

Lobski

Young Lob - ski said to his ug - - ly wife "I'm off for to - mor-row to
fish my life." Said Mist - - ress Lobs - - ki "I'm sure you ain't. You
brute, you are go - ing to gall - i - vant; to gall - i - vant, to gall - i - vant; you
brute, you are go - ing to gall - i - vant."

2. What Mistress Lobski said was right; gay Mr Lobski was out all night.
Ne'er went to fish I knew quite well, but where he went to I shall not tell,
I shall not tell, I shall not tell.
Where he went to I shall not tell.
3. Next morning Mr Lobski knew, [he'd] caught no fish so he bought a few.
Thinks he "My wife won't smoke my plot, and she may bite, thought the fish did not,
Though the fish did not, though the fish did not:
She may bite, thought the fish did not."
4. As Mr Lobski's wife drew near, said she "What sport have you had, my dear?"
"The river", said he "was full of rats, so I've only caught you a dozen sprats,
A dozen sprats, a dozen sprats,
I've only caught you a dozen sprats."
5. "A dozen sprats, base man!" said she - "What - catch in the river the fish of the sea?
You draw a long line, Mr Lobski, I know, but still you draw a much longer bow,
Much longer bow, much longer bow,
But still you draw a much longer bow."

Source: Sung by Archer Goode, Cheltenham; Collected by Gwilym Davies and Mike Yates, 1980