

# Johnny from Hazel Green/Dean

(Jock Of Hazeldean)

(a)

As I ro - ded out one mid - sum - mer morn A lit - tle be -  
fore the sun, I o - - ver heard a pre - tty fair maid. She was  
ma - king a sorrow - ful mourn. I threw her an eye as I passed her  
by Where I could not be seen, And the tears fell down her  
ro - - sy cheeks, My John - ny from Ha - - zel Green.

Alternative

(a)

2. What sort of a man is your Wood Hazel Green.  
Or where then does he dwell?  
He's as fine a young man as ever you  
Did see the sun shine on.  
O his arms are long and his shoulders are broad  
And he fit unto be seen  
And his hair hung down in ringlets of gold,  
My Johnny from Hazel Dean.
3. What ails you, what ails you, my pretty fair maid,  
Why do you sigh or mourn?  
Is your father dead or your mother alive,  
Or have you ever been home?  
My father's dead and my mother's alive.  
But I value them not one pin.  
But I'd sooner have my own true love,  
My Johnny from Hazel Dean.

4. O if I had five hundred pounds  
How freely I'd give it to thee,  
We would join our hands in wedlet bands  
In spite of matrimony.  
We would join our hands in wedlet bands  
In spite of matrimony.  
And I'd sooner have my own true love,  
My Johnny of Hazel Dean.

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

Notes: The singer changed the words from "Hazel Green" to "Hazel Dean" as the song progressed.

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