

# The Rat-catcher's Daughter - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

The Rat-Catcher's Daughter.

Not long ago in Vestminster,  
There lived a rat-catchers daughter;  
And she didn't live in Vestminster,  
'Cause she lived t'other side of the vater.  
Her father caught rats, and she sold sprats,  
All around and about that quarter;  
And the gentlefolk's all took off their hats  
To the pretty little rat-catcher's daughter.  
Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodle da!

Now rich and poor, both far and near,  
In matrimony sought her;  
But at friends and foes turned up her nose,  
Did the putty little rat-catcher's daughter.  
For there was a man sold lily vite sand,  
In cupid's net had caught her;  
And right over head and ears in love  
Vent the putty little rat-catcher's daughter.  
Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodle da!

Now lily vite sand so ran in her 'ead,  
As she went along the Strand, oh!  
She forgot as she'd got sprats on her 'ead,  
And cried: " D'ye vant any lily vite sand, oh? "  
The folks amazed all thought her crazed,  
As she went along the Strand, oh!  
To see a gal with sprats on her 'ead cry:  
D'ye vant any lily vite sand, oh?"  
Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodle da!

Now rat-catcher's daughter so ran in his 'ead,  
He couldn't tell vat he was arter;  
So instead of crying: " D'ye vant any sand ? "  
He cried: " D'ye vant any rat-catcher's daughter?"  
His donkey cocked his ears and laughed,  
And couldn't think vat he vas arter,  
Ven he heard his lily vite sand man cry:  
"D'ye vant any rat-catcher's daughter? "  
Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodle da!

They both agreed to be married  
On next Easter Sunday;  
But rat-catcher's daughter she had a dream,  
That she wouldn't be alive on Monday.  
She vent once more to buy some sprats,  
And she tumbled into the vater;  
And down to the bottom, all kivered with mud,  
Vent the putty little rat-cat-catcher's daughter.  
Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodle da!

Ven Lily Vite Sand he 'card the news,  
His eyes ran down with vater;  
Said he: " In love I'll constant prove, and-  
Blow me! if I'll live long arter."  
So he cut 'is throat with a pane of glass,  
And stabbed his donkey arter;

So 'ere is an end of Lily Vite Sand, donkey,  
And the rat-catcher's daughter.  
Doodle dee! doodle dum! di dum doodle da!