SONG TITLE : The Globe

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C Dm7 Em

The Winchester Geese are flying today

 F G

Their eyes shining bright and their plumage arrayed

 C Em F G

There’s a play at the Globe and custom is good

 C G C

Dick Tarleton appears as the fool

The groundlings excited are crowing the floor

They jostle and push as they spill through the door

With the swell and the smell , the surge and the seethe

It’s hard for a good man to breath

And the gentleman’s box is a riot of song

Young Captain Jones has a few friends along

They’re back from the wars and glad of their lives

No time to be thinking of wives

And the Duke has arrived with pomp and display

He’s here to be seen whatever the play

He waves with a smile and the crowd givers a cheer

Then a hush as the players prepare

And up on the stage it’s all death and doom

With a few comic scenes to lighten the gloom

There’s treachery, sword fights, poison and kings

And love with it’s sweet-bitter sting

And the cry of the boatsmen is “Southward Ho!”

They’ll ferry you over the Thames’ noxious flow

From BlackFriars to Bankside they ply to and fro

William Shakespeare’s wonderful O