

The Cobbler's Daughter

Kate Rusby

I am a cobbler's daughter
I'm thought of rude and mean
But a finer and a bonnier lass
You have never seen
I've plagued my father's head
For my life I wouldn't wed
And my mother's in the prison cause of me

There was a handsome young man
Who used to live near me
If I went out, if I went in
He'd always follow me
I'll never rue the day
It happened as I say
I led him to my chamber room to see

I led him to my chamber
So we could be alone
And knowing that my mother
And my father were at home
He kissed me on the cheek
And I screamed till I was weak
My father came a running to the door

He's jumped upon the young man
As I was standing by
But he brought his fist behind his head
And thumped him in the eye
Then my mother heard the din
Up the stairs she did begin
With a broom for a weapon she held high

Out ran the young man
To the stairs straightway
But my mother she was waiting
Like a raging bull I'd say
She's hit him on the head
The young man fell like lead
Quite dead upon the floor he lay