

The Cemetery Song

Woe is me, full of mis-er-y, so I thought I'd take a walk round the ce-me-ter-y

Full of woe, I thought I'd go just to cheer me up with a yo-ho-ho.

Lack-a-day me, dear oh lor, on the ve-ry first tomb-stone there I saw:

Here lies the bo-dy of dear Miss Jones, She died through eat-ing of green plum stones. A

plum stone grew in her dear wind-pipe, Now they've plucked poor Magg-ie be-fore she was ripe.

2. Lackaday me, dear oh lor,
On the very next tombstone there I saw:
Here lies I and my two daughters,
And we died through drinking Chelt'nham waters.
And if we'd kept to Epsom Salts,
We should not have been in these here vaults.
3. Lackaday me, dear oh lor,
On the very next tombstone this I saw:
Here lies the body of Benjamin Higgs,
A famous man for killing pigs.
Killing pigs was his delight,
From Monday morning till Saturday night.

Source: Arthur Ellaway, Cheltenham. Recorded by Gwilym Davies 5th September 1977