Album: The Ever Decreasing Circle – Artist: The Kipper Family

All on this pleasant morning from Southrepps come we
To ask a bag of sugar to sweeten our tea.
If you can't spare a bag, then a cupfull will do.
And if you can't spare that, well, bugger you.

The master of this house in his rusty old chain
Will stamp and swear and curse and he'll bitterly complain.
He'll say he's most offended with his house we're bein' so bold,
And if he had his way, we'd be left out in the cold.

The mistress of this house with her stockings all torn

Will rant and rave and curse the very hour we were born.
And then she'll fall asleep and loudly she will snore.

And when her body is at peace we hope her soul's at war

The daughter of this house is a proper little whore,
She's had all the blokes round here, and plenty more.
And all her little children round the table do go
Until they all get dizzy and fall down on the floor.

This house and this arbour are in disrepair.
I'd live all in my pigsty as soon as I'd live there.
Your men and your maidens are rolling in the dew,
Unless they all take care, they'll go down with the flu.

Bad luck to this household, the season begun.
Where you had ten apples, may you have one.
Now we'll come no more nigh you until the next year,
And the last thing we'll do is to wish you good cheer.