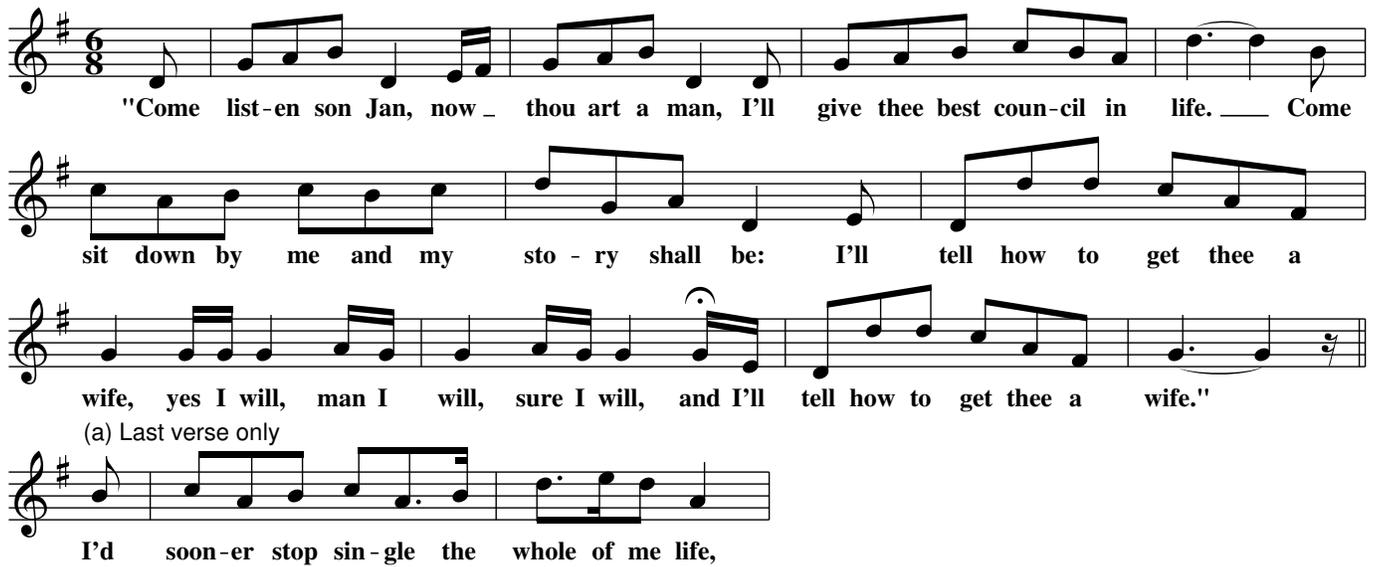


## Jan's Courtship



"Come list-en son Jan, now - thou art a man, I'll give thee best coun-cil in life. \_\_\_ Come  
sit down by me and my sto - ry shall be: I'll tell how to get thee a  
wife, yes I will, man I will, sure I will, and I'll tell how to get thee a wife."  
(a) Last verse only  
I'd soon-er stop sin-gle the whole of me life,

2. "Thyself thee must dress in thy Sunday go best, they'll first turn away and be shy.  
But boldly thou kiss each pretty maid that thou see'st.  
They'll call thee their love by and by - yes they will, man they will, sure they will.  
And they'll call thee their love by and by."
3. So a-courting Jan goes, in his Sunday best clothes, all primmed up nor tattered nor torn.  
From the top to the toe in a bright yellow rose,  
He looked like a gentleman born - yes 'e did, man 'e did, sure 'e did.  
And he looked like a gentleman born.
4. The first pretty lass that Jan did see pass, was a farmer's fat daughter named Grace  
He'd scarce said "How Do?" and a fine word or two,  
When her fetched him a slap in the face- yes 'er did, man 'er did, sure 'er did.  
And 'er fetched him a slap in the face.
5. Now Jan never caring of nothing at all, was a-walking one day by the lock.  
He kissed parson's wife, which caused such a strife,  
And Jan was put in to the stocks - yes he was, man he was, sure he was.  
And Jan was put into the stocks.
6. "If this be the way to get me a wife," thinks Jan, "then I'll never have none.  
I'd sooner stop single the whole of me life,  
And home to me mammy I'll run - yes I will, man I will, sure I will.  
And home to me mammy I'll run."

Source: Sung by Archer Goode, Cheltenham; Collected by Gwilym Davies, 4 January 1975