

Ye Olde Trip to Nottingham

(inspired by the world's 4th best ukulele strum by Coveywood)

Words and Music by
PETER FORREST

B \flat 6 B \flat maj7 B \flat 6 B \flat maj7 B \flat 6(sus4) B \flat 7(sus4) B \flat 6(sus4) B \flat 7(sus4)

B \flat B \flat 6 A7

1. When I vis - it En - gland have no time for Big Ben, Lon - don
2. When I vis - it En - gland I will pray at St Paul's for a

E \flat F7

Bridge is fal - ling down, heard it's al - ways on the mend. It's a
safe pil - grim - age, to a pub in cas - tle walls. My

B \flat B \flat 6 A7

roy - al pain in Lon - don when I'm squeezed from the Tube, now all
moth - er was a clean - er, sweep - ing, sweep - ing was a must, off to

E \flat C7 F7

Beef - eat - ers are veg - an and all beer is Bel - gian brewed. The
Not - ting - ham to prove her right and sweep a - way some dust.

B \flat 6 B \flat maj7 B \flat 6 B \flat maj7 B \flat 6(sus4) B \flat 7(sus4) B \flat 6(sus4) B \flat 7(sus4)

Tower of Lon - don ain't that fun, so I've made oth - er plans.

Dust, dust, dust I must, I must in a pub in Not-ting-ham. A

cur-sed gal-leon needs a clean with a pint or two at hand.

Come on mate and test your fate at Ye Olde Je-ru-sa-lem.

Don't push your luck says our good friend Fri-ar Tuck!

All are doomed where the cur-sed gal-leon looms

Rob - in Hood, sure would if he could!

Rob - in Hood, sure would if he could!

When I visit England, have no time for Big Ben
 London Bridge is falling down, heard it's always on the mend
 It's a royal pain in London, when I'm squeezed from the Tube
 Now all Beefeaters are vegan, and all beer is Belgian brewed

The Tower of London ain't that fun, so I've made other plans
 Dust, dust, dust, I must I must, in a pub in Nottingham
 A cursed galleon, needs a clean with a pint or two at hand
 Come on mate, and test your fate, at Ye Olde Jerusalem

Don't push your luck, says our good friend Friar Tuck
 All are doomed, where the cursed galleon looms...
 Robin Hood, sure would, if he could!

When I visit England, I will pray at St-Paul's
 For a safe pilgrimage, to a pub in castle walls
 My mother was a cleaner, sweeping, sweeping was a must
 Off to Nottingham, to prove her right, and sweep away some dust

REPEAT CHORUS