

# Locking The Stable Door - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

LOCKING THE STABLE DOOR.

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Arranged by Frank Shaw.

John Rinks, an old farmer, once lost a gray mare,  
Which caused the old fellow to weep And to swear;  
He offered rewards, but all was in vain;  
He never set eyes on his horse-flesh again;  
The mare had been stolen, a big oath he swore  
That each night after that he would lock fast his door.  
And no matter how cold the night it had been,  
Every night about ten the old man could be seen:

Chorus.

Locking the stable-door, click!

Locking the stable door, clack!

He just turned the key, and then, don't you see.

The bolt shot back with a whack, click, clack! whack, click, clack!

Now his servant-girl Mary, a forward young minx.  
Got casting sheep's-eyes at our friend Mister Binks,  
His wife did not twig it, he thought it was fun.  
But conscience said plainly, "this girl you must shun;"  
But he could not resist it, and so once or twice  
He kissed the girl-smacking his lips, said "It's nice,"  
Till one night he whispered: " It's dismal and cold.  
Will you come to the stable the candle to hold?  
Spoken-While I'm

Chorus.

Locking the stable-door, click!

While I'm locking the stable-door, clack!

He just turned the key, and then, don't you see.

The bolt shot back with a whack, click, clack! whack, click, clack!

They only got far as the old stable-door.  
When a gust of wind blew the light on the floor;  
He searched all around with the key in the dark:  
He made for the keyhole, but went wide of the mark;  
The girl said "let me try, I've eyes like a cat,"  
When a voice from behind said: "What are you at?"  
There stood Mrs. Binks, saying: "That's how you do,  
Well, I never imagined before It took two."  
Spoken-To go  
Chorus.

Locking the stable-door, click!

To go locking the stable-door, clack!

he just turned the key, And then, don't you see.

The bolt shot back with a whack, click, clack! whack, click, clack!

Mrs. Binks went to law, as a matter of course.  
And tried from her husband to get a divorce;  
She said she could not live with him any more  
Since he and the servant went locking the stable-door;  
The lawyers and judges went all through the laws.  
But they could not find the least chance of divorce -  
"No," the judge said, "you'll have to stick to him thro' life,  
For I can't find a law that can part man and wife."  
Spoken-For

Chorus.

Locking the stable-door, click!

For locking the stable-door, clack!

He just turned the key, and then, don't you see.

The bolt shot back with a whack, click, clack! whack, click, clack!