

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Jolly Tinker 3

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I am a jolly tinker,
At a door I chanced to knock
And said: `Have you any kettles
Or some rusty holes to block?'
Well indeed I have, don't you know I have,
With me rifle-oor-a-laddy, don't you know I have?

She brought me through the kitchen
And she brought me through the hall,
And the servants cried: `The Devil!
Has he come to block us all?'
Well, indeed I've not . . .

She brought me up the stairs
To show me what to do,
And she fell on the feather bed,
And I fell on it too.
Well indeed I did . . .

She took up the frying pan
And she began to knock
To tell the servants down below
That I was at my work.
Well indeed I was . . .

She put her hand in her pocket
And pulled out fifty pound
And said: `My jolly tinker,
We shall have another round.'
Well indeed I will . . .

She put her hand in her pocket
And pulled out a gold watch,
Saying: `Take this, my jolly tinker,
For I know you are no botch.'
Well indeed I'm not . . .

Now I've been a jolly tinker man
For fifty years or more
But a rustier old hole than that,
I've never blocked before.
Well indeed I haven't . . .

JY