

The Proud Pedlar

Billy Waggs, *Red Lion, Orwell, RVW 13-06-1908*

It's me and my pack is worth twen-ty pounds in go-ods and go-od mon - ey. I -
free - ly would part with it all - " he sang," for to lie all night with a la -
dy ,For to - - lie all night with a la - - dy

1. So merrily sings the Nightingale, so merrily sings the Jay
So merrily sang the proud pedlar as he walked along the highway.
2. "The bag on my back is worth twenty pounds in gold and good money
I'd part with it all," the pedlar he sang, "for to lie all night with a lady."
3. The lady looked out of her window so high to hear the proud pedlar sing
"Sing on sing on you bold pedlar the song you have lately begun."
4. The pedlar looked over his left shoulder. He was so neat and so trim.
"I never have sung a song in my life I couldn't sing over again."
5. "The bag on my back is worth twenty pounds in gold and good money
I'd part with it all", the pedlar sang, "for to lie all night with a lady."
6. The lady she took the bold pedlar's hand and led him into the hall
She led him right into her bed chamber with her bed against the wall.
7. The Pedlar he lay with the lady all night until it was break of day
Then he began to think of his pack that he had bargained away.
8. "Here's twenty pounds", the pedlar he said, "to buy you fine clothes and rings
Just give me back my pedlar's pack to earn my living again."
9. "That wasn't the song you sang last night, the song you sang to me.
I'm glad I've locked up your pedlar's pack and hidden away the key."
10. "I'll make you rue," the pedlar said, "what you've just said to me.
I'll go and stand in front of your gate till your husband comes home from sea."
11. Twas late in the night her husband came home and saw him stand at the gate.
"Why are you standing here, he asked, O tell me why you wait."
12. "Yesterday I baked a cake for thirty people and three
I needed a mortar to grind my spice and I borrowed one from your lady.
13. Now the mortar belonged to your lady fair, but the pestle it was my own.
But she has taken my pedlar's pack in payment for the loan."
14. "Come give him back his pedlar's pack. Such payment is far too great.
O give it him back my lady fair then he'll go away from the gate."
15. "Go take your pack, you proud pedlar. Come take it back again.
I never again will let a pedlar bold grind spice in a mortar of mine."
16. "O that was well done," says the proud pedlar. "And it was well turned by me.
For I've got my pack back again and lay all night with the lady.
17. By my rakish tricks I lost my pack, but my wits have won it again.
And if I live for the next hundred years I will never go back there again!"