

THE COBBLER

transcribed by Ron Jeffers



1. O me name is Dick Dar-by, I'm a cob-bler, I serv-ed me time in Salt Camp, Some
2. O me fath-er was hung for sheep - steal-in', me moth-er was burn'd for a witch, me



call me an old a - gee - ta - tor, but now I'm re - solved to re - pent. With me
sis - ter's a dan - dy house - keep - er, and I'm a mee - chan - i - cal switch.



ing - twing of an ing - thing of an I - doe, with me ing - twing of an ing - thing of an I - day, with me



roo - boo - boo roo - boo - boo rahn - dy and me love - stone keeps bait - in' a - way.

[lovestone - heart; baitin' - basting]

3. Now there's forty long years I have travelled,
All by the contents of me pack;
Me hammers, me awls, and me pincers,
I carry them all on me back. (*Chorus*)

4. O me wife she is humpy, she's lumpy,
Me wife she's the devil, she's cracked,
And no matter what time I do with her,
Her tongue it goes clickety clack. (*Chorus*)