

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Journeyman Tailors

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Three journeyman tailors rode up to an inn
And called for the landlord to let them in
On the Rhine, on the Rhine

Their pockets were empty, their throats were dry
And each of the tailors did send up a cry
For wine, for wine

Sir Landlord, Sir Landlord, we've been round the world
And the things we've seen would
Make your hair come uncurled
On the Rhine, on the Rhine

Now each one of us has a magical trick
We'll show you our magic and bring you good luck
For wine, for wine

Come in said the landlord and opened his doors
If your magic is good my cellar is yours
On the Rhine, on the Rhine

But if you do lie as I think me so
I'll plant you head downwards and see how you grow
'Stead of wine, 'stead of wine

The first tailor then took a needle of steel
With a sunbeam he threaded it neat as an eel
On the Rhine, on the Rhine

He picked up a glass that was broken in three
And he sowed it together as neat as could be
For wine, for wine

The first one sat down and the second arose
And he seized a mosquito that flew past his nose
On the Rhine, on the Rhine

Well the poor little beast had a cold in his chest
Before it could sneeze, he had made it a vest
For wine, for wine

The third tailor said, ``You've seen nothing at all."''

And he buried the needle point deep in the wall
On the Rhine, on the Rhine

He flew back and forth through the needle's eye
If I hadn't seen it, I'd say, ``It's a lie."
For wine, for wine

Sir Tailors, Sir Tailors, your magic is great
I promised you wine and I'll not make you wait
On the Rhine, on the Rhine

He picked up a thimble of wine from his vat
All right you magicians, now get drunk on that
For wine, for wine

The tailors were angry, the tailors did roar
They nailed the innkeeper's ears to the door
On the Rhine, on the Rhine

They mounted their horses and rode away
And the innkeeper's ears hang there to this day
For wine, for wine