

## The King and the Tinker



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He dropped all his no - bles. and when he got clear



In hope of some pas - time a - - way he did ride \_\_\_



Till he came to an ale - house hard by a wood - side

And now to be brief, let us pass over the rest  
Who seldom or never were given to jest  
And come to King Jamie, the first of our throne,  
A pleasanter monarch sure never was known.

As he was a-hunting the swift fallow deer,  
He dropped all his nobles, and when he got clear  
In hope of some pastime away he did ride,  
Till he came to an alehouse hard by the wood-side.

And there with a tinkler he happened to meet,  
And him in kind sort he so friendly did greet:  
"Pray thee, good fellow, what hast in thy jug,  
Which under thy arm thou dost lovingly hug?"

"By the mass!" quoth the tinkler, "its nappy brown ale.  
And for to drink to thee, friend, I will not fail;  
For although thy jacket looks gallant and fine,  
I think that my twopence as good is as thine."

"By my soul! honest fellow, the truth thou hast spoke!"  
And straight he sat down with the tinkler to joke;  
They drank to the King and they pledge to each other.  
Who'd seen 'em had thought they were brother and brother.

As they were a-drinking the King pleased to say,  
"What news, honest fellow? come tell me, I pray."  
"There's nothing of news, beyond that I hear  
The King's on the border, a-chasing the deer.

And truly I wish I so happy may be  
Whilst he is a-hunting the King I might see,  
For although I have travelled the land many ways.  
I never have yet seen a King in my days."

The King with a hearty brisk laughter replied  
"I tell thee, good fellow, if thou canst but ride  
Thou shall get up behind me, and I will thee bring  
To the presence of Jamie, thy sovereign King."

"But he'll be surrounded with nobles so gay,  
And how shall we tell him from them, sir, I pray?"  
"Thou'lt easily ken him when once thou art there;  
The King will be covered, his nobles all bare."

He got up behind him and likewise his sack,  
His budget of leather and tools at his back;  
They rode till they came to the merry greenwood,  
His nobles came round him, bareheaded they stood.

The tinkler then seeing so many appear  
He slyly did whisper the King in his ear:  
Saying "They're all clothed so gloriously gay,  
But which among them is the King, sir, I pray?"

They King did with hearty good laughter reply  
"By my soul, my good fellow, it's thou or it's I!  
The rest are bareheaded, uncovered all round" -  
With his bag and his budget he fell to the ground.

Like one that was frightened quite out of his wits,  
Then on his knees he instantly gets,  
Beseeching for mercy; the King to him said,  
"Thou art a good fellow, so be not afraid.

Come, tell me thy name!" "I am John of the Dale,  
A mender of kettles, a lover of ale."

"Rise up, Sir John, I will honour thee here, -  
I make thee a knight of three thousand a year!"

This was a good thing for the tinkler indeed;  
Then unto the Court he was sent for with speed,  
Where great store of pleasure and pastime was seen  
In the royal presence of King and a Queen.

Sir John of the Dale he has land, he has fee,  
At the court of the King who so happy as he?  
Yet still in his hall hangs the tinkler's old sack  
And the budget of tools which he bore at his back.