

The Lousy Tailor



Tis of a jolly boatman who in Littleport town did dwell
He had a handsome wife and a tailor loved her well Tu re lu, tu re lay
And as soon as her husband was out of the way
She let the little tailor in along with her to play Tu re lu, fol de lol , Fol de riddle la de lay

One day the boatman's wife went out into the street
The little lousy tailor she chanc-ed for to meet
She said to the tailor "My husband's gone to sea
Tonight you can have a little frolic along with me".

The boatman he came home about 12 of the clock
He lifted up the latch and he gave the door a knock
It woke the little tailor ."Oh help me!" then he cried
"Your husband he will kill me – show me where to hide?"

"There's my husband's sea-chest. In it you can lie
I can unlock it – it doesn't need a key
She put the tailor in it and told him to lie still
"Don't move a muscle for fear you will be killed".

She put on her clothes and opened up the door
In stepped the boatman with three crewmen or four
She flung her arms around his neck and gave him such a kiss
She said "My loving husband what do you mean by this?"

"I've come for my sea-chest I need it straightaway
I've come for my chest without no more delay
For my ship she lies in harbour ready to set sail
And my chest I must have without any fail."

The boatmen they were big, the boatmen they were strong
They took up the chest and carried it along
But before they had carried it the length of the town
The weight of the chest made the sweat come trickling down

Said one to the other "Let's put it down and rest"
Said one to the other "The devil's in the chest"
"Oh no "cried the boatman," you need have no fear
It's the little lousy tailor and we have got him here.

We'll carry him to Yarmouth and send him off to sea
And there they can keep him for ever and a day
We'll carry him to Yarmouth and send him off from shore
He never will come back here to cuckold me no more."