

Rigs of the Time

Michael Cooney

No wonder that butter's a shilling a pound.
Seein' the rich farmer's daughters as they ride up and down.
When you ask them the reason,
They cry: "Oh, alas!,
There's a war on in France and the cows have no grass."

(Chorus)

Singin' honesty's all out of fashion.
These are the rigs of the time, time my boys,
These are the rigs of the time.

'Tis of an old butcher, I must bring him in.
Charges 2 bob a pound and he thinks it's no sin.
Puts his thumb on the scales,
And makes 'em go down,
And he swears it's good weight 'though it wants half a pound.

(Chorus)

Now, next comes the publican, I must bring him in.
Charges 4 pence a quart, and he thinks it's no sin.
When he brings in the quart,
Well, the measure is short,
The top of the pot is popped off with the froth.

(Chorus)

Now the very best plan that I ever did find,
Was to puff them all off on a huge gale of wine,
And when they got up
On a cloud it would burst,
And the biggest old rascal come tumblin' down first.

(Chorus)

Lyrics Submitted by 8riaN

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