

Connor T

"A Little Bit Of Cucumber"

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A LITTLE BIT OF CUCUMBER

I was raised on cucumber and on my wedding day,
When the fun was over and the guests had gone away,
My old darling said to me, "You must be hungry Joe!
Is there anything you fancy?", I says, "Fancy? Don't you know?"
I like pickled onions, I like piccalilli,
Pickled cabbage is all right with a bit of cold meat on a
Sunday night,
I can go tomatoes, but what I do prefer
Is a little bit of cucum, cucum, cucum, little bit of
cucumber.

I went flying through the air with my old college chum
Suddenly he told me we were bound for kingdom come
Have you any last requests before we wear a crown
I began to shake and said, write this confession down

CHORUS

To the Lord Mayor's banquet I got in one foggy day
When I saw the grub it took my appetite away,
Sparrow grass and chaffinches and pig's heads
stuffed with jam
I said to the waiter there, "You don't know who I am."

CHORUS

Several years of married life have brought me lots of joys,

I've got six or seven girls, and I don't know how many boys,

When the last one came to town I looked at his forehead.

It was marked with a cucumber and this is what he said

CHORUS

I like pickled onions, I like piccalilli,

Pickled cabbage is all right with a bit of cold meat on a

Sunday night,

I can go tomatoes-es, but what I do prefer

Is a little bit of cucum, I come, you come, a little bit of cucumber.

Written and composed by T.W. Connor, Copyright 1915 Francis, Day,

and Hunter. For more information see Peter Davison's "Songs of

the British Music Hall", Oak Publications, 1971.

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