

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Row-Dow-Dow

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If you will listen for a while a story I will tell you,
And if you don't attention pay I'm sure I can't compel you,
But as you've asked me for to sing I'd better start at once,
I'll tell you how I got six weeks and my mate got two months.

With me, Row-dow-dow,
Fal-the-diddle-loddie,
With me, Row-dow-dow.

It happened on one Monday night, two more myself and Clarkie,
Went out pheasant shooting in a place we knew was narky,
Three keepers rushed upon the spot when guns began to rattle,
And our two mates they done a bunk and left us to the battle.

We tried our best to get away but vain was our endeavour,
We wouldn't have been taken if we all had stuck together,
But both of us was captured and then taken to the lock-ups,
And charged before the magistrate for shooting Goschen's cock-ups.

At ten o'clock next morning to the Town Hall we was taken,
We thought our case would settled be but we were quite mistaken,
For we were both remanded 'til the fourteenth of November,
And if you read the Croyden Times I 'spect you will remember.

When our remand was at an end for Croyden we came steering,
And soon before a magistrate we stood to have our hearing,
The case it was so very clear it didn't want much trying,
And when our time it was note down our wives they started crying.

We asked them to propose a fine but that they would not sanction,
So then we knew our residence would be a public mansion,
The magistrates to me I own they acted like a neighbour,
They let me off with six weeks, Clarkie got two months hard labour.

On the twenty-fourth of December my time it did expire,
When I got out I had some scran that's what I did require,
And when I had a drink of beer I really felt quite merry,
But Clarkie don't get out until the middle of January.

Trad: (Traveller?)

From Jim Eldon / Isla St.Clair

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