

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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## When Your Bells Have Turned Green

When Your Bells Have Turned Green  
(Herga Morris)

As I walked by the brewery one evening so rare  
To view the still vats and to sniff the malt air,  
I heard an old Morris man singing this song  
"Oh bury me here boys, for me galleys have gone."

cho: Wrap me up in me bells and me baldricks.  
No more in the pubs I'll be seen,  
Just tell me old sidemates I'm takin' a slide, mates  
And I'll see you someday when your bells have turned green.

Now, "Bells Have Turned Green" is a pub I've heard tell,  
Where Morris men go if they don't go to Hell.  
Where the beer is all pretty and the girls are all free  
And they'll take you to Heaven, and won't ask a fee.

Where the sun always shines when you dance Shepherd's Hey  
And you don't need a squire to show you the way.  
And the foreman is there --- Oh! his smile is so sweet  
And the perfumes of Araby rise from his feet.

Where Coors "mountain beer" is a sign that is banned,  
And the Fool never buggers a dance that is planned,  
And the bagman is there, buying drinks by the score  
And everyone says "Good! We'll have twenty more"

Now me time has been good, boys. I've had a good part.  
And from your kind company I'll happily depart  
These words slowly dripped from his lips and his jaw  
As he sank down contented in the booze on the floor.