

Bell Bottom Trousers

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Bell Bottom Trousers'. It consists of five staves of music in 3/8 time, written in treble clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), indicating G major. The chords are indicated above the notes: C, G7, C, G7, C, G7, C, G7, C. The melody is a simple, rhythmic tune.

1. There once was a waitress from the Prince (of) George Hotel
Her mistress was a lady and her master was a swell
They knew she was a simple girl and lately from a farm
And watched her very carefully to keep her from all harm.

Chorus:

Singing-a bell bottom trousers, coats of navy blue
Let him climb the rigging like his daddy used to do.

2. The 42nd fusiliers came marching into town
And with them came a complement of rapists of renown
They busted every maiden head that came within their spell
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.
Chorus
3. Next came a company of Prince of Wales Hussars
They piled into the whore houses, they packed into the bars
Every maid and every mistress and wife before them fell
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.
Chorus

4. One day came a sailor just an ordinary bloke
A bulging at the trousers, a heart of solid oak
At sea without a woman for seven years or more
There wasn't any need to ask what he was looking for.
Chorus
5. He asked her for a candlestick to light his way to bed
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
And speaking to her gently as if he meant no harm
He asked her to come into bed just so to keep him warm.
Chorus
6. He lifted up the blanket and there she down did lie
He was on her. he was in her, in a twinkling of an eye
He was out again, and in again, and plowing up a storm
And the only word she said to him: "I hope you're keeping warm".
Chorus
7. Early in the morning the sailor he arose
Saying here's a 2-pound note my dear for the damage I have caused
If you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee
If you have a son, send the bastard out to sea!
Chorus
8. Now she sits beside a dock with a baby on her knee
Waiting for a sailing ship a-coming home from sea
Waiting for the jolly tars in Navy uniform
All she wants to do, my boys, is keep the Navy warm!
Chorus

I can't find any background on this song, but as with most of the songs in this section, I learned from Oscar Brand.