

Josef Locke

Richard Thompson

My name is Josef Locke
God bless all here and state your pleasure

If you'll refill my glass I'll sing Ave Maria
I'll sing The Old Bog Road or A Shawl of Galway Grey

And I've been gone from you for some while
Those English tax men they've cramped my style

And if you think I'm some fraud upstart
Just let my voice be my calling card

It melted hearts, and royal teardrops fell
They loved me well, they loved me well

My name is Josef Locke
Ladies and gents, now on your honour

This is a damn poor show
You'll not call me a drunkard

I've sung for kings and princes
How the memories still glow

O cessate di piagiarmi
O lasciate mi morir
O lasciate mi morir...

All the applause, all the cheers and cries
How many times did that curtain rise

And now you dare mock the Singing Bobby
I'll find the door, take your bullies off me

A sweeter age it was that loved me well
They loved me well