

She rambles the lanes With cures for chilblains  
With plasters for corns  
And drivers for piles  
She'll sell you a spanner Or tune your pianner  
Put lead in your pencil, and sing all the while:

Chorus  
Alive Alive o  
Alive Alive o  
Singing Kippers & bloaters  
Alive Alive Oh

Although I did court her, Beseeched & besought her  
That all come to naught for she never replied  
But them oh what folly, she fell off her trolley  
And as she lay dying, these last words she sighed:

Now she has departed, this girl so stout hearted  
But  
Each night in Mundesley they say without fail  
Her ghost wheels her trolley, with a cry melancholy  
Singing kippers & bloaters, A closing down sale