: With me tee-aye-ay, tee-aye-ay, Tee-
aye-ee-aye-ay.

With me tee-aye-oh, tee-aye-oh, tee-aye-oh.

2. Now when I went a hopping, hopping
down in Kent

I saw old Ma Riley a-sweeping out her tent.

3. Now every Monday morning just at six o-
clock

You'll hear the hoppers calling: Get up and
boil your pot

4. Now Sunday is our washing day, don;t we
wash it clean

We boil it in our hopping pots and hang it on
the green

5. Now do you want some money? Yes sir if
you please

For a hock of bacon, and a pound of mouldy
cheese

6. Now here comes our old measurer, with
his long nose and

chin

With his ten gallon basket, and don't he pack
'em in!

7. Now when our old pole-puller he does
come around

He says: Come on you dirty hop-pickers, pick
'em up all off the
ground

8. Now hopping is all over, all the money
spent

Don't you wish you never come a-hopping
down in Kent