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The Astrologer

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It's of a bold astrologer in London town did dwell,
At telling maidens' fortunes, there's none could him excel,
There was a nice young serving girl a-living there close by,
She came one day to the astrologer all for to have a try.

"I hear that you tell fortunes, sir, would you tell me mine?" said she,
"Of course, my dear, without a doubt if you'll walk upstairs with me."
"To walk upstairs with you, kind sir, I'm sure I am afraid,"
She spoke it in such modesty as though she were a maid.

"To walk upstairs with me, my dear, you need not be afraid,
Knowing it was but the other day you with your master laid"
Then she began to curse and swear she would her master bring,
As witness for both him and her that it was no such thing.

"My pretty maid, don't swear and curse, you'll make the deed the worse,
For the crown piece that he gave to you, you've got it in your purse"
"Oh! indeed you can tell fortunes, sir, you've told me mine," said she,
And out she pulled the crown piece--"Good morning, sir," said she.

From Marrow Bones, Purslow
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