

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Jenny Wren Bride

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I've just come away from the wedding,
Oh Lord I could laugh till I cried.
I'll never forget the relations I met
When I married my Jenny Wren bride.

cho: Married, married, I married my Jenny Wren bri-iide,
Married, married, I married my Jenny Wren bride.

Her father he works in the dockyard,
Her brother he owns a Marine Store,
And as for their habits, well talk about rabbits
They've yot half the dockyard ashore.

I asked her old man for a dowry,
He gave me a can of soft soap,
A bundle of waste and some polishing paste
And fifty-six fathoms of rope.

The present we got from her brother
Was twenty-four yards of blue jean,
Her cousin, the crusher, he sent us note-paper,
Six packets of Service Latrine.

Her family hung flags in the churchyard
And they painted the hallway with flatting,
When out stepped the bride they all piped the side,
And she tripped on the coconut matting.

Her wedding-dress, lashed up with spunyarn,
Was made from an old whaler's sail.
On top of her head a dishcloth was spread,
With a spudnet in front for a veil.

Her ptticoat was made out of hessian,
Her knickers were made of green baize,
While for her suspenders she'd a motor-boat's fenders
And two pusser's gaiters for stays.

Now most of rhe church congregation
Was made up of Wrens on the dole
While in the back pew sat the six-inch gun's crew

And half of the standing patrol.

The parson got up in the pulpit.

He said, "Who gives this woman away?"

Then a bloke from the Hood whispered: "Blimey, I could,

But let every dog have its day."

Well now, I'm just off on me honeymoon,

I don't know what happens tonight,

But I've spoke to a few who declare that they do,

And they swear she's a bit of all right.

Tune: 'My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean

From Grey Funnel Lines, Tawney

Recorded by Oscar Brand, Bawdy Sea Songs

note: originally "Pusser-made Bride"