

There is an Alehouse

3. There is a tav - ern in the town, And there my true ___ love sits him down ___
And ta - kes an - oth - er lass on his knee, And nev - er ev - er thinks of me.

1. Once a bold fisherman courted me,
And stole away my liberty;
He won my heart with a free good will,
Although he is false I love him still.
2. Once I wore my apron low,
My love followed me through frost and snow;
But now my apron's touching my chin,
My love he pass by but never calls in.
3. There is a tavern in the town,
And there my true love sits him down
And takes another lass on his knee,
And never ever thinks of me.
4. Oh grief, oh grief I'll tell you for why,
It's because that she's got more gold than I;
Her gold will waste and her beauty will fly,
And in a short time she'll come like I.
5. I wish to God my baby was born,
Sat smiling on its daddy's knee;
And me poor girl buried in cold clay,
And the green grass growing all over me.
6. Down in the meadow the poor girl run,
She was gathering flowers as they sprung;
She gathered them white and she gathered them blue
Until at last she gathered her apron full.
7. Come blow you, blow you stormy winds blow,
Come blow the green leaves from the tree;
She sat herself down and no more she spoke,
And alas poor girl her heart it was broke.
8. Come dig me a grave both long wide and deep,
Put a marble stone at my head and my feet;
And in the middle a turtle dove,
For to let the world know I died for love.

9. I died for love you plainly can see,
I died for one that never loved me;
He won my heart with a free good will,
Although he is false I love him still.

Source: Mrs Packer, Winchcombe. Collected by Percy Grainger 4th April 1908.

Notes: Verse 3 from Mrs Packer. Remainder from Danny Brazil, Staverton.

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