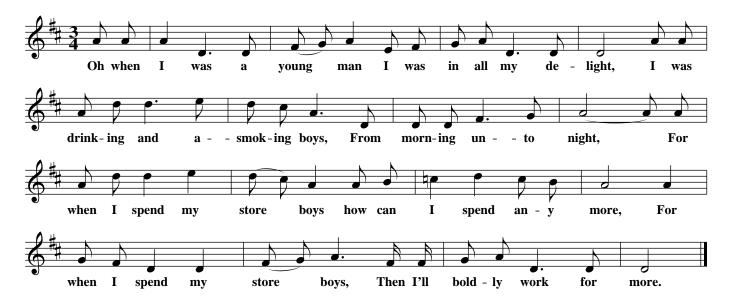
When I was a Young Man (The Drunkard)



[Now as I as a-walking the streets up and down, There I say my landlady dressed in her silk gown With me coat tore at the elbows, my britches at my knee Good Lord, how that landlady she gazed upon me.]

[No longer could I bear it, strainger up to her I went "Do I owe you any money or what is your intent? Do I owe you any money for your 'bacco or your beer? For if I did you must have been in your old ragged gear".]

So I walked into the public house and I called for a pint of the best And the landlady she looked at me, and she brought me in the slops [When you call for the best of ale and I bring you in the dregs That's why I'm in my silk gown and you're in your rags."]

Source: Sung by Wiggy Smith at Wiggy's caravan, Elmstone Hardwicke, 11th August, 1994. Recorded by Gwilym Davies and Paul Burgess.

Notes: Extra words in brackets added from another Gloucestershire version

© Gloucestershire Traditions