

London
Trad.

Chorus

[E] There's your lords [B] and [E] ladies [B] fine,
Riding in a [E] coach and [B] six;
[E] Nothing to drink [B] but [E] claret [B] wine
Talking poli[A]-tics [E]

Verse 1

[A] London is a dainty place,
A great and gallant city! [G] [D]
[A] All the streets are pav'd with gold,
All the folks are witty [G] [D]

Verse 2

[A] There's your beaux with powder'd clothes,
Bedaub'd from head to chin [G] [D]
Their [A] pocket-holes adorned with gold,
But no one sous within [G] [D]

Chorus

[E] There's your lords [B] and [E] ladies [B] fine,
Riding in a [E] coach and [B] six;
[E] Nothing to drink [B] but [E] claret [B] wine
Talking poli[A]-tics [E]