The Rat Catcher

Sara Stowe & Matthew Spring

There was a rare Rat-catcher,
Did about the Country wander,
The soundest blade of all his trade,
Or I should him deepely slaunder:

For still would he cry, a Ratt tat tat,
tara rat, ever:
To catch a Mouse, or to carouse.
such a Ratter I saw never.

Upon a Poale he carryed
Full fourty fulsome Vermine:
Whose cursed lives without any Knives,
To take he did determine.

And still would he cry, a Rat tat tat,
tara rat, ever:
To catch a Mouse, or to carouse.
such a Ratter I saw never.

His talke was all of India ,
The Voyage and the Navie:
What Mise or Rattes, or wild Polcats:
What Stoates or Weesels have yee:

And still would he cry, a Rat tat tat,
tara rat, ever:
To catch a Mouse, or to carouse.
such a Ratter I saw never.

Full often with a Negro,
In many a stately House
He lays a Bayte; whose deadly fate,
Did kill both Ratte and Mouse.

And still would he cry, a Rat tat tat,
tara rat, ever:

To catch a Mouse, or to carouse.
such a Ratter I saw never.

But on a time, a Damosell,
did him so farre intice,
That for her, a Baite he layd straight,
would kill no Rats nor Mice.

And still would he cry, a Rat tat tat,
tara rat, ever:
To catch a Mouse, or to carouse.
such a Ratter I saw never.

And on the Baite she nibled,
so pleasing in her taste,
She lickt so long, that the Poyson strong,
did make her swell i'th waste.

And still would he cry, a Rat tat tat,
tara rat, ever:
To catch a Mouse, or to carouse.
such a Ratter I saw never.

He suchly this perceiving,
to the Country straight doth hie him:
Where by his skill, he poysoneth still,
such Vermine as come nie him.

And still would he cry, a Rat tat tat,
tara rat, ever:
To catch a Mouse, or to carouse.
such a Ratter I saw never.

He was so brave a bowzer,
that it was doubtfull whether
He taught the Rats, or the Rats taught him
to be druncke as Rats, togeather.

And still would he cry, a Rat tat tat,
tara rat, ever:
To catch a Mouse, or to carouse.
such a Ratter I saw never.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/