

She led him to the water And took him to the brim. And he said he'd drown himself If she would push him in.

The old woman she went to give a run To push the old man in, And he popped to the one side, And the woman went tumbling in.

She plunged about in the water A-thinking she could swim But the old man went and got a puthering prop And he propped her further in.

So now my song is ended, You may pen it down in ink, I won't bother my head to sing any more If you don't give me some drink.