

The Crockery-Ware

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In Nottingham Town there lived a spark,
He courted a girl both gay and smart,
He asked of her one favour right,
If he could sleep with her that night.

To me wop fol the diddle fol the di do day,
Wop fol the diddle fol the di do day.

Now this young girl she did contrive,
How to work a joke that night,
So on the landing she placed a chair,
And on it she put the crockery-ware.

This young man rose in the middle of the night,
Thinking to find his hearts delight,
He banged his shins against the chair,
And overturned the crockery-ware.

The old woman woke in a hell of a fright,
And quickly she turned on the light,
She said young man what do you do there,
Capsising of my crockery-ware.

Young Betsy lay in the very next room,
Laughing at the joke going on,
She said young man you must take care,
You must pay my granny for the crockery-ware.

Well the police were called for without delay,
The money down I had to pay,
I paid three shillings I do declare,
To buy the old bugger a new crockery-ware.

And if you hadn't guessed the Crockery-Ware referred to is the
chamber pot. AG

Trad: English (Derbyshire ?)

Performance & Recording:

Harry Boardman

AG

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