# Rap-Tap-Tap

Rap-Tap-Tap

So come all ye farmer's servant-men
That are both stout and bold
And If you do as I have done
You will never catch any cold
For when my master goes abroad
For to view the fields so gay
I goes to the door with my RAP-TAP-TAP
O let it be night or day.

'Twas every Thursday morning
My master to market did go.
He asked me to mind his bus-i-ness
As servants often do.
As soon as my master's back was turned
I went toddling out of the barn
And went up to the door with my RAP-TAP-TAP
For sure I thought no harm.

O no harm at all, my mistress said
And she asked me to come in.
When I complained of the belly-ache
She gave to me some gin.
I took it and I drank it down
But not a word did I say,
For she knew that I'd come with my RAP-TAP-TAP
So upstairs we went straightway.

O there we lay in sport and play
For half an hour or more.
My mistress she was so fond of the sport
I thought she'd never give o'er
O you've won my heart forever, Jack
Your master's no man for me
For he can't come with his RAP-TAP-TAP
Not half as well as thee.

So when my master did come home
O he asked me what I had done.
I told him I'd minded his bus-i-ness
Just as well as if he was at home.
He gave to me some beer to drink

But not one word did he know
That I'd been there with my RAP-TAP-TAP
If he had he'd a never done so.

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