Have Some Madeira M'dear

The Limeliters

She was young, she was pure, she was new, she was nice
She was fair, she was sweet seventeen.
He was old, he was vile, and no stranger to vice
He was base, he was bad, he was mean.
He had slyly inveigled her up to his flat
To view his collection of stamps,
And he said as he hastened to put out the cat,
The wine, his cigar and the lamps:Have some madeira, m'dear. You really have nothing to fear.
I'm not trying to tempt you, that wouldn't be right,
You shouldn't drink spirits at this time of night.
Have some madeira, m'dear. It's really much nicer than beer.
I don't care for sherry, one cannot drink stout,
And port is a wine I can well do without...
It's simply a case of chacun a son gout
Have some madeira, m'dear.Unaware of the wiles of the snake-in-the-grass
And the fate of the maiden who topes,
She lowered her standards by raising her glass,
Her courage, her eyes and his hopes.
She sipped it, she drank it, she drained it, she did!
He promptly refilled it again,
And he said as he secretly carved one more notch
On the staff of his gold-headed cane:Have some madeira, m'dear,
I've got a small cask of it here.
And once it's been opened, you know it won't keep.
Do finish it up. It will help you to sleep.
Have some madeira, m'dear.
It's really an excellent year.
Now if it were gin, you'd be wrong to say yes
The evil gin does would be hard to assess..
Besides it's inclined to affect me prowess,
Have some madeira, m'dear.Then there flashed through her mind what her mother had said
With her antepenultimate breath,
"Oh my child, should you guzzle the wine that is red
Be prepared for a fate worse than death!"
She let go her glass with a shrill little cry,
Crash! Tinkle! it fell to the floor;
When he anguished, "Please do stay" She made no reply,
Made up her mind, and dashed for the door.Have some madeira, m'dear.
Rang out down the hall loud and clear

With a tremulous cry that was filled with despair,
As she paused to take breath in the cool midnight air,
Have some madeira, m'dear.
The words seemed to ring in her ear.
Until the next morning, she woke up in bed
With a smile on her lips and an ache in her head...
And a beard in her ear'ole that tickled and said:
Have some madeira, m'dear!

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