

When I Was A Lad - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

WHEN I WAS A LAD.

As sung in the comic opera of "H. M. S. Pinafore."

When I was a lad I served a term
As office-boy to an attorneys' firm;
I cleaned the windows and swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door-

Chorus.

I polished up the handle so carefuller.
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.
he polished up the handle so carefuller,
That now he's the ruler of the Queen's navee.

As office-boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk;
I served the writs with a smile so bland.
And I copied all the letters in a big, round hand-

Chorus.

I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.
He copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now he is the ruler of the Queen's navee.

In serving writs I made such a name.
That an articled clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a bran new suit,
For the pass examination at the Institute-

Chorus.

And that pass examination did so well for me.
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.
And that pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip,
That they took me into partnership;
And that junior partnership, I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen-

Chorus.

But that kind of ship so suited me.
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.
But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee.

I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament;
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all-

Chorus.

I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the ruler of the Queen's navee.
I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the ruler of the Queen's navee.

Now, landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree;
If your soul isn't fettered to an official stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule:

Chorus.

Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea.
And you may all be rulers of the Queen's navee.
Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,

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And you may all be rulers of the Queen's navee.