

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

### I Have a Song to Sing-O

*Point.*  
I have a song to sing, O!

*Elsie.*  
Sing me your song, O!

*Point.*  
It is sung to the moon  
By a love-lorn loon,  
Who fled from the mocking throng, O!  
It's a song of a merryman, 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 ladye.  
Heighdy! heighdy!  
Misery me — lack-a-day-dee!  
He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,  
As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

*Elsie.*  
I have a song to sing, O!

*Point.*  
Sing me your song, O!

*Elsie.*  
It is sung with the ring  
Of the songs maids sing  
Who love with a love life-long, O!  
It's the song of a merrymaid, peerly proud,  
Who loved a lord, and who laughed aloud  
At the moan of the merryman, 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 ladye!  
Heighdy! heighdy!  
Misery me — lack-a-day-dee!  
He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,  
As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

*Point.*  
I have a song to sing, O!

*Elsie.*  
Sing me your song, O!

*Point.*  
It is sung to the knell  
Of a churchyard 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 merrymaid, peerly proud,  
Who loved a lord, and who laughed aloud  
At the moan of the merryman, 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 ladye!  
Heighdy! heighdy!  
Misery me — lack-a-day-dee!  
He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb,  
As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

*Elsie.*  
I have a song to sing, O!

*Point.*  
Sing me your song, O!

*Elsie.*  
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 merrymaid, 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 merryman, 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 ladye!

*Both.*  
Heighdy! heighdy!  
Misery me — lack-a-day-dee!  
His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more,  
For he lived in the love of a ladye!  
Heighdy! heighdy!  
Misery me — lack-a-day-dee!  
His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more,  
For he lived in the love of a ladye!

Lyrics and sound file can be found many places on the web; I got them here<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup><[http://math.boisestate.edu/gas/yeomen/yeomen\\_07.html](http://math.boisestate.edu/gas/yeomen/yeomen_07.html)>