

## 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