

# Rosetta

(Rosetta and her Gay Ploughboy)

(a)

Ro - - sett - - a was a farm - - er's daught - - er

al - - ways was her par - - ents' joy Till Cup - id in a

(b)

snare had caught her With her fath er's gay plough - boy.

(a) var. 1 (a) var. 2

(b) var. 1 (b) var. 2

You constant lovers give attention  
 While a tale to you I tell,  
 Concerning of two lovers true,  
 Who in one house for years did dwell:  
 Rosetta was a farmer's daughter,  
 Always was her parents' joy,  
 Till Cupid in a snare had caught her,  
 With her father's gay ploughboy.

At break of day each summer's morning  
 William for his horses went,  
 And as he viewed bright Phoebus dawning,  
 He would listen with content  
 To the voice of sweet Rosetta,  
 Which charmed young Williams heart with joy  
 With voice so shrill she loved young Will,  
 Who was her father's gay plough boy.

She sat and sung of her sweet William,  
 As she milked her spotted cow;  
 And he would sigh for his Rosetta  
 All the day while at the plough;  
 And as evening did approach,  
 Rosetta tript along with joy,  
 With voice so shrill, to meet young Will,  
 Who was her father's gay ploughboy.

Her father came into the dairy,  
While she sung her tale of love,  
He fixed his eyes to her surprise,  
And swore by all the powers above  
That he was told the hussy bold  
Along with poverty did toy,  
And that long time she had been courting  
Of young Will, her gay ploughboy.

Rosetta said, "My dearest father,  
Shall I speak with courage bold?  
I milk my cow, I love the plough,  
I value William more than gold."  
Then in a cellar he confined her,  
Where no one could her annoy,  
And with delight, both day and night,  
She sighed for Will, her gay ploughboy.

Fifteen long months on bread and water  
Sweet Rosetta was confined,  
So fast in love had Cupid caught her,  
No one thing could change her mind.  
Her father strove with all his might  
Her happiness for to destroy,  
But nothing could Rosetta daunt,  
She doated on her gay ploughboy.

At length grim death her father summoned  
From this sinful world of care,  
And then to his estate and fortune  
Rosetta was the only heir.  
Then she and William were united,  
No one could their peace destroy,  
The village bells did call Rosetta,  
And young Will, her gay ploughboy.

For miles around the lads and lasses  
Merrily for them did sing,  
At their wedding all was joyful,  
And the village bells did ring.  
No couple can be more contented,  
Their happiness none can destroy,  
They sing with joy 'God speed the plough.'  
Rosetta and her gay ploughboy.

Source: Sung by Mrs. Wixey, Buckland. Collected by Cecil Sharp 6 April 1909. Sharp only noted the tune plus the second half of the first verse from Mrs Wixey. The remainder is from a broadside.