

Jew Pedlar - Mr Hilton



I once was but a ped - lar, my shop was in my box; and as sure as I'm a



smouch - man my name is Mor-de - cai. I'd cheat - all the world in spite of whip-ping post or



stocks and nev - er stick fo tri - fle when there's mon - ey in the way. I



have gold rings of cop - per gilt and so I get my bread with my seal - ing - wax of



brick-dust, and - my pen - cils with - out lead. With my pick - pack, tick - tack, nick - nack, jim - crack,



twing twang twadd-lam twee; and sing chink - er chink - er chink - er - ing, the mo - nish still for me.

1
I once was but a pedlar, my shop was in my box;
and as sure as I'm a smouch man my name is Mordecai.
I'd cheat all the world in spite of whipping post or stocks
and never stick for trifle when there's money in the way.
I have gold rings of copper gilt and so I get my bread
with my sealing wax of brick-dust and my pencils without
lead.

Chorus
With my pick-pack, tick-tack, nick-nack, jim crack,
twing twang twaddlam twee,
and sing chinker chinker chinkering,
chinker ching the monish still for me.

2
For to make up goods the cheaper some people steal the
stuff,
and for selling of good portion they never want for trade.
But I could always find a way to sell them cheap enough,
for I think it's quite as easy to steal them ready made.
Although I am no christian I should think it a very great sin
if a stranger came across me and I did not take him in.

3
Suppose I done the business of a doctor or a priest,
for the want of my assistance a poor man sent for me.
In doing of my duty I'd enrich myself at least.
If I spied a piece of good fat pork and he could pay no fee,
he might think I would refuse it! Bless my soul he is mistaken;
if not eat it I could sell it so he should not save his bacon.

4
Suppose I was a Judge or a Justice of the peace;
whene'er a prosecutor bring a thief before the Bench,
he might swear in the book till he was all black in the face.
If the prisoner used good argument, a fig for evidence,
but if the rogue was penniless my work I would go through,
for my conscience would not let me rob the gallows of its due.

5
Suppose I was in Parliament, a scheme I would propose,
and as sure as I'm a smouch man my name is Mordecai;
I'd be like the little ploughboy - I'd sell off my eyes and nose,
for I'd never stick for trifles when there's money in the way.
Rather than stand out where there's plenty of good pelf,
if the devil was the purchaser, why then I'd sell myself.