

**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.