PUT A BIT O’ TREACLE
ON MY PUDDEN, MARY ANN!

By F.W. Leigh & Harry Champion

Allegro moderato

Eb    Bb7    Eb7    Ab    Eb    Bb7    Eb

VERSES

1. On my wed- ding day
2. When my old girl’s riled
3. Stroll-ing round the town

We You I

Eb    Abm    Eb

did-n’t make a big dis-play
never saw a wo-man so wild,
tried to push a tram-car
down.

Greens and po-ta-toes and a
Last night at sup-per I said
Tram got the best of it.

Eb    Abm    Eb    Fm    Bbm

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lit - tle bit of meat, And the wife made a boiled su - et
some - thing out of place So she picked up the fen - der and she
land - ed on my head. When I came to my sen - ses they were
put - ting me to bed.

I had a bit of
Then with the wa - ter jug she be - gan to bat - ter me,
pud - den for my sup - per, I fancied some - thing
Wife call'd the doc - tor in, said, "You must be suf - fer - ing,
light. Says
Feel - ing sick and sore!" Says

I, "Now, mate, I'm a - going to cel - ebrate This most im - port - ant
I, "Sweet - heart, Now be - fore you make a start Up - on the se - cond
I, "Old chick, I'll re - cov - er pret - ty quick And be on my legs once
night. So
round, more If you

CHORUS
"Put a bit o' trea - ce on my pud - den, Mar - y Ann, Mar - y Ann, Mar - y Ann, Mar - y Ann!

Fm F7 Bb
Eb Abm Eb
Eb Abm Eb Abm Eb
Cover it, smother it, don't you stop Till you can't see the pudden for the treacle on the top

I like a pudden when a pudden is a good'un, And I don't want cake or jam, So put a bit o' treacle on,

treacle on, treacle on, Treacle on my pudden, Mary Ann! So Ann!

Eb7  Ab  C7  Fm  Eb  Bb7

Eb7  Ab  Eb  Bb7  Eb  Eb  D.C.