

Bessie Watson
(Brisk Young Lover)

1. O Miss Bet - sy Will - liams is my name, O I brou - ght my - self un - to
grief and shame By lo - ving a young man who ne - ver loved me O it's
sor - row now then I plain - ly see.

Alternatives, bar 1

2. O there is an ale-house in yonders town
Where my true love goes and sits him down.
O he takes a strange girl all on his knee.
O don't you think that's a grief to me.
3. O a grief, a grief I'll tell you why.
O because that girl's got more gold than I.
O her gold will waste and her beauty fade.
Poor girl, she'll come down like me at last.
4. O when I wore my apron low
My love followed me through frost and snow,
But now I wear it up to my chin,
O he passes by and he says nothing.
5. O I wish, I wish, but it's all in vain,
I wish I was a maid again.
O a maid again O I never shall be
Till apples grow on an orange tree.
6. O there's a bird all on yonders tree
Some say it's blind and it cannot see.
O I wish it had 've been so by me
When first I kept my love's company.

Source: Collected by Cecil Sharp from Mrs Kathleen Williams, Wigpool Common September 6, 1921