

Noel Coward

"A Bar On The Piccola Marina"

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album "Noel Coward At
Las Vegas"

SPOKEN: Now I'd like to sing you a new song that I
wrote just last
summer when I was having a holiday on the Island of
Capri. Each
evening I used to sit on the piazza and watch these
hordes of middle-
aged ladies arriving by every boat. Obviously, all set to
have
themselves a ball. So startled was I by this rather
macabre spectacle
that I wrote this song about a respectable English
matron, who
discovered in the nick of time that life was for living.

I'll sing you a song, it's not very long
It's moral may disconcert you
Of a mother and wife who for most of her life
Was trained for domestic virtue
She had two strapping daughters and a rather dull son
And a much duller husband who, at sixty-one
Elected to retire.....and later on expire
Sing Halleluhua, heigh-nonny-no
Heigh-nonny-no, heigh-nonny-no
He joined the feathered choir

Having laid him to rest by special request
In a family mausoleum
As his widow repaired to the home they had shared
Her heart sang a gay TeDeum
And then in the middle of the funeral wake
While adding some liquor to the Topsy Cake
She briskly cried "That's done,
My life's at last begun"
Sing Halleluhah, heigh-nonny-no
Heigh-nonny-no, heigh-nonny-no
"It's time I had some fun"
Today, though hardly a jolly day
At least I'll set me free

We'll all have a lovely holiday
On the Island of Capri

In a bar on the Piccola Marina
Life called to Mrs. Wentworth-Brewster
Fate beckoned her and introduced her
Into a rather queer, unfamiliar atmosphere
She'd just sit there, propping up the bar
Beside a fisherman who sang to a guitar
When accused of having gone too far
She made reply "Funiculi, just fancy me, funicula"
When he bellowed "Que bella Signorina"
Sheer ecstasy at once produced a wild shriek
From Mrs. Wentworth-Brewster
Changing her whole demeanour
When both her daughters and her son said "Please
come home, Mama"
She answered, rather bibulously "Who do you think you
are?"
Nobody can afford to be so la-di-bloody-da
In a bar on the Piccola Marina

Every fisherman cried "Viva, viva and que ragazza
When she sat on the grand piazza
Everybody would rise
Every fisherman cried "Viva, viva, que belle Inglese"
Someone even said "Whoops-a-daisy"
Which was quite a surprise

Each evening, with some light excuse and beaming
with goodwill
She'd just slip into something loose and totter down the
hill
To that bar on the Piccola Marina
Where love came to Mrs. Wentworth-Brewster
Hot flushes of delight suffused her
Right round the bend she went, picture her
astonishment
Day in, day out, she would gad about
Because she felt she was no longer on the shelf
Night out, night in, knocking back the gin
She cried "Funicula, funiculi, funnic-yourself"

Just for fun, three young sailors from Messina
Bowed low to Mrs. Wentworth-Brewster
Said "Scusi", and abruptly goosed her
Then there was quite a scene
Her family in floods of tears said "Leave these men,
Mama"
She said, They're just high-spirited, like all Italians are"
And most of them have a great deal more to offer than

Papa
In a bar on the Piccola Marina

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