

The Husbandman and Serving Man



1. Well met, well met my friend, all on the high - way ri ding. So
sim - - ply all a - - lone. I pray come tell to
me what may your cal - ling be? Are you some ser - ving man? 2. O
no my bro - ther dear. What makes you to in - - quire of a - ny such
thing at my hand? In - - deed I'll not re - - frain. But I will tell you
plain. I am a down - right hus - - band - - man.

1. Well met well met my friend all on the highway riding,
All simply all alone;
I pray come tell to me what may your calling be,
Are you some servant man?
2. O no my brother dear what makes you to enquire
Of any such a thing at my hand?
Indeed I'll not refrain, but I will tell you plain,
I am a down-right husbandman.
3. If a husbandman you be pray come along with me;
And instantly out of hand,
All in a little space, I will help you to some place,
Where you shall be a servant man.
4. As for thy diligence, I return thee many thanks,
I require no such thing at thy hand
But something to me show, where of this I may know,
The pleasures of a servant man.
5. Why at court we must be dressed in our livery the best,
Live and gay with our hats in our hand,
Our shirts as white as milk, and stockings made of silk;
That's clothing for a servant man!

6. As for thy rich attire, it's not fitting for to wear,
Nor to ramble the bushes among.
Give me a good great coat, and in my purse a groat,
That's clothing for a husbandman!
7. A servantman do eat the best of dainty meat,
Such as peacock capon goose and swan.
Where Lords and Ladies dine, they drink sugar in their wine,
That's living for a servant man.
8. As for thy goose and capon, give me some beans and bacon,
Some butter and some cheese now and then.
To have good brawn and sauce, all in a farmer's house,
That's living for the husbandman!
9. Is not it a fine thing to ride out with the King,
A Duke, Lord, or any such a one?
To hear the horn to blow, see the hounds all in a row,
There's pleasure for the servant man!
10. My pleasures more than that, to see my oxen fat,
My corn for to flourish in my land.
My ploughing and my sowing, my reaping and my mowing,
That's pleasure for the husbandman!
11. Well sir I must confess your calling is the best,
So I'll give you the upper hand.
Neither Lord nor Duke nor King, nor any such a one,
Can do without the husbandman.
12. So both now and forever, I'll do my best endeavour
To support the servant man.
For evermore I'll pray, by night and by day,
May heaven bless the husbandman.

Source: Sung by John Fry, Tormarton

Collector Cecil Sharp on 03 April 1907. (Words only, no tune)

Notes: Tune from by Henry Thomas, Chipping Sodbury.