

Too High or else Too Low

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There was a jolly tinker, a worker in fine metal,
Who swore that he would mend a crack in any pot or kettle - oh
The farmer's daughter hearing this, said to him "Ah no!
I'm sure your hammers they would beat
Too high or else too low, too low,
I'm sure your hammers they would beat too high or else too low."

"But you come into the kitchen and we'll sit upon the floor,
I'll show to you a little pot that needs some working o - ver,
And if you do your work right well, to pay I won't be slow,
But still I'm sure your hammers would beat
Too high or else too low, too low,
Still I'm sure your hammers would beat too high or else too low."

But when the tinker was at work, the maid in anger cried,
Because he did not clench his nails upon the further side - oh.
He said "Your kettle's very cracked, it'd never stand the blow,
It isn't that my hammers beat
Too high or else too low, too low,
It isn't that my hammers beat too high or else too low."

"Your kettle's in a sorry state, it's very worn and old,
There have so many nails been drove, that mine can't get a hold – oh,
It never more will liquor take, and that's the truth you know,
It isn't that my hammers beat
Too high or else too low, too low,
It isn't that my hammers beat too high or else too low."

This maid she sighed and sobbed and cried, "Oh come, for pity's sake!
I know it has endured some knocks, but a few more it will take – yet!
I know it would good liquor hold, if you'd strike the rising blow,
The trouble is, your hammers beat
Too high or else too low, too low,
The trouble is, your hammers beat too high or else too low."

She said that she'd improve his wage, if he'd improve his work,
He squared his shoulders in a rage, and hammered like a Turk – oh.
At last he got her kettle stopped, which pleased this maiden so,
No more did she complain he beat
Too high or else too low, too low,
No more did she complain he beat too high or else too low.

The farmer's maid was pleased with what he had contrived to do,
But after forty weeks were up, her kettle fell in two – oh.
So now she has a pair of little saucepans on the go,
I hope she will no more complain,
"Too high or else too low, too low,
I hope she will no more complain, "Too high or else too low."