

Dumiana Dingiana Dumiana Day

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A sailor was walking, on a bright summer's day
 A squire and his lady were making their way
 When the sailor he heard the squire say
 "Tonight with you I mean to stay"
 And the dumiana dingiana dumiana day.

"You must tie a string around your finger
 With the other end of the string hanging out the winder,
 And I'll come by, and pull the string
 And you must come down and let me in,
 With my dumiana dingiana dumiana day."

Says Jack to himself, "Why shouldn't I try
 And see if a poor sailor can win such a prize"
 So he went by and pulled the string
 The lady came down and she let old Jack in
 With his dumiana dingiana dumiana day.

The squire came by. He was whistling a song;
 Thinking in his heart there would nothing go wrong,
 But when he got there, no string could be found
 And so all his hopes were dashed to the ground
 And his dumiana dingiana dumiana day.

The lady woke up, it was just turning light
She jumped out of bed in a terrible fright
For there was Jack in his tarry old shirt
Behold his face was all covered with dirt
And his dumiamama dingiamama dumiamama day.

"Oh what do you mean, you saucy sailor
To creep into a lady's chamber and steal her treasure?"
"Oh no," says Jack, "I just pulled the string
And you came down and let me in
And my dumiamama dingiamama dumiamama day."

"Beg pardon," says Jack, "Have pity I say.
I'll steal away very quiet at the dawn of the day."
"Oh no" says the lady, "Don't go too far
For I never will part from my jolly Jack tar
And his dumiamama dingiamama dumiamama day."