

Strings And Dory Plug

Stan Rogers

I'm going to tell a story, a funny one you see
About a Hazel Hiller, a married man is he
His house is on the highway, and if the road comes through
He'll have to tear his mansion down and build it up anew

He's moved to many places, sometimes to Hazel Hill
And sometimes into Canso, it seems he can't keep still
But now I think he's settled down with his dear loving wife
He bought himself a gramophone and lives a happy life

One day he said to Dory Plug, "I've got to earn my bread
I'm going straight to Lena's, I've got to use my head"
From her he bought a bicycle, what he paid her we don't know
He tied a box behind him, to Canso he did go

From door to door he travelled, "15 cents for one"
He couldn't make it prosper, it wasn't any fun
His fish business is ended, he couldn't make it pay
So then he said to Dory Plug, "I'll try another way"

But Dory got a little bored while hubby was away
There wasn't anything to do to pass the time away
There was one thing she wanted, she said to hubby, "Dear
The time would pass more quickly if I had a rocking chair"

Well, Strings said to his darling, "Your wish is my command
To show how much I love you I'll make you one by hand"
As Strings was such a handy man by night the job was done
He took that thing upstairs and said, "Now try this out for fun
"

She sat down on the rocker while Strings went down below
To fetch a cup of coffee to help the evening go
While Dory Plug above him was rocking back and forth
And singing to her Stringy-boy for all that she was worth

But Dory got excited and rocked a bit too fast
And as her heels swung higher the chair gave way at last
The floor gave way beneath her, both chair and Dory Plug
Fell right into the coffee pot and broke their only mug

So now my story's ended, it may get me in jail
But there are many people who'd surely go my bail
So, if they come to get me to throw me in the jug
I'll never forget that cardboard house of Strings and Dory Plug