

# Fathom the Bowl

Come all you bold he - roes at - - tend to my song,  
I'll sing in the praise\_ of good bran - dy and rum,  
Here's a clear cry - stal foun - tain o - ver Eng - land shall roll \_\_\_\_  
Give to me the punch\_ lad - le, and I'll fath - om the bowl.  
I'll fath - om the bowl \_\_\_\_ I'll fath - om the bowl \_\_\_\_  
Give to me the punch\_ lad - le and I'll fath - om the bowl.

Come all you bold heroes attend to my song,  
I'll sing in the praise of good brandy and rum,  
Here's a clear crystal fountain over England shall roll,  
Give to me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

Chorus:

I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl.  
Give to me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

From France we get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum,  
Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come,  
Strong beer and good cider in England is sold,  
Give to me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

My wife she's a tyrant, she sits at her ease,  
She scolds and she grumbles, she does as she please,  
She may scold, she may grumble till she's black as the coal,  
Give to me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

My father he lies in the depths of the sea,  
Cold rocks for his pillow - what matter to he!  
Here's a clear crystal fountain over England shall roll,  
Give to me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.