By Gilbert and Sullivan (PD) From *The Yeomen of the Guard*

I Have a Song to Sing-O

Point. And a doleful dirge, ding dong, O! I have a song to sing, O! It's a song of a popinjay, bravely born, Elsie. Who turned up his noble nose with scorn Sing me your song, O! At the humble merrymaid, peerly proud, Point. Who loved a lord, and who laughed aloud It is sung to the moon At the moan of the merryman, moping mum, By a love-lorn loon, Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was Who fled from the mocking throng, O! glum. It's a song of a merryman, moping mum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was crumb, glum, As he sighed for the love of a ladye! Who sipped no sup, and who craved no Heighdy! heighdy! crumb. Misery me — lack-a-day-dee! As he sighed for the love of a ladye. He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, Heighdy! heighdy! As he sighed for the love of a ladye! Misery me — lack-a-day-dee! Elsie. He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, I have a song to sing, O! As he sighed for the love of a ladye! Point. Sing me your song, O! Elsie. I have a song to sing, O! Elsie It is sung with a sigh Point. Sing me your song, O! And a tear in the eye, Elsie. For it tells of a righted wrong, O! It is sung with the ring It's a song of the merrymaid, once so gay, Of the songs maids sing Who turned on her heel and tripped away Who love with a love life-long, O! From the peacock popinjay, bravely born, It's the song of a merrymaid, peerly proud, Who turned up his noble nose with scorn Who loved a lord, and who laughed aloud At the humble heart that he did not prize: At the moan of the merryman, moping mum, So she begged on her knees, with downcast Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was eyes. For the love of the merryman, moping mum, glum, Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was Who sipped no sup, and who craved no glum, crumb. Who sipped no sup, and who craved no As he sighed for the love of a ladye! Heighdy! heighdy! crumb. As he sighed for the love of a ladye! Misery me — lack-a-day-dee! He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, Both.As he sighed for the love of a ladye! Heighdy! heighdy! Misery me — lack-a-day-dee! Point. His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, I have a song to sing, O! For he lived in the love of a ladye! Elsie. Heighdy! heighdy! Sing me your song, O! Misery me — lack-a-day-dee! Point. It is sung to the knell His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, Of a churchyard bell, For he lived in the love of a ladye!

Lyrics and sound file can be found many places on the web; I got them here¹.

¹ <http: <="" gas="" math.boisestate.edu="" th=""><th>yeomen/yeomen_07.html></th><th></th></http:>	yeomen/yeomen_07.html>	
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