

Simon, The Cellarer - song lyrics

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SIMON, THE CELLARER

Old Simon, the cellarer, keeps a rare store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie,
And Cyprus, and who can say how many more?
For a chary old soul is he,
A chary old soul is he.
Of Sack and Canary he never doth fail.
And all the year 'round there is brewing of ale;
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day.
But, oh! oh! oh! his nose doth show
Bow oft the Black Jack to his lips doth go;
But, oh! oh! oh! his nose doth show
How oft the Black Jack to his lips doth go.

Dame Margery sits In her own still room,
A matron sage is she;
From thence oft, at Curfew, is wafted a fume,
She says it is Rosemarie,
She says it is Rosemarie.
But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair,
And the maids say they often see Margery there;
Now Margery says that she grows very old,
And must take a something to keep out the cold.
But, oh! oh! oh! old Simon doth know
Where many a flask of his best doth go;
But, oh! oh! oh! old Simon doth know
Where many a flask of his best doth go.

Old Simon reclines in his high-backed chair,
And oft talks about taking a wife;
And Margery is often heard to declare,
She ought to be settled in life!
She ought to be settled in life!
But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,
And she's not very handsome and not very young;
So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,
And Simon he brews him a tankard instead.
While, oh! oh! oh! he will chuckle and crow.
What! marry old Margery? no! no! no!
While, oh! oh! oh! he will chuckle and crow.
What! marry old Margery no! no! no'