

# THE LANCASHIRE TOREADOR

Words and Music by H. Gifford and F.E.Cliffe © 1967 Campbell Connelly and Co. Ltd.



I've been to Spain, but never again, I couldn't go there twice,



Because my name's John Willie, but they said it sounded silly,



And they wouldn't call me that at any price



They soon made me change my name and a real proper Spaniard I became.



Don Pedro, the great bull fighting hero, the Lan - ca - shire Tor - ea - dor,



They cheer me and when the bull gets near me, to show how far a brave man can go,



With the bull I danced the tango.



Then when I hung on his tail, my pants he tried to gore,



I went dashing round the ring with him giving chase,



Three times he tossed me in the air, I looked a disgrace,



They shouted "Look at all that skin and bone round the place", It's the Lancashire Toreador.

Don Pedro, the great Bull Fighting hero, the Lancashire Toreador.

I met a charming Senorita, She said "To love you I can never",

Then kissed me goodbye forever.

That night, as she retired, she locked her bedroom door.

She started to undress and timidly she looked around'

Said, "Thank God, I am rid of him, for he's homeward bound",

But when she pulled the bedclothes down, now guess what she found,

Why, the Lancashire Toreador

Don Pedro, the great Bull Fighting hero, the Lancashire Toreador,

I scare 'em, no mercy ever spare 'em,

In the dead of night I ramble, Spanish castle walls I scramble.

I saw a shadow above, a girl in her boudoir,

I climbed up her balcony, it started to sway,

She shouted, "Murder! There's a bandit, spare my life pray",

But when my castanets I rattled, she said, "Hooray,

It's the Lancashire Toreador".

## UKE SOLO