

### Det engelske potpourri (rev. 18/8- 2012)

For he is a jolly good fellow  
For he is a jolly good fellow  
For he is a jolly good fellow  
And so say all of us  
And so say all of us  
And so say all of us  
For he is a jolly good fellow  
And so say all of us

My bonny is over the ocean  
My bonny is over the see  
My bonny is over the ocean  
Oh bring back, my bonny to me

Bring back, bring back  
Oh bring back, my bonny to me, to me  
Bring back, bring back,  
oh bring back, my bonny to me

Min pony er ovre hos Olsens  
Min pony er ovre til te – sa' du the  
Min pony er ovre hos Olsens  
Får jeg aldrig min pony at se, til the

Bring back, bring back  
Oh bring back, my bonny to me, to the  
Bring back, bring back,  
oh bring back, my bonny to me, to the

Oh my darling, Oh my darling  
Oh my darling Clementine  
Thou art lost and gone forever  
Dreadful sorry Clementine

På min gravsten  
Skal der skrives  
Skal der skrives på latin  
Under denne sten der hviler  
Jordens mest fordrukne svin

Man må ikke danse sving i linie 6, hvorfor  
Man må ikke danse sving i linie 6  
For så siger konduktøren  
Man få no'et  
klemt i døren  
Man må ikke danse sving i linie 6

Singing jah, jah, jubi, jubi, jah  
Singing jah, jah, jubi, jubi, jah

For så siger konduktøren  
Man få no'et  
klemt i døren  
Man må ikke danse sving i linie 6

Har du aldrig set en skaldet nonnes før  
Har du aldrig set en skaldet nonnes før  
Så tag ud på diakonissen  
Der har de ingen hår på ho'et  
Har du aldrig set en skallet nonnes før

Singing jah, jah, jubi, jubi, jah  
Singing jah, jah, jubi, jubi, jah

Så tag ud på diakonissen  
Der har de ingen hår på ho'et  
Har du aldrig set en skallet nonnes før

And I'll take the high road  
and you'll take the low road  
and I'll be in Scotland  
afore ye  
For me and my true love  
Will never meet again  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks  
Of Loch Lomond

And I'll take the high road  
and you'll take the low road  
and I'll be in Scotland  
afore ye  
For me and my true love  
Will never meet again  
On the funny, fucky banks  
Of Loch Lomond

The more we are together  
Together, together  
The more we are together  
The happier we shall be  
And your friend  
Is my friend  
And my friend  
is your friend  
The more we are together  
The happier we shall be

Min mor hun har  
To geder, to geder, to geder  
Min mor hun har  
To geder, to geder har min mor  
Og din ged er min ged  
Og din ged er præstens ged  
Min mor hun har  
To geder, to geder har min mors

Danske sømænd  
Glem det ikke  
Du har danske pigers kær  
Der er noget ved denne sømands  
Som der kun ved sømænds er  
Den er så svær

Frisk og fyrig  
Ren balstyrig  
Går han tur ud i sin by  
Pas nu på ved morgengry  
Stikker han til søs på ny  
Ship ohoy, skidt og møg

Og general Napoleon  
Og hans titusind mands  
Og general Napoleon  
Og hans titusind mands  
Og general Napoleon  
Og hans titusind mands  
Og de marchered frem  
I gåsegang  
Glory, glory hallelu-ja  
Glory, glory hallelu-ja  
Glory, glory hallelu-ja  
Og de marchered frem  
I gåsegang

Up to mighty London  
came an Irishman one day  
as the streets were paved with gold  
sure everyone was gay  
singing songs of Piccadilly  
Strand and Leicester square  
Till Paddy got excited  
and he shouted to the air

it's a long way  
to Tipperary  
it's a long way to go  
it's a long way  
to Tipperary  
to the sweetest girl I know

good bye Piccadilly  
farewell Leicester Square  
It's a dam'ed long way  
to Tipperary  
but my heart's right there

Land of hope and glory  
Mother of the free  
How shall we extoll thee  
Who are born of thee - e- e- e  
Wider still and wider  
Shall thy bounds be set  
God who made thee mighty  
Make thee mightier yet oh – oh – oh  
God who made thee mighty  
Made thee mightier yet,

Rule Britannia  
Britannia rule the waves  
Britains never, never, ever  
Shall be slaves  
Rule Britannia  
Britannia rule the waves  
Britains never, never, ever  
Shall be slaves