Firelock Stile

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So come all young men, come listen awhile,
I'll tell you what happened at Firelock Stile,
When a stump of a nail catched hold of her clothes
She fell down, and did expose
Her old Rump-a-tump tooral looral laddiedy
Rump-a-tump tooral looral day.

A gay young buck was standing by
The sight of her quim so dazzled his eye
She said "Young man, I feel amazed
To see a young gentleman stand and gaze
At my Rump-a-tump tooral looral laddiedy
Rump-a-tump tooral looral day."

She said "Young man, if you mean what you say
And twenty bright guineas in gold were to pay,
If twenty bright guineas in gold you did pay,
Then, young man, you can fiddle away
On my Rump-a-tump tooral looral laddiedy
Rump-a-tump tooral looral day."

That very soon he gave consent
And into the woods together they went
While he pre-formed and she pre-tuned
The boy and the beauty kept time to the tune
on her Rump-a-tump tooral looral laddiedy
Rump-a-tump tooral looral day.

Now six weeks being over, as I have been told
She gave him some fire to keep him from cold,
To keep him from cold, both night and day,
And he cursed the young damsel that learned him to play
On her Rump-a-tump tooral looral laddiedy
Rump-a-tump tooral looral day.

Now all young men, come listen awhile
I've told you what happened at Firelock Stile
Or else, like me, you'll rue the day
You go into the woods to learn to play
On her Rump-a-tump tooral looral laddiedy
Rump-a-tump tooral looral day.

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