

Kate Rusby "Game Of All Fours"

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As I was walking one midsummer's morning,
To hear the birds whistle and the nightingale play,
Was there that I met a beautiful maiden,
As I was a walking along the highway.

Oh where are you going my fair pretty lady,
Where are you going so early this morn,
She answered, kind sir to visit my neighbours,
I'm going down to Lincoln the place I was born.

Oh may I go with you my fair pretty lady,
May I go along in your sweet company,
She turned her head round and smiling all at me,
Said you may come with me kind sir if you please.

We hadn't been walking a few miles together,
Before this young damsel began to show free,
She sat herself down saying sit down beside me,
The game we shall play will be one, two and three.

I said my dear lady if you're fond of the gaming,
There's one game I know I would like you to learn,
The game it is called The Game Of All Fours,
So I took out my pack and began the first turn.

She cut the cards and I fell a dealing,
I dealt her a trump and myself the poor Jack,
She led off here ace and stole the Jack from me,
Saying Jack is the card I like best in your pack.

I dealt the last time, its your turn to shuffle,
My turn to show the best card in the pack,
Once more she'd the ace and stole the Jack from me,
Once more I lost when I laid down poor Jack.

So I took up my hat and I bid her good morning,
I said you're the best that I know at this game,
She answered, young man, come back tomorrow,
We'll play the game over and over and over and over
and over again

