

Bluebell Polka

Bb

L Pickin' a bluebell in the merry month of May, (next line etc)
And suddenly I saw him strolling on his way,
Pickin' a bluebell just the same as I was too,
I thought I could be happy with a boy like you.

Bb

M And as he turned and smiled at her her heart stood still,
I never knew a smile could give her such a thrill.
He was a handsome laddie and he looked so good,
She promised that she'd meet him in the bluebell wood.

F

C7 F

L Half past seven by the old oak tree,
I was waiting anticipating
What would happen to a girl like me
When he came along?

Bb

A Pickin' a bluebell in the merry month of May,
And suddenly she saw him strolling on his way,
Pickin' a bluebell just the same as she was too,
Thought she could be happy with a boy so true.

Eb

Bb7 Eb

L He looked wonderful, oh so wonderful,
How was I to see he would make a fool of me?
Two dark flashing eyes looked like paradise;
My heart flickered like a flame.

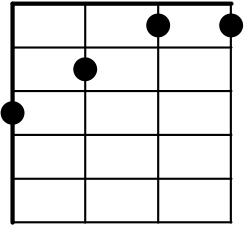
Eb

M What was she to do? Met her Waterloo.
There she stood for hours, waiting in the wood for me;
I'm confessing, I learned my lesson
And now I'll never be the same.

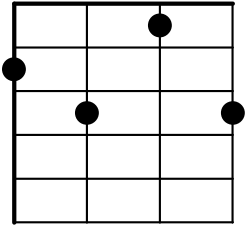
Bb

A Pickin' a Bluebell in the merry month of May
Is something we'll remember when we're old and grey,
And if we live to ninety-two we know darn well,
We never want to see another Scots bluebell.

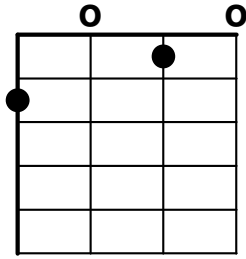
Bb



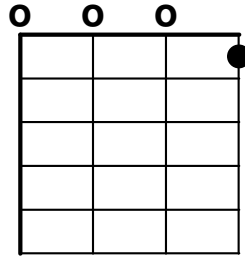
F7



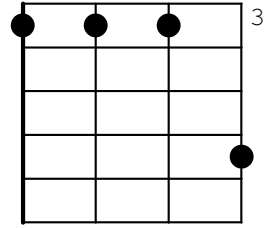
F



C7



Eb



Bb7

