The Ballad of Billy M'Caw

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩= 56]

SOLO [GROWLTIGER]

Oh, how well I re - mem-ber the old Bull and Bush, Where we used to go down of a Sat - ta - day night, Where, when a - ny-think hap-pened, it come with a rush, For the boss, Mr Clark, he was ve - ry po-lite; A ve - ry nice House, from base-ment to gar - ret A ve - ry nice House. Ah, but it was the par - ret, The

sim. legato

E C♯m C♯ F♯m B E C♯m C♯ F♯m7 B7 E G♯7 C♯m E7

Music Copyright © 1981 by The Really Useful Company Ltd.
Text Copyright © 1939 by T.S. Eliot; this edition of the text © 1981 by Set Copyrights Ltd.
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.

par - ret, the par - ret named Bil - ly M' Caw, that brought all those folk to the bar. Ah!

A F♯m B7 A7

freely

he was the life of the bar. Of a sat - ta - day night, we was all feel - ing bright, And

colla voce

B7sus B7 A F♯m B7

a tempo

Li - ly La Rose, the barmaid that was, she'd say 'Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw! Come

a tempo

A F♯m B7 E C♯7

give us, come give us a dance on the bar'. And Bil -ly would dance on the bar, and

F♯m B E G♯7

Bil - ly would dance on the bar. And then we'd feel bal - my, in

C♯m E7 A F♯m

rall.

each eye a tear, And e - mo - tion would make us all or - der more beer. Li - ly,

rall.

B A F♯m B

a tempo

she was a girl what had brains in her head; She would-n't have no-think, no

a tempo

E C♯m C♯ F♯m

not that much said. If it come to an ar - gu-ment, or a dis-pute, She'd set-tle it off-hand with the

sim. legato

B E C♯m C♯ F♯m7

toe of her boot Or as like - ly as not put her fist through your eye. But

B7 E G♯7

when we was hap - py, and just a bit dry, Or when we was thir - sty, and

C♯m E7 A F♯m

rall.

just a bit sad, She would rap on the bar with that cork-screw she had And say

rall.

B7 A7 B7

a tempo

'Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw! ____ Come give us a tune on your pas - to-ral flute!' And
'Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw! ____ Come give us a tune on your mo - ley gui-tar!' And

a tempo

E C♯7 F♯m B

Bil - ly'd strike up on his pas - to - ral flute, and Bil - ly'd strike up on his pas - to - ral flute. } And
Bil - ly'd strike up on his mo - ley gui - tar, and Bil - ly'd strike up on his mo-ley gui - tar. }

E G♯7 C♯m E7

rall.

then we'd feel bal - my, in each eye a tear, and e - mo - tion would make us all

rall.

A F♯m B A

1 2 a tempo

or - der more beer. or - der more beer. 'Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw!_____ Come

a tempo

B7 B7 E C♯7

rall.

give us a tune on your mo - ley gui - tar!' Ah! He was the Life of the bar.

rall.

F♯m B A A/F♯ E