

# Champagne Charlie

Original Words & Music:  
George Leybourne & Alfred Lee (1868)

*The Mudcat Café includes several other lyric versions that were done for other music hall & advertising purposes ("Moet & Shandon For Me", "Champagne Charlie Was His Name" & "Bourbon Bob (Champagne Charlie's Brother)" to name a few.)*

## Leon Redbone 1978 version:

*This version was originally done in the 1930s by Blind Blake.*

G C Am7 G  
I went to see a lady, I've been there before.  
Em7 Am7 D7 G  
Her shoes & stockings in her hand and her feet all over the floor.

CHORUS:

G D7  
Champagne Charlie is my name. Champagne Charlie is my name.  
D7 Em7 Am7 D7 G  
Champagne Charlie is my name, by golly & rougein' & stealin' is my game.  
[scat the chorus through again]

I went down to Louisville, I've been there before.  
Got kicked in the lip by a big, fat mule & I ain't going there no more.

CHORUS:

I went to see a lady, I've been there before.  
She fed me out of an old pig's trough and I ain't going back no more.

CHORUS:

I got drunk last night or the night before.  
I ain't gonna get drunk no more and I ain't gonna get...

CHORUS:

## Original 1868 English Music Hall lyrics:

*Per The Mudcat Café, this version became an ad for Moët & Chandon champagne. You can find out more about the various drinks referred to in the excellent book Imbibe!*

I've seen a deal of gaiety through out my noisy life  
With all my grand accomplishments I ne'er could get a wife,  
The thing I most excel in is the P. R. F. G. game,  
A noise all night in bed all day, and swimming in Champagne.

CHORUS:

For Champagne Charlie is my name, Champagne Charlie is my name.  
Good for any game at night, my boys.  
Good for any game at night, my boys,  
Champagne Charlie is my name, Champagne Charlie is my name.  
Good for any game at night, boys, who'll come and join me in a spree?

The way I gain'd my title's by a hobby which I've got  
Of never letting others pay, however long the shot.  
Whoever drinks at my expense are treated all the same;  
From Dukes and Lords to Cabmen down, I make them drink Champagne.

CHORUS:

From Coffee and from supper rooms, from Poplar to Pall Mall,  
The girls on seeing me exclaim "Oh! what a Champagne swell!"  
The notion 'tis of ev'ry one, if 'twere not for my name.  
And causing so much to be drunk, they'd never make Champagne.

CHORUS:

Some epicures like Burgundy, Hock, Claret, and Moselle,  
But Moët's Vintage only satisfies this Champagne swell.  
What matter if to bed I go, and head is muddled thick?  
A bottle in the morning sets me right then very quick.

CHORUS:

Perhaps you fancy what I say is nothing else but chaff.  
And only done, like other songs, to merely raise a laugh.  
To prove that I am not in jest each man a bottle of Cham.  
I'll stand fizz round - yes that I will, and stand it - like a lamb.

CHORUS: