

Forging of My Scales

TYG 47

While forg - ing of me scales an' springs an' blow - in' of me bel - las A-

-noth - er line or two I'll pen_ a - bout_ me shop mate Joe Ell - is. In

mak - in' flights an fish - in' 'ooks things all-us go int' Dar ren But I'll

nim - ly trip it_ o'er yon moss'till I comes to t' Riv-er Dar-ren. Fal-the - dal,

fal - the - dal, fal - dad-dle - did-dle - di - do I'll

nimb - ly trip it o'er yon moss 'till I come to t' riv er Dar-ren. I'll

Lyrics



1. While forging of me scales an' springs an' blowin' of me bellas
Another line or two I'll pen about me shopmate Joe Ellis.
In makin' flights an' fishin' 'ooks things allus go in t' Darren (Derwent)
But I'll nimbly trip it o'er yon moss 'till I comes to t' River Darren.

CHORUS: Fal-the-dal, fal-the-dal, fal-daddle-diddle-di-do
I'll nimbly trip it o'er yon moss 'till I comes to t' River Darren.

2. The mornin' fine slaps in me line as e'er the fish a graylin',
For I'll soon catch one by the snout, see 'ow 'e comes a-sailin'.
An' lo an' be'old thou must be sold, for me thou art so clever,
But if this line should chance to break thou may be gone for ever.

CHORUS

3. Another aisle or two I'll try although I feel I'm slighted
An' then I must be joggin' 'ome or else I'll be benighted.
The neighbours they come flockin' in, the fish begin a-buyin',
They'll take 'em'ome to gut an' wesh an' then begin a fryin'.

CHORUS

4. Some people they a-fishin' go know little of the matter,
They toil an' spend their time in vain a-floggin' of the watter;
They'll long an' wish to catch fish but merely they will watch 'em;
They'll bait 'em with a silver 'ook but 'e's a workman that can catch 'em.

CHORUS