

Thompson Richard

"The Old Changing Way"

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I'm Darby the tinker and my brother is Tam

We go where the work is, my boys, and we work where
we can

With the mending and fixing, it's together we stay

Intending our fortunes to try on the old changing way

We come to your cities and we call on your wives

We'll fix up your kettles, please dear missus, we'll
sharpen your knives

And we always agreed that together we'd stay

Intending our fortunes to try on the old changing way

At times they grew scanty and the money grew thin

We worked for a song but the money it didn't come in

Now brothers are kindred but hard times betray

And so we stumbled apart on the old changing way

We never agreed to divide our tin

And when you're out of love with your brother, your
hard times begin

For the spikes and the brothels, they're shameful to
see

But don't you travel alone, boys, this warning you take
from me

You must share with your nearest till the end of your
days

Or else it's forever you're on the old changing way

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