

Take It, Bob - song lyrics

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TAKE IT, BOB.

Sung by Miss Alecia Jordan

I'm a jolly young miller. Bob Bell is my name,
And in my own village I'm well known to fame;
I've a dear little sweet-heart, a nice little lass,
I'm fond of her, too, and I'm fond of my glass.
Perhaps I'm too fond, they say that may be,
I try to be merry, and am as you see;
But if I attempt to refuse drinks a day,
I fancy the wheel of my mill seems to say:

Chords.

Take it, Bob, take it. Bob, take it, Bob, take it Bob
That's what I fancy my mill seems to say;
Take it, Bob, take it, Bob, take it, Bob, take it,
Take it, Bob, take it, it's better than tea.

I dreamt t'other night that Bob Bell was no more,
He died at the age-well, say twenty-four,
And I heard the folks 'round me say: " Drink's done its worst,"
And although I was dead I was dying with thirst.
A bottle of brandy close by I could see,
'Twas meant for the mourners, it wasn't for me;
And as on my bed still and silent I lay,
In the distance distinctly I heard my mill say.-Chorus

Now, I'm only up here for a bit of a spree,
My pa thinks it's business between you and me;
But you know the old saying that never deceives-
What the eye doesn't see, the heart never grieves.
I must toddle at once, so good-bye to you all,
Perhaps soon again I'll give you a call;
Now. don't ask me to drink before I go away,
Or I'm certain to fancy I hear my mill say:-'Chorus.