

August 2019

What Ho! She Bumps

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "What Ho! She Bumps" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1329.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1329

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WHAT HO! SHE BUMPS

Sung by Charles Bignell.

I've been out on a pleasure boat For a day on the breezy brine;
We started away from London Bridge, And we all felt fit and fine,
We sang "A Life on the Ocean Wave" As loud as we could roar --
Our boat went all right down the Thames But when we reached the Nore

She began to bump a little bit—
Bump, bump, bump, just a little bit;
A fat ~~man~~ fell down the engine room,
His wife was clinging to the great jib-boom,
She rolled about, and, fairly in the dumps,
I clung to the captain's bags, and cried,
"What ho! she bumps!"

I once played in a drama that Was called, "The Flying Scud,"
I'd to appear on a gee-gee, and It was a 'bit of blood!
In front of the blooming audience had to mount her nibs,
And when I stuck a pin into Her india-rubber ribs—

She began to bump a little bit,
Bump, bump, bump, just a little bit;
Oh, she made a tremendous hit
When she kicked our villain in the threep'ny pit;
The actors guyed as she took running jumps,
And a boy in the gallery cried, "Encore
What ho! she bumps!"

My wife's mother is a nimble puss Though she weighs just half a ton;
She went out in some bloomers once On a bike that was built for ore,
She went at the rate of a mile an hour Her squeaker went pup, pup,
Until she came to a thoroughfare Where all the road was up—

She began to bump a little bit—
Bump bump, bump, just a little bit
Into a hole she went, head first,
Where a bloke was patching up a pipe that burst;
She did the splits and gave him awful thumps,
Then he dropped his shovel and exclaimed, "Great Scott!
What ho! she bumps"

My wife has two wooden legs, And they are a bit all right,
But she won't unscrew those bits of wood When we retire at night
One night while enjoying a peaceful doze I felt a little smack—
Twas my old woman's timber yard Stuck right fair in my back—

She began to bump a little bit—
Bump, bump, bump, just a little bit;
I yelled out and I woke the twin --
"D'you hear—you're hurting my poor shins!"
I'd like to burn my old girl's timber stump,
For when she starts to snore and has nightmare—
What oh! she bumps!