

Song 1 The Family Pedigree

Our story starts in Gloucestershire in nineteen twenty-three,
At Bramley hall the family were as happy as could be,
The master had come up trumps at last and sired a Bramley heir,
Alas, the boy was a product of an extra-marital affair.
It happened that a good nine months before this great event
To the Ducal ball at Marden Hall, his lordship upped and went,
The croquet lawn was filled with noble girls in frills and laces,
But our gallant earl did not much care for noble airs and graces.

Chorus:

His mother simply did not count, his father was a peer,
The old marquis was round the twist, the baron was a queer;
His lordship's wild insanity and infamy is global,
His counter-tenor's world-renowned, for he was born with nobles.
The Bramley family pedigree with poor breeding is so tinged,
The bright blue blood affects the brain and makes them quite unhinged.
With heads held high, their battle cry: Lord Bramley is a crazy old fart.

It appears the peer did much prefer a girl of lower class,
With rough white hands and aitches dropped and padding on her arse,
With talk of love and romance he beguiled her as his match,
He led her up the garden path and to the cabbage patch.
The noble stud was seen in the mud with the buxom kitchen wench,
And then the earl and the servant girl were seen on a garden bench.
And so quite soon, on a full blue moon, beneath the duke's best vine.
With a glass of wine they did entwine to propagate the Bramley line.

As months went by the Duke observed his maid become more plump,
His hair did curl when the servant girl explained her swollen bump,
In the blink of an eye the hue and cry spread through the noble community,
The Duke packed her off to a convent with the promise of an annuity.
The poor young wench gave birth on cue though afterwards berated,
She lost her wits on that dreadful day, when the babe was confiscated.
Now, dear old lady Bramley she deserves to be a martyr,
For she took the baby as her own, although he was a bastard.

Song 2 Relatively Speaking

Chorus

Relatively speaking we share a family tree,
Descended from our cousin the humble chimpanzee;
You can argue otherwise but they say 'the truth will out'!
If you take a look at your cousin Percival, that's proof beyond all doubt.

Verse 1

Adam trusted Eve, his wife, with all his worldly goods,
Then one day she went out for a stroll and got lost in the woods;
Then all because a nasty snake promised Eve a jamboree,
She stole a juicy Granny Smith from Yahweh's favourite tree.
If you trace your family tree back through the mists of time,
You're sure to find your ancestors were guilty of some crime,
They may have robbed a highway coach or thieved a cask of wine,
And most would end up in the clink to do their stretch of time.

Chorus

Verse 2

Even first class citizens were not beyond reproach,
They used to water down the beer, put sand grains in the oats;
You may surely wonder why, with their educated brains,
They knew they'd go down under with their legs bound up in chains
They set off on the Mayflower, a most intrepid bunch,
Their bible in their left hand and in the other lunch;
They landed some months later in antipodean paradise,
But soon they got malaria, bubonic plague and lice.

Chorus

Verse 3

A budget class cruise liner at his majesty's expense,
Soon set off for this promised land, hold full of malcontents;
Instead of showing them the noose the judge he did propose,
To chuck 'em out of England to live amongst the dingoes

Final Chorus

Relatively speaking we're family you see,
You'll never meet a noble with a perfect pedigree;
We're all a load of mongrels - and if you don't agree;
We shall send you down to old Sydney town to join the colony.

Song 3 Doctor Herzbaum

Doctor Herzbaum, dietary expert of old,
Recommends daily tipples for warding of coughs and colds;
Why, the man was no fool, you should follow his rule,
He was weaned on pure ethanol.

No prescription, cheap at the breweries own rate,
You can get a great deal if you buy it in bulk by the crate;
Or you buy by the yard and pay on your card,
Its medicinal power is first rate.

Landlord's remedy, curer of all that ails,
Taken in moderation its healing power never fails;
Try our best home-made brew, don't mind if I do,
It's distilled in the landlady's pails.

If you wake with fever and pains in the arm,
Toothache and headache, a fever and sweaty palms;
Just a moderate tot will get rid of the lot
And it won't do you too much harm.

Sunday morning, hangover pays what you're owed,
With a head that's so swollen that surely it soon must explode;
Why not kill all that pain and the ache in your brain,
With a bottle or two for the road.

Song 4 Don't Touch the Body

1 Don't touch the body whatever you do,
Don't touch the body, when it's cold and blue,
The corpse always will provide the evidence of homicide;
So let the deceased speak for itself,
(*echo from body*) Yes, let the deceased speak for itself!

