

Unknown

"Crockery Ware"

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CROCKERY WARE

In Bristol did a merchant dwell
He courted a girl and he loved her well
And all he craved in his delight
Was to lay with her one night

To me rye whack fol the diddle I gee oh
To me rye whack fol the diddle I gee oh

As this young maid on her bed she lay
A-thinking on the tricks on him she'd play
And in his way she put a chair
And on the chair placed crockery ware

As this young man come in the dark
A-thinking to find his own sweetheart
He hit his toe against a chair
Upsetting all of the crockery ware
The old woman ran downstairs in a fright
And there she called for a light
She said, "you villain, what brought you here
A-breaking all of the crockery ware?"

He said, "Old woman don't look so cross
I missed my way and I fear I'm lost
I missed my way and I do declare
I broke me shin on your crockery ware"

As this young maid on her bed she lay
A-laughing at the tricks on him she played
She said, "Young man, don't look so queer
And pay me mother for the crockery ware"

The police were sent for right away
And, sure enough, I had to pay
A dollar for the broken chair
And one pound ten for her crockery ware

So come all you rakes and rambling sports
That goes a courting in the dark

Don't hit your toe against a chair
Or else you'll suffer for your crockery ware.

@courtship @nightvisit @trick
recorded by Margaret Christl, Folk Legacy
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