

Fathom the bowl

Come all you bold heroes, give an ear to me song;
I will sing in the praise of good brandy and rum:
There's a clear crystal fountain near England shall roll.
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

*I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl,
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.*

From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum;
Sweet oranges and apples from Portugal come.
But stout and strong cider are England's control.
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

My wife she do disturb me when I'm laid at my ease,
For she does as she likes and she says as she please.
My wife she's a devil, she's dark as the coal.
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

My father he do lie at the foot of the sea
With no stone at his head by, what matters for he?
There's a clear crystal fountain near England shall roll.
Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.