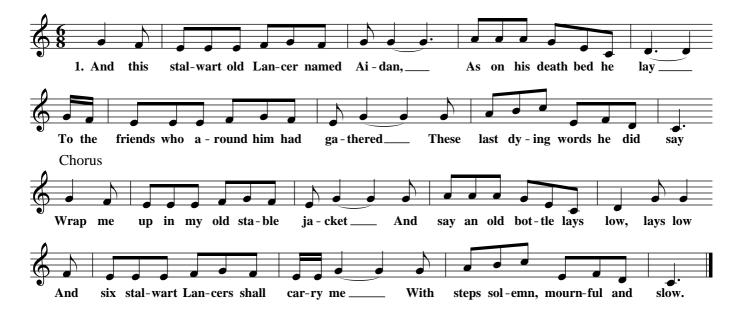
Wrap Me Up In My Old Stable Jacket



 And this stalwart old Lancer named Aidan, As on his death bed he lay To the friends who around him had gathered These last dying words he did say

Chorus:

Wrap me up in my old stable jacket And say an old bottle lays low, lays low And six stalwart Lancers shall carry me With steps solemn, mournful and slow.

- 2. Then oh that I'd wings of a little dove Far, far away would I fly, Straight to the arms of my true love There would I lay me and die.
- 3. Then get you two little white tombstones Put one at my head and my feet,
 Then get your penknife and scratch there
 "Here lies the old bottle below."
- 4. Then get you six whiskies and sodas Stand them all in a row Then get six jolly fine fellows And drink to the old bugger below!

Source: Harry Illes, Lower Swell, 1957, collected by Peter Kennedy Notes: The singer said he learned this song from a man from Lancashire.