

It's The Syme The Whole World Over

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 She was just a parson's daughter,
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 Pure, unstyned was her fyme,
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 Till a country squire came courtin',
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 And the poor girl lorst 'er nyme.

It's the syme the whole world over,
 It's the poor what gets the blyme,
 While the rich 'as all the plysures,
 Now ain't that a blinkin' shyme.

So she went aw'y to Lunnon,
 Just to 'ide 'er guilty shyme.
 There she met another squire,
 Once ag'yn she lorst 'er nyme.

Look at 'im with all 'is 'orses,
 Drinking champygne in 'is club,
 While the wictim of 'is passions
 Drinks 'er Guinness in a pub.
 Now e's in 'is ridin' britches,
 'Untin' foxes in the chyse,
 While the wictim of 'is folly
 Mykes 'er livin' by 'er wice.

When she tried to go from Lunnon,
 Once ag'yn to 'ide 'er shyme,
 She was 'syved' by an army chaplain,
 Once ag'yn she lorst 'er nyme.

'Ear 'im as 'e jaws the Tommies,
 Warnin' o' the flymes o' 'ell.
 With 'er 'ole 'eart she 'ad trusted,
 But ag'yn she lorst 'er nyme.

So she settled down in Lunnon,
 Sinkin' deeper in 'er shyme,
 Till she met a lybor leader,
 And ag'yn she lorst 'er nyme.

Now 'e's in the 'ouse of Commons
 Mykin' laws to put down crime,
 Wile the wictim o' 'is plysure
 Walks the street each night in shyme.

Then there cyme a bloated bishop.
 Marriage was the tyle 'e told.
 There was no one else to tyke 'er,
 So she sold 'er soul for gold.

See 'er in 'er 'orse and carriage,
 Drivin' d'yly through the park.
 Though she myde a wealthy marriage,
 Still she 'ides a breakin' 'eart.

In a cottage down in Sussex
 Lives 'er payrents old and lyme,
 And they drink the wine she sends 'em,
 But they never speaks 'er nyme.

**In their poor and 'umble dwelling,
There 'er grievin' payrents live.
Drinkin' champygne as she sends 'em
But they never can forgive.**