

# King of All Trades

Heather Dale

The doge of Venice and council of ten were watching their two go astray  
The coffers are lean, there's no money to spend, it's a state of financial decay  
The cobblers are squabbling and not making shoes  
The vintner have gone and forsaken the booze  
The merchants are marching, demanding we choose  
Just what is the king of all trades, aha, just what is the king of all trades

The doge of Venice and council of ten took cloaks and went out to the street  
There they were swarmed by a jostle of men who could barely keep up on their feet  
The shipwright came forward and puffed up his chest  
"When there's goods to be carried, my fleet is the best,  
They just make the stuff, I take care of the rest  
Of course, I'm the king of all trades, aha, of course I'm the king of all trades!"

The dye master elbowed his way through the crowd and laughed in the ship master's face  
"I cannot imagine what makes him so proud with my tubs could beat his in a race.  
His ships are turned back 'cuz their rats are infected  
His sailors are brawling but that was expected  
He always makes sure that his backside's protected  
He'd never be king of all trades, aha, he'd never be king of all trades!"

The wizened old jeweler peered up through his lens and scoffed at the dye master's rant  
"I see that he's screaming blue murder again when we all know his vat's on a slant  
The water down river from him is vermilion  
And all of his colors go grey when it's raining  
And you don't want to know what that indigo stain is  
And he'd never be king of all trades, aha, he'd never be king of all trades!"

The tailor came up as he skirted the mob and willingly joined in the fray.  
"I'm not one for making a cutting remark but that jeweler will lead you astray  
He'll sell it as gold when it's copper beneath  
He buys his glass gems from a kid up the street  
I've seen him pull fillings from dead people's teeth  
He'd never be king of all trades, aha, he'd never be king of all trades!"

The doge of Venice and council of ten were quietly inching away  
When the smith came up through the gaggle of men, "I'm delivering my

goods for the day.

There's nails for the shipwright and hooks for the dyer,

There's tools for the jeweler (and his dentistry pliers)

You call yourselves workers but I call you liars

With talk of the king of all trades, pshaw, your talk of the king of all trades!"

The doge of Venice and council of ten looked one to the other with glee.

"We thank one and all for the effort you've spent, it has certainly helped us to see

I think we have found where our king has been lurking

He sticks to his job while you others are shirking

He makes you your tools so you all can get working

We declare him the king of all trades, aha, the smith is the king of all trades!

Aha, the smith is the king of all trades!"