

Twankytillo

Here's a health to the jol - ly black - smith, the best of all
fel - lows, He works at his an - - vil while the boy blows the
bel - lows Which makes his bright ham - mer to rise and to fall,
Here's to old Cole and to young Cole and to old Cole of all.
Twan - ky dil - - lo, twan - ky - - dil - - lo, twan - ky - - dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo,
dil - lo, A roar - ing pair of bag - pipes made of the green wil - low

Here's a health to the jolly blacksmith, the best of all fellows,
He works at his anvil while the boy blows the bellows
Which makes his bright hammer to rise and to fall,
Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole and to old Cole of all.
Twankytillo, twankytillo, twankytillo, dillo, dillo, dillo,
A roaring pair of bagpipes made of the green willow.

If a gentleman calls his horse for to shoe
He makes no denial of one pot or two.
For it makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall
Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole and to old Cole of all.
Twankytillo, etc
And he that loves strong beer is a hearty good fellow

Here's a health to King Charlie and likewise his queen
And to all the royal little ones where'er they are seen
Which makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall
Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole and to old Cole of all.
Twankytillo, etc
A roaring pair of bagpipes made of the green willow