

Fathom the Bowl

Now all you bold fellows who've to this place come, I will sing you the praises of brandy and rum. Lend an ear to my song, good cheer is our goal Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

Chorus:

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

From France we do get brandy; from Jamaica comes rum Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come
But stout and strong cider are England's control Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

[Chorus]

My wife she do disturb me when I'm laid at my ease She does as she likes and she says as she please My
wife, she's a devil, she's black as the coal Give to me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

[Chorus]

My father he do lie in the depths of the sea Cold rocks for his pillow – what matter to he? There's a clear
crystal fountain near England shall roll Give me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

[Chorus]

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