

Any Tinware To Mend - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

ANY TINWARE TO MEND?

From ould Ireland I lately came o'er, my boys,
And many's the shilling I've made,
By soddering ould kettles, ould boilers and pans,
For tinkering, sure, is my trade;
At the break o the day I am rising,
On no one but myself to depind,
All round the city I'm crying,
Any tinware to mend?

Chorus.

With my whack, whack, whack, bang, bang, bang,
To your kettles and your pans I'll attind;
With my whack, whack, whack, and a bang, bang, bang,
Any tinware to mend?

On Fifth avenue I know all the servant gals.
An' the many a boiler they break;
It's myself they call in to tinker the job,
I'm the boy that can stop up a leak.
They give me a big bowl of coffee,
Thin into the street I desind,
Their heads are all out of the window,
Whin there's any tinware to mend.-Chorus.

There's a young girl in Kerry that I know well,
I'll bring her from over the sea,
She'll be Mrs. Tooley, when good Father Bourke
Ties her completely to me;
I'll lay down my budget and open a shop,
If I find in my business depind,
That I'll not be ashamed to walk 'bout the streets,
Crying, any tinware to mend?
I'll work all my life for my dear little wife,
Crying, any tinware to mend?-Chorus.