

I Have a Song to Sing, O!

original by Gilbert and Sullivan
(in *The Yeoman of the Guard*, 1888) adapted and arranged by Peter Yarrow, Paul Stookey, Mary Travers, and Milt Okun (1964)

^D I have a song to sing, O! (Sing me your song, O!)
^D It is sung to the moon by a love-lorn loon who fled from the mocking throng-o
^D It's the song of a merry man moping mum whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum
^D Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb as he sighed for the love of a lady.

^{D(½)} ^{A7(½)} ^{G(½)} ^{D(½)} ^A ^D
 Hey-di, hey-di, misery me, lack-a-day-de
^D ^A ^{D(½)} ^{A(½)} ^D
 He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb as he sighed for the love of a lady.

^D I have a song to sing, O! (What is your song, O?)
 It is sung with the ring of the songs maids sing who loved with a love life-long-o
 It's a song of a merry maid peerly proud who loved a lord and who laughed aloud
 At the moan of the merry man 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 lady.

^D ^D ^D ^D ^D

I have a song to sing, O! (Sing me your song, O)
 It is sung to the knell of a church-yard 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 merry maid peerly proud who loved a lord and who laughed aloud
 At the moan of a merry man 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 lady.

^D ^D ^D ^D ^D ^D ^D
 I have a song to sing, (I have a song to sing) I have a song to sing!

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 merry maid 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 merry man 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 lady.

Hey-di, hey-di, misery me, lack-a-day-de,
 His pains were o'er and he sighed no more, for he lived in the love of a lady.