

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Bogled

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(Dave Houlden)

Some go to folk clubs to listen to songs,
Song go young women to ogle.
But there's more, and their numbers increase day by day
Go to impersonate Eric Bogle.
Once it was Dylan they all used to ape,
Carthy and Jones you could never escape
Now it's Eric they study on record or tape
Though sometimes it's a bit of a failure.

So let's go no more Waltzing Matilda
At least for a week, two or three,
You can soon have too much, even of a good thing
No more Waltzing Matilda for me.

Nearly sixty times this year I've heard the Cocky
And I think you will agree that that is plenty,
To the bar I will repair when I hear that plaintive air
And I think he's playing it now and I feel queasy!
I'll go and chatter to the landlord's daughter
And I'll buy a drink, some whisky laced with water
However gentle, it's a sin to drink blackcurrant mixed with gin
And I think he's playing it now and I feel queasy!

How do you feel, Private William McBride
With this great host of folksingers sat 'round your graveside
I wept when your song the first time I did hear
Now just the announcement brings forth a quiet tear!
It's a beautiful song, and to jest gives me pain
But to hear it eight times every week gives me pain
And they sing it again and again and again
And again and again and again!

Did they beat the drums slowly?
Did they sound the fifes lowly?
Did the rifles fire o'er ye as they lowered you down?
Did the bugles sing The Last Post in chorus?
Did the pipes play The Flowers of the Forest?

Tunes: obvious
CT,AG