

Tom Bawcock's Eve

^F A merrier place, you may believe
^C Was Mousehole on Tom Bawcock's eve.
^F To be there then who wouldn' wish,
^C To sup on seven sorts of fish.

^C When murgy broth had cleared the path
^{Bb} Comed Lances for a fry--
^F And then us had a bit o' scad,
^C And starry gazey pie.

^C Next comed fair maids, bra' thrusty jades
^{Bb} As made our oozles dry--
^F And ling and hake, enough to make
^C A running shark to sigh.

^C As each we'd clunk, as health were drunk
^{Bb} In bumpers brimming high--
^F And when up came Tom Bawcock's name
^C We praised him to the sky.