The Bear and the Butcher Boy

Gaelic Storm

Chorus:
Wrapped up in brown paper, tied up with white string
He would whistle as he went
When he was happy, he would singWell-
Billy Batty was a butcher boy, he rode a butcher's bike,
Down Dublin's dirty back streets at the dawning of daylight
He loved a girl named Lucy, Lucy loved another lad,
A soldier tall and handsome, this made young Billy sadOne day a circus came to town it had a dancing bear,
Billy had to go for he knew she would be there
The second he rode up he know that something was awry,
The crowd was all a gallop, Yelling "Run before you die!"Well the bear was mad with hunger as he broke free from his chain
He hade rampaged through the big top when all at once he came,
Across the poor young Lucy, fallen curled up on the ground,
The soldier boy was hiding he was nowhere to be found(Chorus)Now Billy heard her screams and he knew at once what he must do,
He took off on his trusty bike and to her aid he flew
He cycled right up to the bear and threw a piece of meat,
The bear spun right around and he caught that beefy treatHe scarfed it down in just one bite and looked up for some more
Round him circled, Billy trailing sausage on the floor
Just out of reach he kept him, as he lured the beast away
The bear had got a taste, now brave young Billy was his prey(Chorus)(Break)He would sing-
Three times around the tent, the creature had stop,
He rested and he thought, then he began to skip and hop
He danced a polka and a waltz to everyone's delight,
The crowd began to clap and cheer at such a wondrous siteBilly tossed the bear a lamb chop and a mighty t-bone steak
The dancing just got faster and the ground began to shake
He swallowed whole two turkeys, strings of sausages galore,
Then full, he gently lay down and began to loudly snoreWell the crowd went wild with pleasure and to our hero Lucy ran,
She forgot the soldier boy, now brave young Billy was her man
Now the moral of this story is, if ya want to win your Lucy,
You better have a trusty bike and a sausage plump and juicy
A sausage plump and juicyWrapped up in brown paper, tied up with white string,
Now he never whistles,
Every day, every day he sings-Ah la la diddle dee dum di diddle daAnd every day, every day he sings-La da du diddle dee dum di diddle da

Dum di doop di dum di doo...You've got:
Chitterlings and chicken wings,
Liver, tongue or tail,
Gizzards, skirt or marrowbone,
Game-hen, grouse or quailThere's trotters, t-bone, legs or thighs
Brisket, neck or jowl,
Partridge, duck and turkey,
Pheasant, guinea fowlRib Eye, round or sirloin,
Topside, rump or flank
Bison, goat, rummed and broiled
Porterhouse or ShankBlack pudding, bacon, rashers,
Scratchings, chicken feet
Haggis, ham and sweat bread
There's every kind of meatYou've got shoulder, mutton, rabbit
A rack of lamb or chops,
Veil, venison, tripe,
And kidney, heart or hocks

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/