



Boiled Beef and Carrots

Ukulele arranged by R. S. STODDON

(The Letters below Bass Stave indicate names of Chords for Guitar and Piano Accordion)

CHAS. COLLINS
& FRED MURRAY

Written and Composed by
Allegretto



f C G7 C G7 C C+

ff D7 G7 C

KEY C. {m | s .s .s :l .s .m .f | s .d' :m' .d' | m' ,r' .d' ,m' :r' .d' }

ad lib. *mf* *p* C C+

When I was a nip-per on - ly six months old, My mo-ther and my fa - ther
When I got mar-ried to E - li - za Brown, A fun - ny lit - tle girl next

too, They did - n't know what to wean me on, They were both in a dread - ful
door, We went to Brigh - ton for the week, Then we both tod-dled home once

f G7 C Cdim

{ | 1 .s .s :r' .s | 1 .s .s :r' .s .s | d' .m' ,d' :t .l }

stew; They thought of tripe they thought of steak, Or a lit - tle bit of old cod's
more; My pals all met me in the pub, Said a fel - low to me, "What cher,

C C+

roe, Fred, I said pop round to the old cook-shop, I know what'll make me grow:
What did you have for your hon-ey-moon?" So just for a lark I said:

CHORUS

Boiled beef and car-rots, Boiled beef and car-rots. That's the stuff for your "Darby-kel"

makes you fat and it keeps you well, Don't live like veg-e-ta-ri-ans, On food they give to Par-rots, From

morn till night blow out your "kite" on Boiled beef and car-rots. car-rots.

3rd. VERSE

We've got a lodger he's an artful cove,
"I'm very very queer" he said.
We sent for the doctor, he came round,
And he told him to jump in bed.
The poor chap said, "I do feel bad";
Then my mother with a tear replied,
"What would you like for a 'Pick me up'?"
He jumped out of bed and cried:

4th. VERSE

I am the father of a lovely pair
Of kiddies, and they're nice fat boys;
They're twins, you can't tell which is which,
Like a pair of saveloys.
We had them christened in the week,
When the Parson put them on his knee,
I said, "As they've got ginger hair,
Now I want their names to be: