

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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## Jock the Leg and the Merry Merchant

Jock the Leg and the Merry Merchant

Jock the Leg and the merry merchant  
Went up to London town, O,  
They had twa packs upon their twa backs  
And I wyte they were weel tied on, O

[Repeat the last two lines of each stanza.]

They traivelled up & they traivelled doon,  
Till they came to London Inn, O,  
Says lock the Leg to the merry merchant  
Nae farther will we gang, O.

When mass was sung & bells was rung,  
And a' wis bound for bed, O,  
Jock the Leg and the merry merchant  
Were both in one bed laid, O.

They hadna been an hour in bed,  
An hour but barely one, O,  
Says Jock the Leg to the merry merchant  
We'll rise & gang again, O.

Never a fit says the merry merchant,  
Till daylight I do see, O,  
There's one, they call him Jock the Leg,  
He vows he will rob me, O.

Ye'll gang in by Netherdale,  
And in by Coventry, O,  
And I will warrant Jock the Leg  
That he winna trouble thee, O.

He gaed in by Netherdale,  
And in by the Coventry. O,  
And woe be to him, Jock the Leg,  
For fast fast followed he, O.

Your pack your pack upo' your back,  
Your pack & every pin, O,  
There's nae a neuk in a' your pack  
But my hand shall he in, O.

Never a fit, says the merry merchant,  
Will I lowse my pack to thee, O,  
As lang's the sword hings by my side  
I'll fecht until I dee, O.

They fought up and they fought down  
Wi' the swords o' the tempered steel, O,  
They fought up and they fought down,  
Till the blood ran owre their heels, O.

He's Putten his whistle to his mouth  
And he's blown it loud & shrill, O,  
As six o' his well-armed men  
Came tripping down the hill, O.

Ye'll tak' sax o' your bravest men,  
And yersel' the seventh to be, O,  
Gin ye pit me ae fit frae my back  
Ye'll get it a' for me, O

They fought up and they fought down,  
Till daylight they did see, O,  
Though they should hae fought till that day month  
One fit he wadna jee, O.

Ye'll tak' your pack upon your back  
And ye'll traivel by land or sea, O,  
At kirk or market where we meet,  
And ye'll get nae ill frae me, O.

I'll tak' my pack upon my back  
And I'll traivel by land & by sea, O,  
And at kirk or market where we meet  
I'll hae nae ill frae thee, O.

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