

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## A Little Over One With T'Other

A Little Over One With T'Other

A youth of late, who lack'd a mate  
Did courting come unto her,  
With cap and kiss and "Sweet mistress"  
But little could he do her.  
Said she, "My friend, let kissing end  
Wherewith you do me smother.  
And run at ring with t'other thing  
A little over one with t'other.

Too much of aught is good for naught  
So leave this idle kissing;  
Your barren suit will yield no fruit  
if t'other thing be missing.  
As much as this, a man may kiss  
His sister or his mother,  
So run at ring with t'other thing  
A little over one with t'other.

Who bids a friend unto a feast  
To dine on divers dishes--  
They please his mind, until he finds  
Change, please, each creature wishes.  
Of beak and bill I've had my fill  
With measure flowing over,  
He who would speed must give, with need,  
A little over one with t'other.

Sharp mixed with flat, no mirth in that,  
A low note, then a higher  
When mean and base keep time and place  
Such music maids desire.  
All on one string dotyh loathing bring  
Change is true music's mother  
So leave my face and sound the bass!  
A little over one with t'other.

And while he played, the young man strayed  
First high, then low defending  
Each stroke he struck so well she took  
She swore that 'twas past mending.  
Let swaggering boys, who think by toys  
Their lovers to win over

Lip's labor save, for the maids must have  
A little over one with t'other.

Recorded by Ed McCurdy, When Dalliance Was in Flower  
note: McCurdy credits Pills to Purge Melancholy for this one;  
it's been substantially changed, though. Anyone know by  
whom? See OVERONE2. RG

RG