

The Punch Bowl

Seth Lakeman

Come all you bold people,
Give ear to my song.
Ill sing in good praise
Of all brandy and rum.
There's a clear, crystal fountain,
With England's control,
Give me that punch ladel,
I'll fathom the bowl.
My wife she comes in
As I sit at my ease.
She scolds and she grumbles,
And does as she please.
Well, she may scold and grumble
'Til she's black as coal.
Give me that punch ladel,
I'll fathom the bowl.
My father he lies
In the depths of the sea.
With no stone at his feet,
Does it matter to me?
There's a clear crystal fountain
Where England should roll.
Give me that punch ladel,
I'll fathom bowl.