2 Let forensic experts deal with this case,
Photographs and fingerprints, examine every trace,
Saliva swabs and DNA and biopsies they'll use;
So just let the body yield up the clues;
(*echo from body*) Yes, just let the body yield up the clues;

3 Let the dear departed take centre stage,
Don't try to upstage him, let him earn his wage.
He'll miss his only chance once rigor mortis has set in,
He's already frozen and wearing a grin,
(*echo from body*) I'm already frozen and here's my grin

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Don't touch the body, when it's cold and blue,
The corpse always will provide the evidence of homicide;
So let the deceased speak for itself,
(*echo from body*) Yes, let the deceased speak for itself!

Song 5 : A Paradox Unfolds

Things rapidly deteriorate, the paradox unfolds,
The body should be play-acting but now it's gone quite cold,
What started off as make-believe has ended up quite real,
We've opened up a can of worms and heard the death knell's peal.

This story of deception seemed so simple at the start,
But now the actors are confused about who plays which part;
So you must find it twice as hard to keep up with the plot,
Perhaps we'll hire a hit man now to bump off the whole lot.

Our actors all are experts in the art of masquerade,
Their training back at theatre school made masters of their trade;
And if you are not entertained and disbelief suspended;
Perhaps you'd better bugger off before we get offended.

And now the great deception has momentum of its own,
The actors are unmasked at last, their cover has been blown;
But just in case you're too confused and still you sit and wonder,
We'd better have an interval to go away and ponder.

Song 5 Reprise:

Although you all discussed the plot as you knocked back your ale,
You won't know who the killer is till later in the tale;
For now the plot is thickening with intrigue and foul play,
Our storyline proceeds apace towards the close of day.

So don't pretend to him next door that you can guess whodunit,
And if you made a bet with him he has already won it;
So stay awake and vigilant and sift through every clue,
For rest-assured the murd'rer makes an entrance in act two.

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Song 6 An Evening With Lord Bramley is Never Quite routine

An evening with Lord Bramley is never quite routine,
At first glance the historic pile sets a tranquil scene,
But underneath the surface things aren't quite how they appear,
The writer of this crazy plot takes after Edward Lear.

Chorus:

Don't believe your eyes or trust your ears,
This den of vice and haunt of noble peers,
Has many secrets foul and grim,
In attics dark and cellars dim.

Now take the host, Lord Bramley, though he looks the noble stuff,
With gravy on his dickie-bow and red wine on his cuff;
We heard him practising his lines as though this were a play,
And saw him kissing Pamela and leading her astray.

Chorus

And what about the butler with his fancy talk and airs,
We saw him squeeze the Lady's bum, passing on the stairs;
Take one look at the body with a knife stuck in the chest,
It's not the way he planned to go - a cardiac arrest.

Chorus

And then there's that O'Malley, he just doesn't have a clue,
No, even with a man-u-al, he'd not know what to do;
And posh Sir Richard Braithwaite, though he claims he's an M.P.
He's less idea of politics than a chimpanzee!

Chorus

Song 7 Murder is a Deadly Serious Business

Chorus:

*Murder is a deadly serious business, murder is a deadly serious business,
Murder is a deadly serious business, permit us to explain:
Your life replays before your very eyes as the axe cuts through your brain,
If you don't lock your door and watch your back when you are off to bed;
Before the dawn lights up the sky you'll wake up very dead.*

You know not where they're coming from they creep up from behind,
The evil art of homicide demands a subtle mind;
They often favour poison as it never leaves a mark,
They need not face the victim and it works well in the dark.

Chorus

Some like a vicious stabbing as they see the victim's face,
All twisted and contorted as he writhes in death's embrace;
This doesn't suit the faint of heart, its drawbacks are quite clear,
The blood will stain the carpet and the guts will spoil your beer.

Chorus

Beware the ices of march, my friend, when treachery abounds,
Watch out for every shadow and flinch at every sound;
You never know whom you may trust, be wary as you tread,
For history makes it plain enough - you're sure to end up dead!

Chorus

Song 8 Now His Lordship's Breathed His Last

Now the show is surely over, as his lordship breaths his last,
And the tickets will be cheaper now with one less in the cast;
He's shuttled off his mortal coil, but what a way to peg it,
Just one small sip of his favourite brew then such a public e-xit.

Now young Archie has succeeded in bumping off his dad,
Oh yes, you might find it funny but we think it's rather sad;
He might have got the money but he'll not get out on bail,
And he must be looking forward now to forty years in jail.

It's a shame for poor old Michael, who must leave now in a hearse,
Though his acting was quite dire, and his singing voice was worse;
Although he went to RADA he never got that far,
'Cos he would spend all his afternoons quite legless in the bar.

So his lordship's dream came true, this murder-mystery caper,
So it must be quite a shock to him to be off to meet his maker;
But though he has on stage tonight his peerage abdicated,
His equity subscription will, alas, not be reba-ted.