

I HAVE A SONG TO SING, O!

Gilbert & Sullivan, from "Yeoman Of The Guard,"

D
I have a song to sing, O! (Sing me your song, O!)
A
It is sung to the moon by a love-lorn loon
D A
Who fled from the mocking throng-o
D A
It's the song of a merry man moping mum
D A
Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum
D A
Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb
D A D
As he sighed for the love of a lady.

Refrain:

D A G D A D
Hey-di, hey-di, misery me, lack-a-day-de

He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb
A D
As he sighed for the love of a lady.

I have a song to sing, O! (What is your song, O?)
It is sung with the ring of the songs maids sing
Who loved with a love life-long-o
It's a song of a merry maid peerly proud
Who loved a lord and who laughed aloud
At the moan of the merry man moping mum
Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum
Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb
As he sighed for the love of a lady.

(Refrain)

I have a song to sing, O! (Sing me your song, O)
It is sung to the knell of a church-yard bell
And a doleful dirge ding-dong o
It's a song of a popinjay bravely born
Who turned up his noble nose with scorn
At the humble merry maid peerly proud
Who loved a lord and who laughed aloud
At the moan of a merry man moping mum
Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum
Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb
As he sighed for the love of a lady.

(Refrain)

I have a song to sing, O!
 (I have a song to sing)
I have a song to sing-o!

It is sung with a sigh and a tear in the eye for it tells of a righted wrong-o
It's a song of the merry maid once so gay
Who turned on her heel and tripped away
From the peacock popinjay bravely born
who turned up his noble nose with scorn
At the humble heart that he did not prize
So she begged on her knees with downcast eyes
For the love of the merry man moping mum
Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum
Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb
As he sighed for the love of a lady.

Hey-di, hey-di, misery me, lack-a-day-de,
His pains were o'er and he sighed no more
For he lived in the love of a lady.

Hey-di, hey-di, his pains were o'er
And he sighed no more
For he lived in the love of a lady.