

Gilbert And Sullivan, A Wand'ring Minstrel I

Nanki-Poo: A wandering minstrel I
A thing of shreds and patches,
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby!
My catalogue is long,
Through every passion ranging,
And to your humours changing
I tune my supple song!
I tune my supple song!

Are you in sentimental mood?
I'll sigh with you,
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!
On maiden's coldness do you brood?
I'll do so, too
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!
I'll charm your willing ears
With songs of lovers' fears,
While sympathetic tears
My cheeks bedew
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!

But if patriotic sentiment is wanted,
I've patriotic ballads cut and dried;
For where'er our country's banner may be planted,
All other local banners are defied!
Our warriors, in serried ranks assembled,
Never quail or they conceal it if they do
And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled
Before the mighty troops of Titipu!

Chorus: We shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled,
Trembled with alarm
Before the mighty troops,
The troops of Titipu!

Nanki-Poo: And if you call for a song of the sea,
We'll heave the capstan round,
With a yeo heave ho, for the wind is free,
Her anchor's a-trip and her helm's a-lee,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

Chorus: Yeo-ho heave ho
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

Nanki-Poo: To lay aloft in a howling breeze
May tickle a landsman's taste,
But the happiest hour a sailor sees
Is when he's down
At an inland town,
With his Nancy on his knees, yeo ho!
And his arm around her waist!

Chorus: Then man the capstan off we go,
As the fiddler swings us round,
With a yeo heave ho,
And a rum below,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!
With a yeo heave ho,
And a rum below,
Yeo-ho, heave ho,
Yeo-ho, heave ho,
Heave ho, heave ho, yeo-ho!

Nanki-Poo: A wandering minstrel I
A thing of shreds and patches,
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby! Chorus.
And dreamy lulla-lullaby, Of dreamy lullaby,
Lullaby! Lullaby!