

The Molecatcher - Mr Hilton



A jol - ly mole - cat - cher I am by my trade, I goes in the fields with my trap and my spade; I



goes in the fields - from morn - ing to night - , whilst the young far - mer is play - ing with my wife. -

Refrain



Tu - re - li - day, fol - de - li - lah - di, lah - di - di - day.

1
I am a jolly molecatcher by my trade
I goes in the fields with my trap and my spade
I goes in the fields from morning to night
whilst the young farmer is playing with my wife.

Chorus

*Tu - re - li - day, fol - de - li - lah - di.
La - di - di - day.*

2
The molecatcher he being jealous of the thing
he waited on the banks to see him go in.
He had not been there but a very little while
before he saw the farmer get over the stile.

3
He goes to the door and knocks at the ring,
'I pray then, good woman, is your husband within?'
'Oh no, he's gone a-mole catching, you need not have fear.'
Little did she think her husband was so near.

4
He goes upstairs with their best design;
the molecatcher follows after a little way behind.
The very first stroke, sat down in his lap;
'Oh then,' says the molecatcher, 'I've got you in my trap.'

5
'Damn it,' says the molecatcher, 'I'll make you pay for your
ground.'

The money that I'll sak you shall be fifty pound.'
'Damn it,' said the farmer, 'that money I don't mind,
that'll only cost me sixpence a time!'