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