

## George Ridler's Oven



The stones, the stones, the stones, the stones, the stones that built George  
Rid - - ler's ov - en, they came from the Bla - ke - ney Quars. One  
thing of George Rid - lers I must com-mend and that is a most not - a - ble thing  
My dog has got - ten such a trick to vi - - sit maids\_ when they\_ are sick and  
when they are sick and like\_ to die Thi - ther goes my dog\_ and I.

Sung by Charlie Gardiner, Oakridge. Collector Cecil Sharp on 11 April 1911.

Further words noted by Alfred Williams: "Though I have never heard it sung completely, yet at many points I have met with parts of it.... The whole as it now stands has long been printed together. The repetition of 'They stones' always preceded the singing in this locality."

They stones, They stones, etc...

1. The stones that built George Ridler's oven  
And they came from the Blakeney quaar;  
And George he were a jolly old man,  
And his yead [head] it growed over his yare [hair]
2. One thing of George Ridler I must commend,  
And that were for a notable thing,  
He made his brags afore he died  
With any three brothers his sons should sing.
3. There's Dick the treble, and John the mean,  
(Let every man sing in his own place),  
And George he were the elder brother,  
And therefore he would sing the bass.
4. Mine hostess maid, her name 'twere Nell,  
A pretty wench and I loved her well,  
I loved her well, good reason why,  
Because her loved my dog and I.

5. My dog has gotten such a trick  
To visit maids when they be sick;  
When they be sick and like to die,  
Oh, thither goes my dog and I.
6. My dog is good to catch a hen  
A duck and goose is food for men;  
And where good company I spy,  
Oh, thither goes my dog and I.
7. Through all the world old George would boast  
Commend to me old England most;  
While fools go scrambling far and nigh,  
We bides at home, my dog and I.
8. Of foreign tongues let travellers brag,  
Wi' their fifteen names for a pudding-bag;  
Two tongues I know ne'er told a lie  
And their wearers be my dog and I.
9. My mother told I, when I were young,  
If I did follow the old beer poat  
That drink would prove my overthrow,  
And make me wear a threadbare coat.
10. When I've three sixpences under my thumb,  
Oh, then I'll be welcome wherever I come;  
But when I have none, oh, then I pass by,  
'Tis poverty parts good company
11. Whe I goes dead, as it may hap,  
My grave shall be under the good ale tap;  
In folded arms there will us lie'  
Cheek by jowl, my dog and I.