

## Down Stepney Way

Down East London on a Friday night with all me mates,  
We love East London, we have so much fun it drives us crazy.  
Standing on the corner, eyeing the girls,  
Bowling down the high street without a care, 'cos  
Dear old Stepney, that's the place I love to be.

Second part:

Boom, boom, boom, boom etc (for 8 bars) Strolling down the streets of Stepney.  
Boom, boom, boom, boom etc (for 8 bars) Strolling down the streets of Stepney.

First part:

Walking the beat, down Stepney way,  
Life is a treat, down Stepney Way,  
Whistling a tune, under the moon as we go strolling down the streets of Stepney.

See an old dame across the street,  
See an old flame I'd like to meet,  
Waltzing along, singing a song as I go strolling down the streets of Stepney.

And if you're down when life gets tough,  
Your luck's run out, you've had enough.  
With all your woes, you're not alone when you go strolling down the streets of Stepney.

And when the bailiffs come around,  
Don't hide your face and go to ground,  
Just bowl along and join our song as we go strolling down the streets of Stepney.

Down the arches cuddling with a luvverly gal by moonlight,  
Down our local, you can 'ear us sing from Clapham common.  
We're the sort of folks you'd trust with your life,  
If you've got some nouse you'll lock up ya wife, Oi!  
Dear old Stepney, that's the place I love to be.

## A Paradox of Fate, Alice

1 Why should life be a tangled web;  
A paradox of fate?  
I've lived this moment in many a dream  
It never should have turned out quite this way.

My happiest hour has become my worst  
It passed in the twinkling of an eye.  
Could he perceive my unspoken words?  
Please let this pain grow less as time goes by.

2 *(more animated)*

We'd walk at night through moonlit groves  
And gaze at bubbling streams.  
He'd hold my hand as time stood still,  
He'd share the magic moments of my dreams.

He'd share my laughter and dry my tears  
And know the secrets of my heart.  
We'd both grow old in company  
Till death drew nigh and tore us both apart.

3 War spoils the best laid plans of men  
In cruel twists of fate.  
And no-one dares say what might have been  
In a world that's full of so much love and hate.

No-one can steal all my hopes and dreams  
I'll wait and love another day.  
If Frank could just know the way that I feel  
He'd not let war or distance keep him away.

## Tours of London Town, Bert and Archie Brown

### Verse 1:

If you would like a lightning tour of dear old London town,  
You could do worse than go by hearse with Bert and Archie Brown.  
By day we do a roaring trade in silk-lined wooden box,  
At night our famous guided tour starts by St Cath'rine's docks.

### Chorus:

So, squeaky clean, chrome's bright sheen, black upholstery, the best in town.  
One in front, two behind, one in the back lying down.  
Our comment'ry's performed with dignity just like the bishop's finest eulogy.  
You won't see much but pigeons and the tower,  
'Cos we only do five miles an hour.

### Verse 2:

The chimney sweeps in Camden Town doff hats as we drive by,  
They're black as soot from head to foot their faces to the sky.  
The brewer's horse and cart pass by and he applies the brake,  
A fallen barrel won't be missed to toast the yeoman's wake.

### Verse 3:

The buskers down at Seven Dials have nothing in their hat,  
Their double bass is out of tune, their trombone's sounding flat.  
The pickpockets down Petticoat Lane are getting rich quite quick.  
So sew your wallet in your coat before you take the trip.

### Verse 4:

So, come and treat your grandma to the sights of London town  
Just tuck her nicely in the back; she's better lying down.  
And if before the tour returns the old girl should pass away.  
The funeral will be half price, we'll do it the next day.

## The Club

### Chorus:

The club, the club, the club, a gentleman's utopia.  
Dinner at eight and port by the fire with knight and lord and peer.  
The club, the club, the club, paradise in Belgravia.  
With silver service and servants by the score and a telephone in every room.

### Verse 1:

A Gentleman's home is his castle his second home is his club,  
Where privilege lurks at ev'ry turn his shoulders with dukedom will rub.  
Oxford brogue, in dulcit tones echo round her marbled walls.  
Stiff upper lips and lashings of r.p. in the ruling classes sacred, hallowed halls.

