

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Any Old Iron?

Any Old Iron?

(Chas. Collins, E.A. Sheppard and Fred Terry)

Just a week or two ago my poor old Uncle Bill,
Went and kicked the bucket and he left me in his will.
The other day I popped around to see poor Auntie Jane,
She said "Your Uncle Bill has left to you a watch and chain."
I put it on right across my vest,
Thought I looked a dandy as it dangled on my chest.
Just to flash it off I started walking 'round about,
A lot of nippers followed me and all began to shout:

cho: "Any old iron any old iron any any old, old iron?"

You look neat - talk about a treat,
You look dapper from your napper to your feet.
Dressed in style, brand new tile,
And your father's old green tie on,
But I wouldn't give you tuppence for your old watch chain,
Old iron, old iron?"

I went to the City once and thought I'd have a spree.
The Mayor of London, he was there, that's who I went to see.
He dashed up in a canter with a carriage and a pair,
I shouted "Holler boys" and threw my hat up in the air.
Just then the Mayor he began to smile,
Saw my face and then he shouted "Lumme what a dial!"
Started a-Lord Mayoring and I thought that I should die
When pointing to my watch and chain he hollered to me "Hi!"

Just to have a little bit of fun the other day,
Made up in my watch and chain I went and drew my pay.
Then got out with a lot of other Colonels on the loose,
I got full right up to here in fourp'ny stagger juice.
One of them said "We want a pot of ale
Run him to the rag shop and bung him on the scale."
I heard the fellow say "What's in this bundle that you've got"
Then whisper to me kindly "Do you want to lose your lot?"

Shan't forget when I got married to Selina Brown.
The way the people laughed at me, it made me feel a clown.
I began to wonder, when their dials began to crack,
If by mistake I'd got my Sunday trousers front to back.
I wore my chain on my darby kell,
The sun was shining on it and it made me look a swell.

The organ started playing and the bells began to ring,
My chain began to rattle so the choir began to sing.

MG
oct99