

The Duke And The Tinker

Kate Rusby

As fame reports a young duke kept a court
He pleased himself with his frolicsome sport
He found a poor tinker lying drunk on the ground
In such a deep sleep he heard not a sound

He said to his men, Richard, William, and Ben
We'll away to my palace and we'll sport with him then
He was carefully carried to the palace so grand
None would compare in all of this land

They stripped him down bare and he had not a care
They washed down his body, his face and his hair
They put on a nightgown of bright crimson and red
And left him to sleep in the duke's golden bed

In the morning when day, then admiring he lay
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay
He looked all around him and was so amazed
And admired how he to this honor was raised

Though he seemed somewhat mute, he chose a rich suit
Which he straightway put on without longer dispute
From a place of convenience, the duke his good grace
Observed the man, in every case

A fine dinner was dressed both for him and his guests
He was placed at the table above all the rest
He had wine, he had brandy and soon he did snore
Being seven times drunker than ever before

Then the duke did ordain they should strip him again
And restore him to a tinker, and to ever remain
Again he was carried to the side of the road
Back once again where they first found their load

He slept all the night as indeed he well might
But when he did waken his joys took their flight
Oh the power and the glory so pleasant did seem
He thought it to be but a mere golden dream