

Bold Sir John

Oh Bold Sir John was young and fair, and Bold Sir John was gay
He said "I'll tread the morning dew, to take the air and listen to
The twittering of the birds all day, the bumble bees at play"
The twit...The twit...The twit...The twit..., the twittering of the birds all day
The bum... The bum... The bum... The bum..., the bumble bees at play

So Bold Sir John he went his way, observing natures farce
"Dear mother earth oh tell me pray, why elephants live so long they say
Your flies live but a day then they, drop dead upon the grass"
Your flies... Your flies... Your flies... Your flies..., your flies live but a day then
they
Drop dead... Drop dead... Drop dead... Drop dead..., drop dead upon the
grass

Now Bold Sir John he met a maid, as on her back she lay
"Please show respect and come not near, for I've seen may a maiden here
Get lost among the new mown hay, so doff your hat I pray"
Get lost... Get lost... Get lost... Get lost..., get lost among the new mown hay
So doff... So doff... So doff... So doff..., so doff your hat I pray

When Bold Sir John return-ed home, they gave him gin to try,
"Nay fill me not with liquor up, nor give me grain nor grape to sup,
Pour cowslips dew into my cup, a puritan am I"
Pour cow... Pour cow... Pour cow... Pour cow..., Pour cowslips dew into my
cup
A pu... A pu... A pu... A pu..., A puritan am I

