

Dick Darlin', The Cobbler - song lyrics

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

DICK DARLIN', THE COBBLER.

Och! my name is Dick Darlin', the cobbler,
My time I served down there in Kent;
Some say I'm an ould fornicater,
But now I'm resolv'd to repent.

For twenty years I'd been a rover,
An' wasted the prime of my life;
One day I resolved to give over
An' settle myself down to a wife.

Spoken-Yes, I got married an' be d----d to me. Now, upon
my sowl! a woman is the most obstroperous and outrageous
creature on the face of the earth. Before I was married, whiniver
I'd go among 'em, they'd be fighting for me; and when I married
one o' them in the hopes to be quiet an' peaceable, d--m the day
she'd be aisy if she wasn't fighting wid me.
Now I'll give ye the contints uv my oath: that before I was
married there wasn't a nicer, quieter, dacenter, bether disposed or
meekeer disposition'd boy than myself: but since I'm married, be
gob! if I didn't git into a bit of a fight now and then, I'd go
mouldy. And divil a fight ever I was in or heard tell of, but a
woman was at the top, the bottom, both sides and in the middle
of it.

My wife she was blinkin' an' blearin'.
My wife she was humpy and black,
The divil all over for sweariu',
And her tongue it kept going click clack.

Spoken-Bad luck to me if ever I could tell how a woman's
tongue is hung at all! We all know that a man's tongue is hung
by one ind, but bad scran to me if I don't think that a woman's is
hung by the middle, an' no sooner one ind strikes the upper part
of her jaw, but the other ind hits the lower; an' there it is, upper
an' lower, the whole day peltin', till, at last, I'd have to give her a
welt in the gob wid my last to stop her. An' thin she'd run out
of the cellar, roaring: Watch, watch, watch! here's this murder'n
villin', he's killin' me; he's give me a welt in the gob wid his last,
an' he's broke the collar bone of me.
A--row, wirrastrow! what'll I do? An' thin, widout waitin'
for any one to tell her what to do, she up wid a brick an' lets
drive at me. I can dodge it aisy enough 'cause I'm used to it;
but another poor divil there, standing by an' not savin' a word to
anybody, he got it plumb in the mug. Up comes the police an'
walks the three uv us off for assault an' battbery, an' d--n the
one got batthered but the poor divil who had nothin' to do wid it.
But that's the way of it, evil communications corrupt good manners.

But now we are parted for ever-
One mornin' before it was light,
I shov'd the ould jade in a river
And cautiously bid her good night.

My troubles of wedlock bein' over.
This country I thought I would try;
Once more I've become a free rover,
An' single I'll stop 'till I die.

Spoken-A fellow came into my shop the other day. Dick,
says he. Sir, says I. I'll bet ye three dollars to one. " says he,
that I can sole three pair of boots while you sole one. You can't,
says I. Will ye bet, says he. I will, says I. Done, says he.
Done, says I, and to work we wint. An' afther I'd bate him, as
an Irishman ought to do, the dirty bla'guard wouldn't pav me.
But, maybe I hadn't satisfaction out of him; I wint out an' I bate
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him; I bate him 'till I was blind as a bat. I bate him 'till I brdke
nearly all the bones in my body an' they had to carry me home on
a shutther. He come to me aftherwards, an' says he, you ought
to pay me somethin'.

Didn't I give you a practical lesson in industry? You didn't
know how much work you could do till I brought it out uv you,
says he. Be gob! but I knew how much work he hinder'd me
from doin'. But hould on a bit; let me come across him again,
if ever I come across him again-by J-s-s! I'll keep clear uv him.