

# Johnny Bucca / Jonni Boekka

Trad

Now old John-ny Bu - cca, he lived by him - self, So  
 Ha, hen Jon - ni Boek - ka, yth o ev heb gwreg, Hemma  
 long as 'e was in the best of health, Then one day 'e got  
 o da lowr mars o ev yn yagh teg Hag unn jydh ev a  
 him-self a wife, To look aft-er 'e for the rest of his life. Singing  
 ga - vas gre' ti rag y with a ev rag oll y vyw - nans di Kana  
 I do be - lieve, I do be-lieve, Old John-ny Bu - cca was a  
 my a bre - der, my a bre - der Hen Jon - ni Boek-ka o boek-  
 gay old bu-cca And a gay old bu-cca was 'e!  
 - ka pur low-en Ha Boek - ka fest low-en o ev

Now old Johnny Bucca, he lived by himself,  
 So long as 'e was in the best of health,  
 Then one day 'e got himself a wife,  
 To look after 'e for the rest of his life.

Chorus: Singing ... I do believe, I do believe,  
 Old Johnny Bucca was a gay old bucca  
 And a gay old bucca was 'e!

Course old' Mrs. Bucca, she had a funny leg,  
 The doctor ordered her to bed.  
 Called Johnny in and said to him ...  
 'You'll have to rub your wife's left leg with gin!

Well old' Johnny Bucca, he thought was a sin  
 To rub his wife's left leg with gin  
 So he pulled out the stopper and poured it down his throt-  
 tle ...  
 Rubbed his wife's left leg with the bottle!

Now old' Johnny Bucca tried milking' of his cow  
 Only bugger was he didn't know how,  
 So 'e pulled on the tail instead of the \*\*\*  
 And all 'e got was a bucket full of \*\*\*!

Ha, hen Jonni Boekka, yth o ev heb gwreg  
 Hemma o da lowr mars o ev yn yagh teg  
 Hag unn jydh ev a gavas gre'ti  
 rag y with a ev rag oll y vywnans di

*Kana .. my a breder, my a breder  
 Hen Jonni Boekka o boekka pur lowen  
 Ha Boekka fest lowen o ev*

Heb mar Mestres Boekka, "th esa Garr koynt dedhi  
 Yn medh an medhek "dhe weli"  
 Dhe Jonni "medh ev an dra ma  
 " Res yw ruttya an arr gans jenevra.

Pegh bras yw herwydh agan Jonni Boekka  
 Rag ruttya garr gans jenevra  
 Ev a dennas an stoppyer hag y dhowra der ousel  
 Ruttya garr wreg gans an bottel.

Now hen Jonni Boekka y vugh a wrug godra  
 Mes na woer ev fatell gul yndella  
 War an lost yn le an dethenn eth y dhorn  
 Hag oll esa dhodho o kawgh yn kelorn

Treyls - Pol Hodge

So old Johnny Bucca went walking one day  
Down by the bank of the river he strayed.  
Course 'e fell in and gave a great shout ...  
There was no bugger there for to pull the bugger out!

Now God made bees and bees make honey  
God made Man and Man makes money  
Money makes the Devil and the Devil makes sin  
We shall have to dig a pit for to put the bugger in!

So old Johnny Bucca, he went up to heaven  
He got there bout half past seven ...  
He saw St. Peter, stood by the gate ...  
He said 'You'll have to bugger off cus you'm too bleddy late!'  
Chorus

Ha hen Jonni Boekka unn jydh a gerdhas  
A-hys glann an avon ev a rosyas  
Ev o goedhas yn dowr poran yn kres  
Nyns esa boekka vyth dhe denna an boekka'mes

Dyw 'wrug gwenen ha mel i a wra  
Dyw 'wrug tus hag i arghans da  
Arghans a wra an jowl ha'n jowl a wra peghow  
Res yw dhyn palas pytt ha gorra an boekka ynno

'Tho hen Jonni Boekka, a-ugh dhe nev ev eth  
Devedhys hanter wosa eth  
'th esa Sen Peder, dhe'n yet sevys  
'medh ev,"res yw dhis boekka'ves ty re dhiwed-  
hes.

Treylys - Pol Hodge