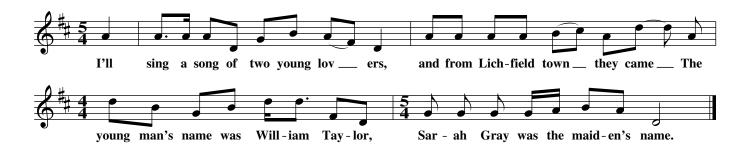
William Taylor



William Taylor he has 'listed, For a soldier he has gone. He has gone and left his own true lover For to sigh and for to mourn.

She dressed herself in man's apparel, Man's apparel she put on; Then for to seek her own true lover For to seek him she has gone.

One day as she was exercising, Exercising with the rest, A silver chain hung down her waistcoat And exposed her lily-white breast.

The sergeant-major stepped up to her, Asking her what brought her there, "I've come to seek my own true lover Who has proved to me severe."

"If you've come to seek your own true lover, I pray you tell to me his name."
"His name it is bold William Taylor,
And from Lichfield town he came."

"If his name be William Taylor, William Taylor is not here; He's lately married a rich young lady, Worth ten thousand pound a year."

"If you rise early in the morning, Just before the break of day, Why there you'll find bold William Taylor, Walking out with his lady gay."

So she rose early in the morning, Just before the break of day; And there she spied bold William Taylor Walking out with his lady gay. She called for a sword and a pistol, Which was brought at her command; She fired and shot bold William Taylor, With his bride at his right hand.

Then the captain stepped up to her, Was well pleased at what she'd done. He took her and made her a bold commander Over a ship and all his men.

Source: Mr Hawker, Broad Campden, collected by Percy Grainger 4th April 1908. Notes: The words on the recording too indistinct to transcribe and so the fitting of the words to the tune is speculative.

© Gloucestershire Traditions