

Job Jenkins (The Baker's Oven)

1. Job Jen - kins was a ba - ker and a ver - y hon - est elf. By
sell - ing crust and crumb be - came a weal - thy man him - self. For
Job lived in the good old days when bills were al - ways paid, and
bak - ers be - ing hon - est, their bread was al - ways weighed.

Chorus
Fol lol de rid - dle - oh. Fol lol de day. Fol lol de rid - dle oh, Fol lol de day.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The first four staves contain the main verses, and the fifth staff contains the chorus. The piece ends with a double bar line.

1. Job Jenkins was a baker and a very honest elf,
By selling crust and crumb became a wealthy man himself.
For Job lived in the good old days when bills were always paid
And bakers being honest, their bread was always weighed.

Chorus:

Fol lol de riddle-oh, fol lol de day
Fol lol de riddle-oh, fol lol de day.

2. Success creates ambition in all lands between the poles
Job longed for further office, although master of the rolls.
And he resolved to know what became of the parish helf [sic]
E'er he became a mouldy crust and laid upon the shelf.
3. Job's patience was not greatly tried, as shortly will appear
For they at once elected him the parish overseer,
But he soon found the change was one he could not endure,
To leave off selling bread at home to give it to the poor.
4. For when the tallow chandler the debt of nature paid,
He got himself awarded churchwarden in his stead.
Said he to his own family "A man must not be a sinner
Who labours at the parish work nor gets a parish dinner."
5. As Job surveyed the churchyard next he saw some old tombstones
Which long had marked the resting place of some old neighbour's bones.
"Those bones are dust, those stones are not the slightest use" he said
But they'd to mend my oven and improve my batch of bread."

6. Tom Snooks the parish mason who was a knowing blade
And very well accomplished with all the tricks of the trade,
To him Job gave an order, regardless of amount
['twould be charged [from] the parish in the next half year's account.
7. The job was done, the bread was baked, and Job in highest glee
Went in to draw the batch himself, the improvement for to see.
But soon he stopped and dropped the peel (ii) with horror in his looks
Then he rushed out like a madman and encountered Tommy Snooks.
8. "Come in", he cried "You wretch and see the [blunder] you have made.
Your stroke of business soon will form a death blow to my trade.
Who now will buy my cottage loaves, half quarterns (i) and the rest?
You've made a ruined man of me, Tom Snooks, or I'll be blessed!"
9. Job took him to the bakehouse where a curious sight was seen.
Each loaf had some inscription that had on the gravestones been.
One quartern bore "Alas! to leave a loving wife so fine"
And a second said "Departed at the age of ninety-nine."
10. A batch of penny rolls declared "Our little day is past,
Reader be warned, for all of you must be like us at last.
While the crusty cottage loaves these words were printed plain
"We are but dust and ashes, but we trust to rise again."
11. Tom Snooks now turned away his head, his laughter to conceal,
And said it was a nobby way of making bread a seal.
Job said "Your seal has sealed my fate. How can I sell my bread
To feed the living when it bears a motto of the dead?"

Footnotes:

(i) A quartern is a loaf weighing about 4 pounds.

(ii) A wooden spade to remove bread from the oven.

Source: Sung by Higford Keyte, Ebrington. Collected by F Scarlett Potter 1892.