

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Shoemaker

The Shoemaker

My mother sent me to the school,
To learn to be a stocking-knitter,
But I went wrang and play'd the fule,
And married with a shoemaker.
Shoemaker, leather cracker,
With all his stinking dirty water,
I wish a thousand deaths I'd died
Ere I had wed a shoemaker.

His hands are like a cuddy's houghs,
(pony's knees[?] haunches[?])
His face is like the high-low'd leather,
His ears are like I don't know what,
His hair is like a bunch of heather.
Shoemaker, leather cracker,
Stinking kit and rotten leather,
I wish a thousand deaths I had died
Ere I had wed a shoemaker.

He sent me for a pint of wine,
And I brought him a pint o' water,
But he played me as good a trick,
He made my shoes o' rotten leather.
Shoemaker, leather strapper,
Three rows o' rotten leather,
Balls o' wax and stinking water,
Who would have a shoemaker.

From JC Bruce & J Stokoe, Northumbrian Minstrelsy, 1882

AJS

apr00