

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Knife in the Window

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Last Saturday night young Nancy laid sleeping (2x, throughout)

And into her bedroom young Johnny went a-creeping

With his long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee

He said: Lovely Nancy, may I come to bed to you?

She smiled and replied: John, I'm afraid you'll undo me

With your...

His small clothes fell from him and into bed tumbled

She laughed in his face when his breeches he fumbled

With his...

My breeches fit tight, love, I cannot undo them

She smiled and replied: John, you must take a knife to them

With your...

My knife will not cut, love, it ain't worth a cinder

She smiled and replied: John, there's two on the window

With your...

He picked up the knife and he unrest his breeches

The knife it was sharp and it cut through the stitches

With his...

All the night long how they rolled and they tumbled

Before daylight i' the morning Nancy's nightgown he crumpled

With his...

Now nine monthe being past, it fell on a Sunday

A child it was born with a knife-mark in the window

With a long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee

(from Peter Kennedy: *Folksongs of Britain & Ireland*. Sung by Harry Cox, Catfield, Norfolk, 1953).

JR

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