The Ballad of Billy M'Caw

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Solo [GROWLTIGER]

Oh, how well I remember the

old Bull and Bush, Where we used to go down of a Saturday night, Where, when

anythink happened, it come with a rush, For the boss, Mr Clark, he was very polite; A

sim. legato

very nice House, from basement to garret A very nice House. Ah, but it was the parrot, The

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par-ret, the par-ret named Bil-ly M’Caw, that brought all those folk to the bar. Ah!

he was the life of the bar. Of a sat-ta-day night, we was all feel-ing bright. And

Li-ly La Rose, the barmaid that was, she’d say ‘Bil-ly! Bil-ly M’-Caw!’ Come

give us, come give us a dance on the bar’. And Bil-ly would dance on the bar, and
Billy would dance on the bar. And then we'd feel balmy, in

C#m   E7   A   F#m
rall.

each eye a tear, And emo-tion would make us all or-der more beer. Li-ly,

B    A  F#m  B
rall.
a tempo

she was a girl what had brains in her head; She wouldn't have no-think, no

E  C#m  C#  F#m
a tempo

not that much said. If it come to an ar-gu-ment, or a dis-pate, She'd set-tle it off-hand with the

B  E  C#m  C#  F#m7
sim. legato
toe of her boot Or as likely as not put her fist through your eye. But

when we was happy, and just a bit dry, Or when we was thirsty, and

just a bit sad, She would rap on the bar with that cork-screw she had And say

Come give us a tune on your pastoral flute! And

Come give us a tune on your mo-ley gui-tar! And
Billy'd strike up on his pastoral flute, and Billy'd strike up on his mo-ley gui-tar. And

then we'd feel bal-my, in each eye a tear, and emo-tion would make us all

or-der more beer. or-der more beer. 'Billy! Billy M'Caw! Come

give us a tune on your mo-ley gui-tar? Ah! He was the Life of the bar.