### Verse 2:

You'll not even get past the porter, unless your father's a lord.  
Your vote must be of the bluest kind and your father must be chair of the board.  
Oxford blue, best you can do, don't bother to apply.  
At least you need a seat on the back bench and you need the necessary old school tie.

### Verse 3:

The rules of the club are the gospel, you'll learn each one off by heart.  
Thy jacket shall be the tailored kind, thou shalt wear it when thou tak'st a bath.  
Never shalt thou give a tip unless it's for the valet.  
Thou shalt be in before the hour of ten when we raise the drawbridge for the end of day.

## Good Old England

1        Every one loves good old England and there's no-one that I know  
Who would leave that good old England for any other place to go.  
As we stroll along the promenade hand in hand each moonlit night,  
We will talk about old England for good old England we will fight.

2        Give me a village square, children play on the green;  
Country folk, full of good cheer, stand around and spend their day gossiping.  
Bright lights shine in the town as folk rush by.  
This is why I am so glad that old England she is mine.

2        From the glorious parks and gardens of our green and pleasant isle  
To the frozen lakes and snowy mountains of Cumbria's rural style;  
And the coves and sandy beaches of that ancient Cornish shore;  
There's a place for every Englishman and it's our pride for evermore.

3        Every one loves good old England and there's no-one that I know  
Who would leave that good old England for any other place to go.  
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## By the Old Town Square

### *Verse 1*

As I was walking home last night with pretty little Susie Brown,  
I saw a p'liceman standing there and on his face he had a frown.  
Now, the boys in blue are all straight and true but something told me to beware,  
So without delay we made our way to the back of the old town square.  
Yes, without delay we made our way to the back of the old town square,

### *Chorus*

Oh, it's such bliss just to steal a kiss when I'm with a girl so dear,  
The lights are low so why not go and stroll down to the pier?  
And, there we'll whisper in the moonlight as we gaze into the silver sea,  
We'll be side by side 'til morning comes, just my little girl and me.

### *Verse 2*

Now, once I was in Brighton town with nothing very much to do  
When up to me quite suddenly there came a little girl in blue.  
She was, oh, so sweet from head to feet that I could only stand and stare,  
Then she smiled and asked me how to get to the back of the old town square,  
Yes, she smiled and asked me how to get to the back of the old town square.

### *Chorus*

Oh, it's such bliss just to steal a kiss when I'm with a girl so dear,  
The lights are low so why not go and stroll down to the pier?  
And, there we'll whisper in the moonlight as we gaze into the silver sea,  
We'll be side by side 'til morning comes, just my little girl and me.

## Never Mind Your Language

1 Professor Spooner minced his words and made them sound like Dutch. His students liked to doze in class and didn't notice much.

Brave King Canute turned back the waves, he was a Danish bloke. He knew the tide would turn at noon whatever tongue he spoke.

Lawyers speaking legal Latin leave their clients over-awed. Rhetoric and precedent is sure to make you bored.

William Wordsworth was content to read his lines aloud but he fell head-first into a lake while wandering lonely as a cloud.

*Chorus:* So never mind your language strolling down the Old Kent Road,  
Feel free to use your rhyming slang as you bowl down the frog and toad.  
But should you chance to meet a Peer on Vauxhall Garden's benches,  
Just roll your R's and round your vowels and do not drop your haitches.

2 Now James the first had garbled speech, he had a Scottish lilt. It's no surprise he spoke like that with the wind right up his kilt.

The Upper House is very posh and full of well-bred lords but when the peroration's long the halls resound with snores.

Henry Higgins was intrigued by poor Eliza's Cockney drawl. He took her in and coached her up then took her to the ball.

Chaucer's eloquence was quite profound he always spoke his mind until the Miller flatulently spoke from his behind.

*Chorus*

3 Now Raffles spoke impeccably, he always cut a dash. But when he caught folks off their guard, he relieved them of their cash.

Will Shakespeare wrote in hybrid tongues and passed it off as English. The audience did not get a word but lapped it up with relish.

See the speaker at the house who's looking very grave, for when the members shout abuse he tells them to behave.

William, Conqueror, Norman gent became the English king. But he was a Viking who spoke French; now there's a silly thing.

*Chorus*

## The Sights and Sounds of London Town

Verse 1:

Let us take you down and show all the sights of town, (you'll need a fortnight)  
Bust'ling markets and busy thoroughfares,  
Better watch your step, you'll end up in the river,  
Ev'ry corner has a secret, you'll never quite believe what you'll hear, (you'd better believe it)  
King Charles once stayed here with his mistress,  
This is Churchill's favourite pub.

