

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Trains of Waterloo

Trains of Waterloo
(Les Barker)

As I was a-walking one midsummers evening,
All among the brick-red of suburban sprawl,
I met a young maid making sad lamentation,
And it seemed all Basingstoke heard her sad call,

She walks the street lined with small maisonettes(es),
The semi-detached, the town houses too.
Crying day it is over, executives come home again,
But my Nigel's not returned upon the Trains of Waterloo.

I stepped up to this fair maid and said my fond creature
Oh, May I make so bold as to ask your true loves name
It's I have done battle in the Cannon Street rattle
And by some strange fortune I might have known the same

Nigel Clegg's my true loves name, Merchant Banker of great
fame
He's gone to the wars out on platform two
No-one shall me enjoy but my own darling boy
No Milkman, and the Postman, and the Man from the Pru

If Nigel Clegg's his name a commuter of great fame
Then we fought together the daily campaign
His brave broolly poking invaders at Woking
He was my loyal comrade on the five-thirty train

We fought with our Guardians we fought with our Filofax
Our rolled umbrellas our telegraphs too
We fought every evening all down the platform
And back through the night on the Trains of Waterloo

Dear lady I bring you the saddest of tidings
The five-thirty train it was cancelled you see
And Nigel not looking he went to step onto it
Straight into the path of the five-thirty-three

Your poor Nigel Clegg I have brought you his leg
And so sadly she gazed at the limb she once knew
And fondly she browsed on one half of his trousers
Oh My Nigels not returning on the trains of Waterloo

Words:Les Barker

Sung by June Tabor and Lesley Davies on

ORANGES AND LEMMINGS

The Mrs Ackroyd Band

Mrs Ackroyd Records DOG 007

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