

# The Scissors Grinder - song lyrics

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

THE SCISSORS GRINDER

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Catharine was my darling's name.  
For short I called her Kitty,  
Her clothes were not of the richest kind.  
But folks all called her pretty.  
She's bounced away, the Lord "knows where."  
And left me here behind her,  
She left a note saying she eloped  
With a little old scissors grinder.

CHORUS.

He carried a bell that he did ring.  
And this is the song that he did sing:  
Scissors to grind, scissors to grind.  
Scissors and shears of every kind:  
Give me a trial and you will find  
I can grind your scissors.

The first time that he saw my Kilty.  
She was dusting the window blind.  
When he came by ringing a bell  
And singing out scissors to grind.  
He gave her a wink and then declared  
Such a lovely gal as she  
Could have his heart and his pocket-book, too,  
And he'd grind her scissors free.-Chorus.

My love for Kitty is very strong,  
And daily it increases;  
I'm thinking of her all the time.  
She's broke my heart to pieces.  
If I could see that gal again.  
How happy I would be.  
She's bounced away with that grinder man  
To parts unknown to me.-Chorus.

I'll advertise her everywhere.  
And do my beet to find her,  
Forgive her all if she'll come back  
And leave that scissors grinder.  
I worry so I cannot sleep.  
Oh, darling Cather-eeen;  
I dreamt she was doing the go-as-you please  
With a scissors grinding machine.-Chorus.