

A BIT O' BINDER - STRING

1. Dost mind Bill Bates, as used to work for  
Drake at Badger's End ?  
There weren't a tool about the farm  
this feller couldn't mend,  
From a hayfork to a harvester, or any mortal thing  
Old Bill could always fix it  
With a bit o' binder-string.
2. One day the Friesian bull got out and  
raged an' tore around,  
Nobody dared go near 'im as he roared  
and hooked the ground  
Till Boss shouts "Bill! The bull's got out  
an been an' broke his ring",  
An' Bill lassoed the beggar wi' a bit o'  
binder-string.
3. Bill courted Mabel seven years, an' then he  
says "Let's wed",  
"I've got a table, an' some chairs, an'  
Granny's feather bed,  
There's half a ton o' taters up in field  
as I can bring  
An' I made some handsome doormats out  
o' thic there binder-string".
4. "Well", Mabel said, "We'd best get wed  
before they cut the hay".  
So they had a slap-up wedding on the  
seventeenth of May  
But when they got to church, Bill found he'd gone  
an' lost the ring,  
So he had to marry Mabel with a loop o'  
binder-string.

5. Next year, a little daughter came to  
bless the happy pair,  
Wi' girt blue eyes like saucers, an' a tuft  
o' ginger hair.  
An' Bill, he says to Parson at the baby's christening,  
"Zee, 'er 'air be just the colour o' a bit o' binder-  
string".
6. Well, time went on, an' old Bill died, an'  
come to Heaven's door,  
He heard 'em all a-singing there, an' he  
were worried sore.  
An' he says to good St. Peter, "Zur, I've  
never learned to sing,  
"I were always kep' so busy, mendin'  
things wi' binder-string".
7. "Don't worry, Bill", St Peter said, "The  
Good Lord understands,  
He've been a Carpenter, an' likes to see  
folk use their hands,  
An' We'm very glad to zee 'ee here;  
we've plenty who can sing,  
But we need a handy chap like thee -  
hast brought some binder-string?"
8. So Bill do bide in Heaven now: he'm  
very happy there,  
He've got a liddle workshop, round  
behind St. Peter's chair,  
An' while all the Angels play their harps,  
and all the saints do sing,  
Bill mends the liddle cherubs' toys - wi'  
bits o' binder-string !

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I found these verses amongst my Father's papers. His business  
was - can you guess ? - the orderly marketing of - a bit o'  
binder-string!

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Elizabeth Luxton