Verse 2:

Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner that I love London so.  
Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner that I think of her wherever I go.  
I get a funny feeling inside of me, just walking up and down,  
Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner that I love London town.

Verse 3 (with verse 2):

Old town crier rings his bell and gives the time of day, (so set your watches)  
Market sellers are calling out their wares;  
Apples by the dozen, strawberries ripe and juicy.  
Bargemen take you up the river and drop you off at Hampton Court, (at afternoon tea time)  
You'll rub your shoulders with the queen,  
They're changing guard at half past three.

Verse 4 (with verse 2):

Here's the Roman wall and there's the place where Cromwell died (so keep your head on)  
Down these steps to the famous underground,  
Platform 1 for Romford, platform 2 for Richmond,  
You will get a better view from the top deck of a red London bus ( standing room only)  
At night a visit to the theatre,  
Rear stalls only one-and-six.

## As Happy as a Skylark

### *Verse 1:*

WILLIAM I've found that life's surprises grow with each passing day.  
Little by little I've come to see the world spins fast when I'm with you.  
Strange how time flies when we're together, each passing hour is but a moment,  
On borrowed time, frozen in your embrace.

MARY Grant us one more hour, even just one minute.  
We can't buy time, we must make the most of each moment.

TOGETHER Let's live the dream and shape our own future,  
Tread our own path and just let the world go by.

### *Verse 2*

MARY I can't see what you fancy in me,  
I'm just a poor girl with no pedigree.  
You must not stoop this low,  
I know your fam'ly won't wish it so.

WILLIAM Deep down inside I know it shall be,  
You know that you mean the whole world to me.  
Love knows no boundaries,  
You must believe in our destiny.

### *Verse 3*

MARY How can you like the way I speak?  
WILLIAM Your cockney accent's just so sweet.  
MARY My tongue is sharp and my hands are rough,  
WILLIAM Your kindly nature's quite soft enough.

MARY Have you not heard that love is blind?  
WILLIAM More of an angel I'll not find.  
MARY Even my walk is so working class.  
WILLIAM I'll walk behind you and watch your -  
MARY Oi!

### *Verse 4:*

MARY (to herself):  
As happy as a skylark, as carefree as a cloud,  
Free as a hawk circling high above, the world will fall into our hands.  
God made us free to choose our future, no-one can tell us how to love.  
High born or low, love really does not care.

WILLIAM (to Mary):  
I'll give you the world, you'll give me my happiness,  
Just say you'll love me and I'll be yours for ever.

TOGETHER In this cruel world nothing's ever certain,  
We'll bide our time and no-one can make us part.

## Life's Like That

War lifts its brutal head, turns our neat world upside down,  
What is there left for us but prayers and hopes and dreams.  
Loved ones who won't return, young hearts with torment burn.  
Wounds which mere time will never heal.

You must never let go of your hopes nor lose sight of your dreams,  
For the grip of winter's icy fingers slacken with the dawn of spring.  
Life's like that!  
And though ev'ry molehill seems a mountain surely when you reach the top  
Your troubles melt away.  
Life's like that.

Oh, that these bitter hours would more swiftly pass away,  
Would that the future be unveiled before its time.  
Though this can never be, words sent to comfort me,  
Give fleeting respite from my pain.

If at times you feel it's so unfair that life should treat you so,  
And some days you feel you can't go on remember you are not alone.  
Life's like that.  
For together we will face the future, you'll see when tomorrow comes,  
Your grey sky will turn blue.  
Life's like that.

## French Song

*(Some characters grab white cloths from small tables and act out the part of French waiters and cafe owner.)*

Verse 1 Solo

Bien venu dans notre cafe, come inside with us today.  
Mangez tout ce que vous voulez, stay and while the hours away.  
This surely is your lucky day, you have found the perfect cafe.  
Take a glass and try our finest wine, your taste buds will blossom ev'ry time.

Verse 2 Ensemble

Buvez notre meilleur vin et venez chanter avec nous,  
Finest waiters just a click away here to serenade you.  
Tout est au frais de la maison, finest menu in the city.  
Venez boire dans notre cafe, dans notre cafe de Paris.

