

Lloyd, Dumiamia Dingiamia Dumiamia Day

Dumiamia Dingiamia Dumiamia Day

A sailor was walking, on a bright summer's day

A squire and his lady were making their way

When the sailor he heard the squire say

"Tonight with you I mean to stay"

And the dumiamia dingiamia dumiamia day.

"You must tie a string around your finger

With the other end of the string hanging out the winder,

And I'll come by, and pull the string

And you must come down and let me in,

With my dumiamia dingiamia dumiamia day."

Says Jack to himself, "Why shouldn't I try

And see if a poor sailor can win such a prize"

So he went by and pulled the string

The lady came down and she let old Jack in

With his dumiamia dingiamia dumiamia day.

The squire came by. He was whistling a song;

Thinking in his heart there would nothing go wrong,

But when he got there, no string could be found

And so all his hopes were dashed to the ground

And his dumiamia dingiamia dumiamia day.

The lady woke up, it was just turning light

She jumped out of bed in a terrible fright!

For there was Jack in his tarry old shirt

Behold! his face was all covered with dirt

And his dumiamia dingiamia dumiamia day.

"Oh what do you mean, you saucy sailor

To creep into a lady's chamber and steal her treasure?"

"Oh no," says Jack, "I just pulled the string

And you came down and let me in

And my dumiamia dingiamia dumiamia day."

"Beg pardon," says Jack, "Have pity I say.

I'll steal away very quiet at the dawn of the day."

"Oh no!" says the lady, "Don't go too far

For I never will part from my jolly Jack tar

And his dumiamia dingiamia dumiamia day.

Recorded by A.L. Lloyd, Martin Carthy

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