

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Trooper and the Tailor

The Trooper and the Tailor

There was an old blacksmith in London did dwelllll,
He had a fair lady, he loved her right well,
He had a fair lady, he lovcd her right well,
And this blacksmith, he was a bold trooper.

cho: Tee larell, tee lay, tee larell, tee lay,
Tee larell, tee larell, tee lie-doe.

There was a young tailor who lived close by,
And on this fair lady did he cast an eye;
He swore he would have her, or else he would die,
For he did not admire the trooper.

The tailor, he came awhile after night
To seize on his jewel, his own heart's delight,
Saying, "Three guineas I'll give for lodging tonight,
For I hear that your husband's on duty. "

"Oh yes, little tailor, you've guessed very right,
My husband's on duty, oh, this very night;
But if he should come, he'd give us a great fright,
For you know that my husband's a trooper,"

So they blowed out the light and to bed they did run,
They hadn't been gone long before fun had begun;
The fun being over, they both fell asleep,
And they had no more thoughts of the trooper.

The trooper, he came in the midst of the night,
He rapped on the door, which gave them a great fright;
"Oh hide me, oh hide me, my sweet heart's delight,
For I hear the bold raps of the trooper!"

"There's a three-cornered cupboard behind the old door,
I'll put you in that, you'll be safe and secure;
Then I will go down and open the door
And I'll let in my husband, the trooper."

So she tripped it and trapped it down the old stair
With compliments and kisses as she met him there;
"But for compliments and kisses I do not care:

Go light me a fire!" said the trooper.

"The fire is all out, and there's no fire stuff,
So come to bed, darling, you'll be warm enough!"
"There's a three-cornered cupboard behind the old door,
And I'll burn it this night," said the trooper.

Oh, it's "Husband, dear husband, it's Grandma's desire,
And the three-cornered cupboard's too good for the fire,
And in it's my game-cock, which I admire."
"I'll see your game-cock," said the trooper.

So he went to the cupboard, he opened the door:
There sat the little tailor all "safe and secure!"
Grabbed the nape of his neck, yanked him out on the floor,
And "I'll fight your game-cock," said the trooper!

He kicked and he cuffed him, and used him severe;
With his own little shears he cut off his two ears -
"And for this night's lodging you've paid very dear!"
And away went the poor cropped tailor

From Folk Songs of the Catskills, Cazden Haufrecht and Studer
Collected from Etson Van Wagner
DT #346
Laws Q8