

## The Watercress Girl

1. When walk - ing out one mor - ning, \_\_\_ down by the stream - let side, \_\_\_ there were  
wa - ter cress - es grow - ing. \_\_\_ It was a love \_ely sight. \_\_\_ But a sight I saw much be - tter, \_\_\_ a  
dam - sel I es - - pied. \_\_\_ She was gath - ering wa - - ter cress - es, \_\_\_  
Chorus  
down by that stream \_ let side. \_\_\_ Her hair it hung in tress - es \_\_\_ down by the stream that  
flows in the dell, she was gath - ering wa - ter - cress - es, \_\_\_ was my li - ttle wat - er - cress girl.

2. I asked her if not lonely, she answered me with a smile.  
"Oh, no sir, I'm not lonely, for this is my daily toil.  
I have to be up early, my cresses for to sell."  
She said her name was Martha, known as the watercress girl.

3. We often strolled together, down by that streamlet side,  
For since that day my Martha, she has become my bride.  
Although she was poor she has proved to be a very useful pal.  
And a right good wife is Martha, known as the watercress girl.

Source: Harold Boucher (81) of Staunton. Collected by Gwilym Davies in Churchdown in January 1989.