

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Dick the Joiner

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In Dublin city there lived a lad, a joiner by his token
He courted of some bouncing lass, like many in his nation
He courted her both day and night, thinking for to entice her
But the answer that she gave to him, "To marry you, not I, sir!"

Now cunning Dick contrived a trick, it was a rogue's invention
For to dress himself in women's clothes to try his love's intention
His gown was large, made of good serge; his petticoat was yellow
And such a bouncing girl was Dick, in Belfast had no fellow.

Now Dick went to his true love's house inquiring for the master
When Nell, she made him this reply, "Oh, we hadn't one since Easter!"
"I think you are some Townseer girl, hard labour won't destroy you
If you can cook roast bacon boiled, Oh, my Nana will employ you."

Now Dick, he hired in a crack for twenty guineas yearly.
What he took in hands he done it well, and his mistress loved him dearly.
That day was spent, to bed they went, Dick modestly lay by her
She says, "My roving countrygirl, will you draw a little nigher."

She told him of her sweethearts all, and of them she had many.
She told him of a joiner lad that she loved the best of any.
She fell asleep, Dick soft did creep to his beloved Nellie
He gave her a kiss, and something else that I'm half ashamed to tell you.

Now when she woke out of her sleep, she roared like one was murdered
Oh, young man, she said, You proved to me, and I think you're Dick the Joiner.
Go 'long, go 'long, you silly girl, I'm sure you must be raving
Such silly thoughts run in your mind, or my mistress you'll awaken.

Now Dick, he rose, put on his clothes, leaving poor Nell to mourn
The truth I'll tell, she loved him well, and she longed for his return.
So girls, be true to the lad you love, and be a little kinder
Afraid you might be taken in by a lad like Dick the Joiner.

Traditional

From the singing of the Kenny Family from Kitchuses, NFLD

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