

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Whirly Whorl

Whirly Whorl

Well, the very first wedding I was bridemaid at  
Was on a Saturday  
There was plenty of lively fun  
And likewise sportin' and play  
The bells was rung and our vows we sung  
And to the Church went up  
Then right up to bed with the silly old groom  
To play at the whirly whorl

Well, first she modestly turned her back  
And then she turned her front  
And long she wished for kindness  
But kindness, she got none  
'Til at last she dragged him all in her arms  
And she pulled him against the wall  
Saying "are you game, you silly old bugger?  
You've lost your whiry whorl!"

"Well, woe be to my mother," she cried  
"She's done to me much ill  
She's married me to a silly old bugger  
It's all against my will  
I'll dress myself in my Sunday best  
And my fairest bonnet and all  
And find a young man all of my own  
To play at the whirly whorl"

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Liza Carthy's version on the Kings of Calicut album

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