Verse 3 Solo

- (held note) my friends, I'd love to stay but shortly must be on my way.  
If some day I chance to pass this way I will make the time to stay.  
Je reviendrai chez vous encore should I ever pass your door.  
Je n'ai plus de temps a boire du vin, Je doir m'en aller.

Chorus 1 and 2

Paris in the spring time, choicest food and finest wine.  
Find perfect company, open arms and bonhommie  
Candle-lit for romance with real gipsy fiddle folk song.  
Nous vous regalerons toute la nuit du vin et des chanson.

Chorus 3

Bon voyage a tous, our good wishes go with you.  
Un autre jour revenez chez nous.  
When you're next in Paris, return for our little soirree.  
Bonne chance mon amis good wishes from Paris.

## In a Little Café in Vienna

Verse 1:

In a little café in Vienna,  
At my table close beside the street.  
It's there I'd go each day just to while the hours away,  
The air with wine and roses' scent was sweet.  
Every Friday night the Spanish dancers  
Serenaded true flamenco style,  
Guitar's percussive strum and the gently beaten drum,  
Blended with the music all the while.

Chorus:

For it takes two to tango, two is company but three's a crowd,  
Raven hair and Spanish eyes that shine,  
Beneath that youthful smile there lurks a magic to beguile,  
One day I hope your path will cross with mine.

Verse 2:

Little dancing girl, a dark-haired beauty;  
Smiling eyes and fiery Spanish face.  
Across the crowded room just a glance would kindle soon  
A romance without words or close embrace.  
By the light of many glowing candles  
She would dance to me and take my hand.  
Above the noisy crowd how my heart would beat aloud;  
Clashing with the rhythm of the band.

Chorus:

For it takes two to tango, two is company but three's a crowd,  
Raven hair and Spanish eyes that shine,  
Beneath that youthful smile there lurks a magic to beguile,  
One day I hope your path will cross with mine.

Verse 3:

Many years have passed by in Vienna,  
Gone are names and faces I would trust.  
Through ravages of war now our café is no more.  
Bombs and shells have turned its bricks to dust.  
Searching vainly for my secret loved one;  
Dark Hispanic beauty of Seville.  
And still the waiters' cries seem to fill the leaden skies  
Scent of wine and roses linger still.

Chorus:

For it takes two to tango, two is company but three's a crowd,  
Raven hair and Spanish eyes that shine,  
Beneath that youthful smile there lurks a magic to beguile,  
One day I hope your path will cross with mine.

## Cockney Spirit

In England's glorious history this is our darkest hour,  
With the freedom of our people threatened by a foreign power.  
But our brave and gallant soldiers, just lads like you and me,  
Must leave their friends and loved ones and must fight to keep us free.

They may destroy our reservoirs and bomb us in the dark.  
We huddle cowed in the candlelight as the bombers leave their mark.  
But of one thing we're quite certain, though they strike us when we're down,  
That they can't destroy our spirit and our will to keep England's crown.

Who puts the Great in Britain, who keeps this country free?  
Could it be him in the bowler hat with a briefcase on each knee;  
Or Whitehall's paper-pushing army or Westminster's finest brains,  
Or maybe the cockney sparrow on the number three in the rain.

Through bomb blast, fire and rationing, we will march with heads held high.  
We'll play our part on the home front to protect our liberty.  
For children, women and elderly all have a role to play;  
And we'll show that wicked Adolph that we all can save the day.

To find that magic ingredient in dark and troubled times,  
Just listen for the hallowed tones of dear old Bow Bell's chimes.  
Their peal will keep your peckers up, your sky will turn bright blue,  
And that good old Cockney spirit will help to see you through.

## The Pub

### Verse:

The rules of the pub are the gospel, you'll learn each one off pat,  
You may come in in your working boots, if you scrape the mud on the mat.  
Often shalt thou buy the round, especially when it's pay-day.  
Thou shalt not put thy feet upon the bar and thou shalt stay sober 'til the end of day.

### Chorus:

The pub, the pub, the pub, a working class utopia,  
Ale on the 'ouse and free fish and chips with pearly king and queen.  
The pub, the pub, the pub, home-brewed beer in Belgravia,  
With rhyming slang and a good old sing-a-long and a swear box in ev'ry room.