



Nix my dolly, pals fake away.



As Sung in JACK SHEPHERD.

In a box of the stone jug I was born,
Of a hempen widow the kid forlorn,
Fake away.
And my noble father, as I've heard say,
Was a famous merchant of capers gay,
Nix my dolly, pals, fake away,
Nix, my dolly, pals, fake away.

My knucks in quod did my schoolmen play,
And put me up to the time o'day,
Fake away.
No dummy hunter had forks so fly,
No knuckler'ss deftly could fake a'ely,
Nix mydolly, pals, fake away.
Nix, my dolly, pals, fake away.

But my nuttiest lady one fine day,
To the beaks did her gentleman betray,
Fake away.
And so I was bowled out at last,
And into the jug for a lag was cast,
Nix my dolly, pals, fake away,
Nix, my dolly, pals, fake away.

But I slipped my darbies one fine day,
And gave to the dubsman a holyday,
Fake away.
And here I am, pals, merry and free,
A regular rolicking romany,
Nix my dolly, pals, fake away,
Nix, my dolly, pals, fake away.