

Richard Thompson, Doctor Of Physick

Take care daughter dear
Don't dream of many gallant men tonight
Take care daughter dear
For the doctor comes to steal your goods in the dead of night
Every sigh he'll hear
So wear your relic near
Doctor Monk unpacks his trunk tonight

Oh father dear
I dreamed last night a man sat on my bed
And I fear
When I awoke I could not find my maidenhead
Every sigh he'll hear
So wear your relic near
Doctor Monk unpacks his trunk tonight

He'll have you all
You fine young ladies pure as fallen snow
He'll have you all
If you think upon improper things the doctor will know
Every sigh he'll hear
So wear your relic near
Doctor Monk unpacks his trunk tonight
Doctor Monk unpacks his trunk tonight