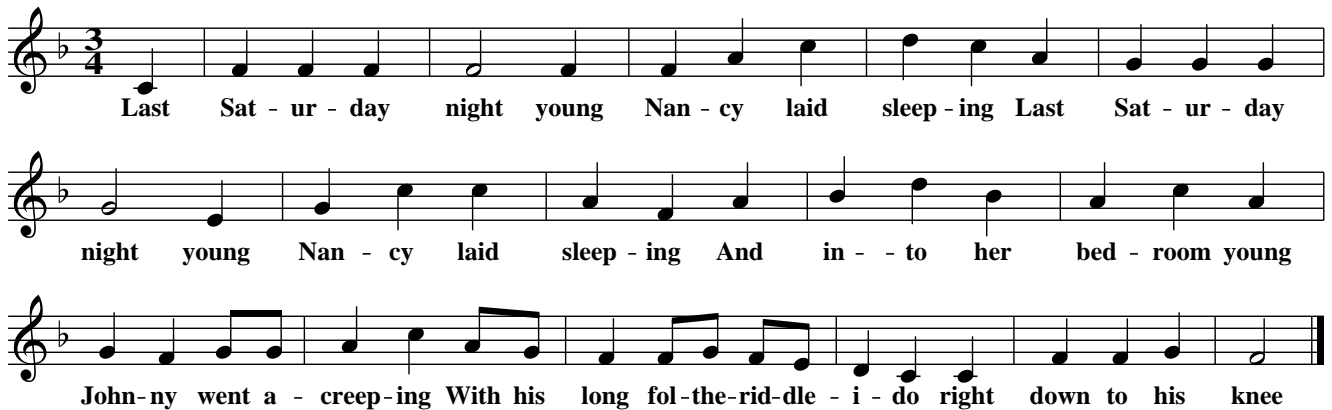


The Knife in the Window



Last Sat - ur - day night young Nan - cy laid sleep - ing Last Sat - ur - day
night young Nan - cy laid sleep - ing And in - - to her bed - room young
John-ny went a - creep - ing With his long fol - the - riddle - i - do right down to his knee

Last Saturday night young Nancy laid sleeping
Last Saturday night young Nancy laid sleeping
And into her bedroom young Johnny went a-creeping
With his long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee

He said: Lovely Nancy, may I come to bed to you?
He said: Lovely Nancy, may I come to bed to you?
She smiled and replied: John, I'm afraid you'll undo me
With your long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to your knee

His small clothes fell from him and into bed tumbled
His small clothes fell from him and into bed tumbled
She laughed in his face when his breeches he fumbled
With his long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee

My breeches fit tight, love, I cannot undo them
My breeches fit tight, love, I cannot undo them
She smiled and replied: John, you must take a knife to them
With your long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to your knee

My knife will not cut, love, it ain't worth a cinder
My knife will not cut, love, it ain't worth a cinder
She smiled and replied: John, there's two on the window
With your long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to your knee

He picked up the knife and he unrest his breeches
He picked up the knife and he unrest his breeches
The knife it was sharp and it cut through the stitches
With his long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee

All the night long how they rolled and they tumbled
All the night long how they rolled and they tumbled
Before daylight i' the morning Nancy's nightgown he crumpled
With his long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee

Now nine monthe being past, it fell on a Sunday
Now nine monthe being past, it fell on a Sunday
A child it was born with a knife-mark in the window
With a long fol-the-riddle-i-do right down to his knee