Little Willie's Wild Woodbines



When Billy touched the fust 'en, he said, 'This 'en yain't a good'un! The next might be all right.'

When he lit the second he said, 'I wish I'd bought plum-pudden, Or else a paper kite.'

I never thought the world went round,' he murmered at the third,

'But now I've seen it dancing I can take my teacher's word.'

And at the fourth he felt so bad, he hic-cup'd with a frown,

'Grub yain't so nice a-coming up as when it's going down.'

Little Billy Williams he lay flatter than a flounder, Full of misery. Suddenly along the road came P.C. Binks, the bounder, 'What's up yere?' said he. Then lighting up his bulls-eye, he disclosed the shocking fact, Little Willie had been smoking right against the latest act. He picked up all those evidence, those half-smoked woodbines four, As bold as little Willie said, 'Please sir, I've got one more.'

Last Chorus: Five little fags in a dainty little packet, Five cigarettes that cost one D. Five little pains underneath his jacket, Five wobbles in his little Mary, Five little whiffs, five little jiffs He was lying on the tramway line. The copper, he was crying Little Willie felt like dying, But the copper smoked his last Woodbine.

Source: Sung by Reg Hannis, Cranham. Collected by Gwilym Davies 20 January 1975.

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