

THE VILLAGE OF 'BING'.

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MUSIC BY
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VOICE. 

PIANO 



KEY G.

Ad lib.

Some sing of the praises of

{ :s, || s, :s, :s, ||, :l, :l, }



sun-ny Cey-lon, And others of beau-ti-ful Spain, While

{ |t, :t, :t, |r :- :r | s, :s, :s, ||, :l, :l, |r :- :- | : :r }

man-y de-clare there is naught to com-pare With Switzerland's mountain and
 {m :re :m ld :t, :d | r :d :r lt, :- :t, | l, :t, :d ld :t, :l, }

plain. The vil-lage of 'Bing' will knock spots off the lot, A
 {r :- :- | : :s, | s, :s, :s, ll, :l, :l, | t, :t, :t, lr :- :r }

place that I've known from my birth, It's Som-er-set way, and I'm
 {ld :d :d ld :r :m lr :- :- | : :r | m :r :d la, :d :r }

wil-ling to say There's no place quite like it on earth.
 {m :r :d ll, :- :l, | l, :t, :d ll, :t, :d lr :- :- | :- : ll }

CHORUS.

So let us sing of beau - ti - ful Bing, Where the
 Oh let us sing of beau - ti - ful Bing, The

{ m : m : m | r :- : r | d : d : d | t, :- : s, .s, }

bees are so la - zy they won't e - ven sting, The
 i - vy's so lan - guid it won't e - ven cling, They

{ l, : t, : d | l, : t, : d | m : r : de | r :- : m }

place is so still that the streams nev - er flow, You dis -
 won't let yeast work when new bread is re - quired, They

{ f : m : r | l, : se, : l, | f : m : r | l, :- : la, .la, }

tinct - ly can hear all the but - ter - cups grow, — And
 once locked a man up be - cause he per - spired, — And

{ s, : l, : t, | d : r : m | r : l, : d | r : m : f }

e - ven the sun - dial's an hour or two slow, In this
 e - ven the wheels on the carts there are 'tyred', In this
 { s : f : m | s : f : m | r : m : r | l, : d : r }

1st time *2nd time* %

drea_ry old vil - lage of Bing.
 i - dle old vil - lage of Bing.
 { m : r : d | l, : d : t, | d :- : | : : || d :- : | : : ||

Last time only

Bing.
 { d :- :- | - :- :- | : : | : : | : : | : : ||

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They don't know the time in this funny old place,
 For no one will wind up the clocks.
 The fowls used to warn the village at dawn,
 So now they've got rid of the cocks.
 They don't have newspapers delivered in Bing,
 All knowledge they seem to ignore,
 They're not up-to-date and most strange to relate
 They haven't yet heard of the War.

CHORUS.

Oh let me sing of beautiful Bing,
 The onions that grow there are minus the 'spring',
 The birds get down-hearted, their feathers turn grey,
 The chickens down there are too lazy to lay,
 And even the lark doesn't wake till mid-day,
 In this drowsy old village of Bing.

REPEAT CHORUS.

Oh let me sing of beautiful Bing,
 The place where the blue-bell refuses to ring,
 They spend all their day in the Bar at the Inn,
 And if the beer's sharp there's the deuce of a din.
 Their favourite drink is a drop of *sloe* gin,
 In this bingy old village of Bing.

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The trains used to stop at the station of Bing
 Though no one was known to alight.
 The station they say was taken away
 By a man in a motor one night.
 They had moving pictures there some time ago,
 The village they hoped to improve,
 The films went the way of the natives they say,
 Now even the pictures won't move.

CHORUS.

Oh let me sing of beautiful Bing,
 They look upon work as a dangerous thing,
 When a cow's being milked she rests down on her knees,
 The dogs don't have kennels, but wooden settees,
 The pears all turn 'sleepy' and drop off the trees,
 In this lazy old village of Bing.

REPEAT CHORUS.

Oh let me sing of beautiful Bing,
 On to the old workhouse they've added a wing,
 But found the word '*Work*-house' engraved on the wall
 Prevented the villagers making a call.
 As no one would work they've re-named it "Whitehall",
 In this artful old village of Bing.