Dumiama Dingiama Dumiama Day

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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 dumiama dingiama dumiama 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 dumiama dingiama dumiama 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 dumiama dingiama dumiama 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 dumiama dingiama dumiama 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 dumiama dingiama dumiama 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 dumiama dingiama dumiama 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 dumiama dingiama dumiama day.

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