

NANKI-POO:

A wandering minstrel I —
A thing of shreds and patches
Of ballads, songs and snatches
And dreamy lullaby!
My catalogue is long
Through every passion ranging
And to your humours changing
I tune my supple song!
I tune my supple song!

Are you in sentimental mood?
I'll sigh with you
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!
On maiden's coldness do you brood?
I'll do so, too —
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!
I'll charm your willing ears
With songs of lovers' fears
While sympathetic tears
My cheeks bedew —
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!

But if patriotic sentiment is wanted
I've patriotic ballads cut and dried;
For where'er our country's banner may be planted
All other local banners are defied!
Our warriors, in serried ranks assembled
Never quail — or they conceal it if they do —
And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled
Before the mighty troops of Titipu!

CHORUS:

We shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled
Trembled with alarm
Before the mighty troops
The troops of Titipu!

NANKI-POO:

And if you call for a song of the sea
We'll heave the capstan round
With a yeo heave ho, for the wind is free
Her anchor's a-trip and her helm's a-lee
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

CHORUS:

Yeo-ho — heave ho —
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

NANKI-POO:

To lay aloft in a howling breeze
May tickle a landsman's taste
But the happiest hour a sailor sees
Is when he's down
At an inland town
With his Nancy on his knees, yeo ho!
And his arm around her waist!

CHORUS:

Then man the capstan — off we go
As the fiddler swings us round
With a yeo heave ho
And a rum below
Hurrah for the homeward bound!
With a yeo heave ho
And a rum below
Yeo-ho, heave ho
Yeo-ho, heave ho
Heave ho, heave ho, yeo-ho!

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CHORUS:

And dreamy lulla-lullaby
Of dreamy lullaby
Lullaby! Lullaby!