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Harry the Tailor

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Young Harry, the tailor, 'bout twenty years old
He began to grow rattlin' courageous and bold
He told his old mother without any jest
A wife he would have then so well as the rest

And sing: Fal-the-ral-laddy-O
Fal-the-ral-laddy-O
Fal-the-ral-laddy-O
Fal-the-lie-day

He got up one morning, before it was day
From his house to the farmer's he did run away
Where she was a-working her dairy alone
He got bobbin and playin' but 'twas not with his own

I'll tell you the truth, let him say what he may
He came here a little before it was day
Where Dolly, the dairymaid, makin' her cheese
He began for to play and to tickle her knees

She gave him a shove, and straightway he fell
From the house of the dairy right into the well
Young Harry cried out with such pitiful sound
Or else, my dear Dolly, then I shall be drowned

Then William, the farmer, he did then come in
And up in the bucket he pulled him again
He says: You young rascal, and how came you here?
It was; Thou shoved me in, sir, I vow and declare

The farmer got up in a passion at that
And said: You young rascal, what have you been at!
The basin of buttermilk at him he threw
Which made him look sair and damn well blue

Young Harry went home like a poor drowned rat
And told his old mother what he had been at
Wi' slaps on his cheeks and a terrible fall
If this is your courtin', the devil take all

Words and tune from Kennedy, Folksongs of Britain and Ireland

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RG,SF

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