

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Boris, Boris

Boris, Boris

Boris was a gentleman

In the Tsar's regime;

Boris was a gentleman

Or so it did seem.

Boris had a lady fair

Her name it was Loween

And ev'ry night she'd wake in fright

And this is what she'd scream:

cho: Boris, Boris, save me, save me

From the Cossacks at my heels (hey! hey! hey!)

Boris, Boris, save me, save me

There are only three more reels.

Boris rode upon a horse

Sagging in the middle

Boris rode upon a horse,

Playing on a fiddle.

It was Boris, not the horse

Sagging in the middle;

It was the horse, not Boris

Playing on the fiddle.

Boris had an accident, it wasn't all his fault

Boris sneezed and, what you think?

The horse he caught a colt.

Boris, in Siberia,

A bushy beard did grow

And when he died, he willed this beard

To Miss Loween to go.

And ev'ry night she wakes in fright

And murmurs 'neath her breath

"Boris, Boris,

"You're tickling me to death."

Note: learned from a "heroic monotone" named Alan Shulman ca.

1953. Tune is (more or less) Hatikvah, freely rendered,

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