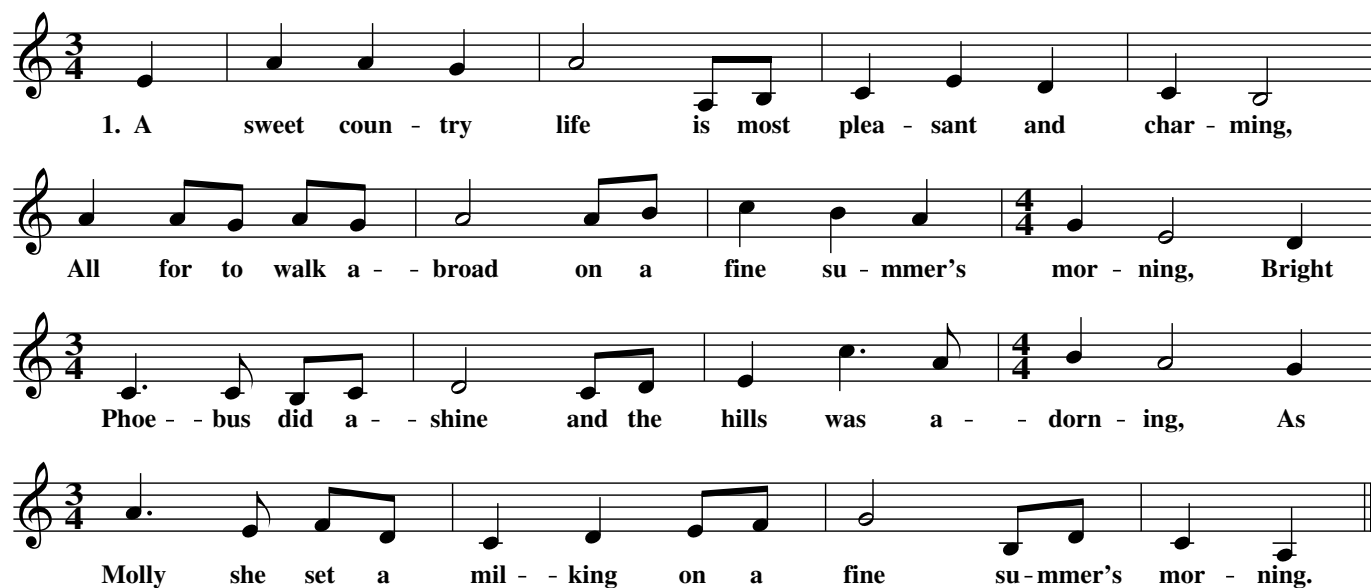


A Sweet County Life



1. A sweet coun - try life is most plea - sant and char - ming,
All for to walk a - - broad on a fine su - mmer's mor - ning, Bright
Phoe - - bus did a - - shine and the hills was a - - dorn - ing, As
Molly she set a mil - - king on a fine su - mmer's mor - ning.

2: Nor do I admire your robes and fine dresses,
Your silks and your scarlets and other excesses;
For my own country clothing is to me more endearing,
Than your sweet pretty mantle, for 'tis my homespun wearing.

3. No fiddle, no flute, nor hautboy, nor spinnet,
Is not to be compared to the lark nor the linnet,
Down as I did lie all among the green rushes,
'Twas there I did hear the charms of the blackbirds and thrushes.

4. As Johnny the ploughboy was a-walking alone,
To fetch home his cattle so early at morn;
There he spied pretty Nancy all among the green bushes,
She was singing much more sweetlye than the blackbirds and thrushes.

5: 'Twas down in the meadow, beneath a lofty mountain,
There she sat a-milking by the side of a fountain;
The flocks they did graze in the dew of the morning,
Bright Phoebe did shine, the hills all adorning.

6: So now to conclude and to end my ditty,
Come all you country lasses that are so neat and pretty;
Oh never do forsake your own country employment,
No cities can afford half so sweet an enjoyment.

Source: Mr William Henry Watts (72) at Tewkesbury. Collected by Cecil J. Sharp on 11 April 1908.
Heard by Mr. Watts sung by a cow-hand when he was milking, at Canon Frome, near Ledbury,
Herefordshire, full 50 years previously. A very common song at that time and in that neighbourhood.

Notes: Only verses 1 and 3 were collected from Mr Watts. The remainder have been supplied from a Sussex version.