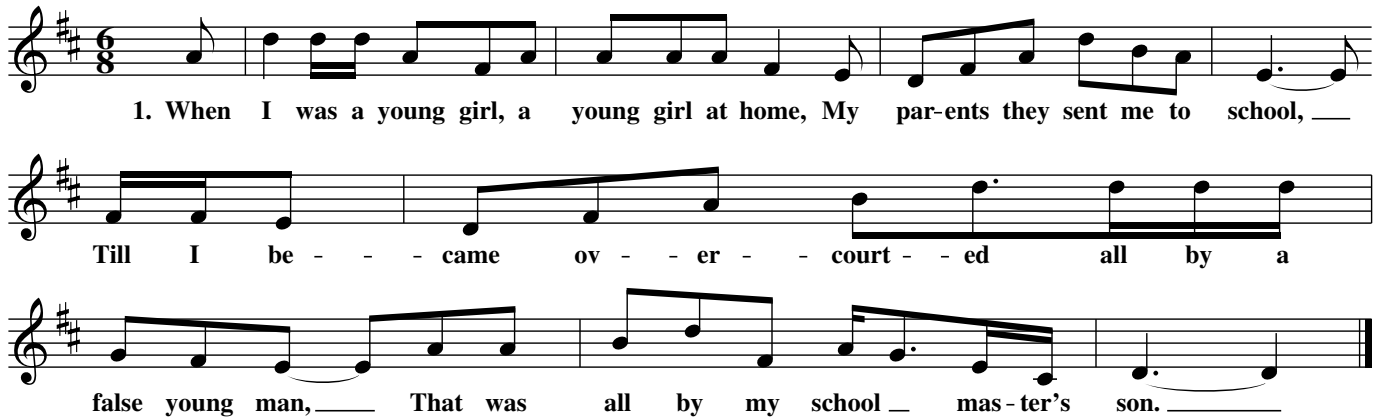


## The Schoolmaster's Son



1. When I was a young girl, a young girl at home, My par-ents they sent me to school, —  
Till I be - - - came ov - - - er - - - court - - ed all by a  
false young man, — That was all by my school — mas - ter's son. —

2. Then my parents they turned me out of doors, out of doors,  
Was because that my character was gone,  
It never would have been if it was not for him,  
That was all by my schoolmaster's son.
3. As I was a-walking up great London street,  
You'd have heard of the same and before,  
Who should I chance to spy but my own true love  
Where my thoughts would never would have been.
4. For he toiled me an apple along of the floor,  
He was thinking to 'tice me once more,  
I tiled it back again, straight back to him again,  
"Your apple it's rotten to the core."
5. "Come hold up your head pretty maid, pretty maid,  
Come hold up your head, don't cry dear,  
We'll have wedding bells to ring, we'll have college girls to sing  
We'll have tied hands all on our wedding day."

Source: Danny Brazil, Staverton, 5th May 1978, collected by Gwilym Davies