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The Jolly Tinker (4)

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A noted London lady
O she loved a tinker-man
But she couldn't get in his company
But a little now and then
 And I'll be bound she couldn't

cho: Fol-the-rol-the-diddle-diddle,
 Whack-fol-the-day,
 Fol-the-rol-the-diddle-diddle,
 Whack-fol-the-day,

She wrote to him a letter
And she sent it with a friend
She said: "My jolly tinker
I've some kettles for you to mend"
 And I'll be bound she had

She wrote to him another
And she sealed it with a stone
She said: "My jolly tinker
I can never lay alone."
 And I'll be bound she couldn't

The tinker he came down the lane
And on the door did knock
"O have you got some pots and pans
With rusty holes to block?"
 And I'll be bound she had

She brought him through the kitchen
She brought him through the hall
The cook cried: "It's the devil
He is going to block us all."
 And I'll be bound he could

She brought him up the stairs
For to show him what to do
She fell on the feather-bed
And he fell on it too
 And I'll be bound he did

She took up a frying pan
And he began to knock
Just to let the servants know
That he was hard at work
 And I'll be bound he was

She put her hand into her purse
And she pulled out twenty pound
O take this money, tinker-man
And we'll have another round
 And I'll be bound they did

I've been a jolly tinker now
For forty years or more
And such a rusty hole as that
I've never blocked before
 And I'll be bound he hadn't.

From Folksongs of Britain and Ireland, Kennedy
Collected from Billy Dickeson, 1952
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