

Wrap Me Up In My Old Stable Jacket

1. And this stal-wart old Lan-cer named Ai-dan, ___ As on his death bed he lay ___
To the friends who a-round him had ga-thered ___ These last dy-ing words he did say
Chorus
Wrap me up in my old sta-ble ja-cket ___ And say an old bot-tle lays low, lays low
And six stal-wart Lan-cers shall car-ry me ___ With steps sol-emn, mourn-ful and slow.

1. 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.