

The Spanish gipsy

The three merry Coblerſ.

Who tell how the case with them doth stand,
How they are still on the mending hand.

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

Lyrics by Martin Parker, Roxburge Ballads

C C C C

Come fol - low, fol - low me! To th'ale - house wee le march all
Come, tap - ster, fill us some ale, Then heark - en to our
Though shoo - mak - ers us dis - daine, Yet 'tis ap - prov - ed
When shoo - mak - ers are de - cayed, Then doe they fall to our

C G C F C C G C

three; Leave aule, last, threed and le - ther, And let's goe al - to - gether;
tale, And try what can be made Of our re - nown - ed trade;
plaine Our trade can - not be mist, Let them say what they list;
trade, And glad their mindes they give, By mend - ing shooes, to live;

C C F C C G C

Our trade ex-cells most trades i'th' land, For we are still on the mend - ing hand.
 We have aule at our com-mand, And still we are on the mend - ing hand.
 Though all grow worse quite through the land, Yet we are still on the mend - ing hand.
 When in ne-ces - si - ty they stand, They strive to be on the mend - ing hand.

Poore weather-beaten soles,
 Whose case the body condoles;
 We for a little gaine
 Can set on foote againe;
 We make the falling stedfast stand,
 And still we are on the mending hand.

All day we merrily sing,
 And customers doe bring,
 Or unto us doe sendm
 Their boots and shooes to mend:
 We have our money at first demand;
 Thus still we are on the mending hand.

When all our money is spent,
 We are not discontent,
 For we can worke for more,
 And then pay off our score;
 We drinke without either bill or band,
 Because we are still on the mending hand.

We pray for durty weather,
 And money to pay for lether,
 Which if we have, and health,
 A fig for worldly wealth;
 Till men upon their heads doe stand,
 We shall be still on the mending hand.