

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Haben a Boo and a Banner

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Oh my father was hanged for sheep stealin' [father- long a]

My mither was brunt [sic] as a witch

Sure my sister's a bawdy-hoose keeper

An mysel, I'm a son o' a bitch

Wi' a haben a boo and a banna

An a haben a boo an a bay

Wi' ma haben a boo an a banna

Mink a toodle lie oodle lie a [Mink or Link?]

Oh my grannie she farted a fyken

Will I ha' a feast or a fash

Oh my sister's come doon the stairs drapen[?]

Nay a deil of a coat to her ass

Wi' a &c.

When I was a cobbler in London

And lived in the Royal Exchange

Oh I charg'd[?] my ladies commission

There I rested my rosey behind [behind-short i]

Wi' a &c.

When I was a drapper in London

All the ladies came into my shop

O she asked me for three yards of linen

And I gave her three yards of my

Wi' a &c

When I was a young man in London

And lived at the back of the bucks

Oh I['m fine?] [?] every morning

To learn young ladies to

Wi' a &c.

When I was a hedger and ditcher

And up to my knees in snaw

Oh the deil took haud of my ballocks

And swore he waud rug them awa'

Wi' a &c.

From Arthur Argo's recording, Prestige/ International 13048
Side B, No.2. Perhaps some once can fill in or correct the [?] in

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my transcription.

WBO

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