Tom Bolynn (2)

(alternate:)

TOMBOLY2.2.gif"

Tom Bolynn (2)

Tom Bolynn was a Scotchman born,
His shoes worn out and his stockings torn;
The calf of his leg hung down to his shin
"I'm bulldog and spanter," says Tom Bolynn.

Tom Bolynn had no boots to wear;
He got him a goat's skin to make him a pair
The woolly side out, the fleecy side in,
Cool in the summer, says Tom Bolynn.

Tom Bolynn bought him an old grey mare
Her sides was worn, her feet was bare
Away he went through thick and thin
I'm going a-courting, says Tom Bolynn.

He rode over to the Dutchman's hall;
There he got down amongst them all.
"Come in, come in, I bid you come in."
I've come here courting, says Tom Bolynn.

Come in, come in, my welcome guest.
Take which of my daughters you love best;
I'll take one for love, the other for kin.
I'll marry them both, says Tom Bolynn.

And after the wedding they must have a dinner
Have nothing to eat that was fit for a sinner
Neither flesh, fish, food, nor no such thing
It's a hell of a dinner, says Tom Bolynn.

And after the dinner they must have a dance,
There's none of us know how to lead out a prance;
There's none of us knows how to begin
"Let's aim at a jig," says Tom Bolynn.

And after the dinner they must have a bed
The floor it was swept and the straw it was spread,
The sheets were short, the sides were thin

"Stick close to my back," says Tom Bolynn.

Tom Bolynn's wife, and his wife's mother
All went over the bridge together
The bridge broke down, they all fell in
"Get out if you can," says Tom Bolynn.

Tom Bolynn's wife being of a low squat
And out of the water she quickly got
And away she went through thick and thin
Enquiring for delicate Tom Bolynn.

Tom Bolynn crawled in an old hollow tree
Very well content he seemed to be
The wind it blew hard and the rain beat in,
"It's a hell of a lodging," says Tom Bolynn.

From English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, Sharp
Collected from Mrs. Eliza Pace, KY 1917

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.