

## The Tinker's Song [ðʌ 'tɪŋ.kəz sɔŋ]

Text by an anonymous poet [Br]

Set by *Charles Dibdin* (1745–1814) [Br]

**A Tinker I am, my name's Natty Dan,**  
[ʌ 'tɪŋ.kər aːɪ æm maːɪ neːɪmz 'næ.ti dæn]

**From morn till night I trudge it;**  
[fɹʌm mɔɹn tɪl naːɪt ʔaːɪ tɹʌdʒ ɪt]

So low is my fate,  
My pers'nal estate  
Lies all within this budget.

### *Chorus*

Work for the tinkers, ho! Good wives,  
For they are lads of mettle;  
'Twere well if you could mend your lives  
As I can mend a kettle.

A man-of-war, the man at the bar,  
Physicians, priests and thinkers,  
That rove up and down  
Great London town,  
What are they all but tinkers?

### *Chorus*

Work for the tinkers, ho!...

Those among the great who tinker the state,  
And badger the minority,  
Pray what's the end of their work my friend,  
But to rivet a good majority?...

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The entire text to this title with the complete  
IPA transcription is available for download.

*Thank you!*

