

The Tailor's Breeches

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It's of a brisk young tailor, a story I'll relate.
He lived at an inn called the "Ram and the Gate",
The "Ram and the Gate" was the place where he did dwell
And it's wine and women's company he loved exceeding well.

cho: Oh! well, Oh! well. Oh! well, my boys, Oh! well.
It's wine and women's company he loved exceeding well.

Now this tailor he'd been drinking a glass or two of wine
And not being used to drink, it caused his face to shine.
It caused his face to shine just like the rising sun,
And he swore he'd have a bonny lass before he did go home.

cho: Go home, go home etc.

So he took her in his arms and he called her his dear honey
And as they both were talking, she was fingering his money.
She was fingering his money, when the tailor smiled and said,
"If you lend me your petticoats, I'll dance like a maid.

cho: A maid, a maid etc.

The tailor pulled his breeches off and the petticoats put on
The tailor danced a dance and the lady sang a song;
The tailor danced a dance and they played a pretty tune
And they danced the tailor's breeches right out of the room.

cho: The room, the room, etc.

"Oh, have you ever seen a tailor undone as I'm undone?
My watch and my money and my breeches are all gone,
And now I am undone, I've become a 'garden flower'
And if I ever get my breeches back I'll never dance no more."

cho: No more, no more etc.

From Marrow Bones, Purslow
Collected from Jacob Baker, Bere Regis, Dorset and Robert Barrat,
Dorset, 1905