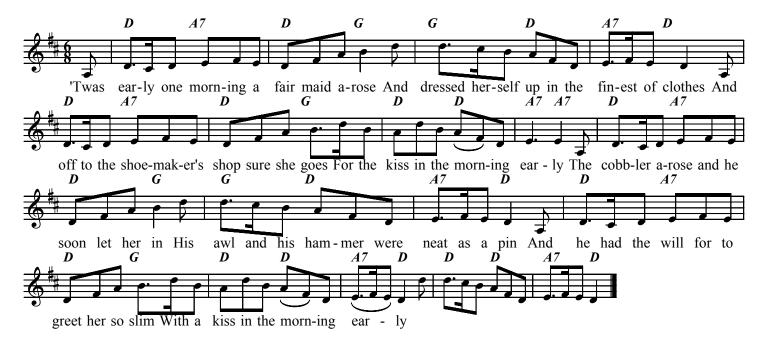
A Kiss In The Morning Early



O Cobbler, o cobbler, 'tis soon we'll be wed And nestling together in a fine feather bed So give me two shoes with two buckles of red For my kiss in the morning early The maid hid the shoes at the back of her waist She praised his good cobbling and shoemaker's taste And home to her father she mournfully faced And it was in the morning early

O Father, o Father, I've got me a man And he is the one I would wed if I can As handsome as ever in leather did stand For my kiss in the morning early So the father was thinking and thinking again For to wed her to riches and have him for kin Who knows but it might be a prince or a king That she met in the morning early

Who knows but it might be a jobber from town
Or a wealthy sea captain who's sailed the world round
A man with some thousands and thousands of pounds
That she met in the morning early
So the father was smiling, his daughter embraced
And touching the buckles he drew back in haste
He spied the red shoes that were tied round her waist
Oh it was in the morning early

O daughter, o daughter, he started to shout When he did discover what she was about God knows 'twas none but that old cobbling clout That you met in the morning early