

## Vilkins and his Dinah

## Moral Song (early Victorian era)

1. It is of a rich mer-chant I am go - ing  
 2. Now, as Di-nah was walk - ing in gar - ding  
 3. "O fa-ther dear fa - ther," the daugh - ter

to tell, Who had for a daugh-ter an un -  
 one day, The fa - ther comed up to her and  
 she said, "I don't feel in - clined to be -

kim-mon nice young gal, Her name it was Di-nah,  
 thus to her did say: 'Go dress your-self, Di-nah,  
 mar - ri - i - ed; And all my large for-tin

just six - teen year old, 1. With a ve - ry  
 Sing - ing Too - ra -  
 in gour-geous ar - ray, 2. And I'll bring you  
 Sing - ing Too - ra -  
 I'll glad - ly give o'er 3. If you'll let me  
 Sing - ing Too - ra -  
 1. 2.

large for - tin in sil - ver and gold.  
 li, too - ra - li, too - ra - li - ay!  
 home a husi-band both gall-i-ant and gay."  
 li, too - ra - li, too - ra - li - ay!  
 live sin - gle a year or two more."  
 li, too - ra - li, too - ra - li - ay!

- 4 "Go, go! boldest daughter,"  
the parient he cried,  
"If you don't feel inclined  
to be this young man's bride,  
I'll give your large fortin  
to the nearest of kin,  
And you shan't reap the benefit  
of not one single pin."  
(CHORUS)
- 5 Now as Vilikins was waliking  
the garding all round  
He spied his dear Dinah  
laying dead upon the ground,  
And a cup of gold pison  
all down by her side,  
With a billet-dow which said  
as how 'twas by pison she died.  
(CHORUS)
- 6 Then he kissed her cold corper-ses  
a thousand times o'er  
And called her his dear Dinah,  
though she was no more,  
The he swallowed up the pison,  
and sung a short stave,  
And Vilikins and his Dinah  
were laid in one grave.  
(CHORUS)

*(Spoken: "And now for the Moral of this shocking tragedy!"*)

- 7 Now all you young men,  
don't you thus fall in love, nor  
Do that not by no means  
disliked by your gov'nor;  
And, all you young maidens,  
mind who you claps your eyes on;  
Think of Vilikins and his Dinah,  
not forgetting the pison.  
(CHORUS)

## Vilikins and his Dinah

*Moral Song  
(early Victorian era)*

1  
It is of a rich merchant  
I am going to tell,  
Who had for a daughter  
an unkimmon nice young gal,  
Her name it was Dinah,  
just sixteen years old,  
With a very large fortin  
in silver and gold.  
SINGING, TOORALI, TOORALI,  
TOORALI-AY.

2  
Now, as Dinah was waliking  
in the garding one day,  
The father comed up to her  
and thus to her did say:  
“Go dress yourself, Dinah,  
in gourgeous array  
And I‘ll bring you home  
a husiband  
both galliant and gay.”

3  
“O father, dear father,”  
the daughter she said,  
“I don‘t feel inclined  
to be marri-i-ed;  
And all my large fortin  
I‘ll gladly give o‘er,  
If you‘ll let me live single  
a year or two more.”

4  
“Go, go! boldest daughter,”  
the parient he cried,  
“If you don‘t feel inclined  
to be this young man‘s bride,

*Moralisches Lied  
(frühes viktorianisches Zeitalter)*

Von einem reichen Kaufmann  
werde ich euch erzählen,  
der als Tochter hatte  
ein ungewöhnlich hübsches Mädelchen,  
ihr Name, der war Dinah,  
gerade 16 Jahre alt,  
mit einem sehr großen Vermögen  
an Silber und Gold.  
*Klingsilben*

Dann, als Dinah spazierte  
im Garten eines Tages,  
kam der Vater zu ihr  
und sagte ihr so:  
„Kleide dich, Dinah,  
in prächtiger Aufmachung,  
und ich werde dir nach Hause bringen  
einen Ehemann,  
(der) sowohl ritterlich als auch lustig ist.“

„Oh, Vater, lieber Vater,“  
sagte die Tochter,  
„ich fühle mich nicht geneigt,  
verheiratet zu sein;  
und meinen ganzen Reichtum  
würde ich gerne hergeben,  
wenn du mich alleine leben ließest  
noch ein oder zwei Jahre.“

„Geh, geh! dreisteste Tochter,“  
schrie das Elternteil,  
„Wenn du dich nicht geneigt fühlst  
die Braut dieses jungen Mannes zu sein,

I'll give your large fortin  
to the nearest of kin,  
And you shan't reap the benefit  
of not one single pin."

5

Now as Vilikins was waliking  
the garding all round  
He spied his dear Dinah  
laying dead upon the ground,  
And a cup of gold pison  
all down by her side,  
With a billet-dow which said  
as how 'twas by pison she died.

6

Then he kissed  
her cold corper-ses  
a thousand times o'er  
And called her his dear Dinah,  
though she was no more,  
Then he swallowed up  
the pison,  
and sung a short stave,  
And Vilikins and his Dinah  
were laid in one grave.

(Spoken: "And now for the Moral  
of this shocking tragedy!")

7

Now all you young men,  
don't you thus fall in love,  
nor do that not by no means  
disliked by your gov'nor;

And, all you young maidens,  
mind  
who you claps your eyes on;  
Think of Vilikins and his Dinah,  
not forgetting the pison.

werde ich deinen großen Reichtum geben  
dem nächsten der Sippe,  
und du sollst nicht ernten die Gabe  
von keiner einzigen Nadel.“

Dann, als Vilikins spazierte  
im Garten herum,  
erspähte er seine liebe Dinah,  
wie sie tot auf dem Boden lag,  
und Goldtasse mit Gift  
(war) an ihrer Seite  
mit einem Zettel, der besagte,  
dass es Gift war, an welchem sie starb.

Dann küsstet er  
ihren kalten Leichnam  
tausend Mal  
und nannte sie seine liebe Dinah,  
obwohl sie nicht mehr war,  
dann schluckte er  
das Gift,  
und sang einen kurzen Vers  
und Vilikins und seine Dinah  
wurden in ein Grab gelegt.

gesprochen: „Und nun die Moral  
dieser schockierenden Tragödie!“

Ihr jungen Männer all,  
verliebt euch nicht,  
noch tut dies unter keinen Umständen  
(wenn es) nicht geschätzt (ist)  
von eurem Vorstand  
Und ihr, ihr Mädchen all,  
gebt acht,  
wer ein Auge auf euch wirft;  
Denkt an Vilikins und seine Dinah,  
(und) vergesst das Gift nicht.

vorläufige Übersetzung SO