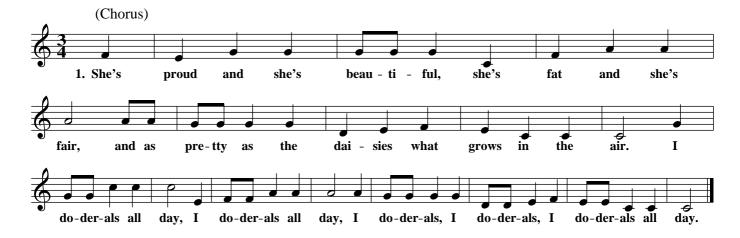
Sarie



1 Now I loves our Sa-rie, 'er works on our farm And as long as 'er's true to I, I'll do 'er no harm When 'er told me 'er'd [would] marry I, I felt twice as big 'Cos I'd rather 'ave Sarie than Master's prize pig.

Chorus:

She's proud and she's beautiful, she's fat and she's fair And as prettt]y as the daisies that grows in the air I doder als all day, I doder als all day, I doder als, I doder als all day.

- 2 One day as my Sarie were a-milkin' a cow The stool up-tipped and 'er over balienced some'ow '"Ave yer 'urt yerself very much?' I started to yell 'I've only 'urt my elbow,' but that weren't where she fell.
- 3. My Sarie, 'er fell in the river one day
 And 'er might 'ave been drownded, I'd not passed that way
 When I saved 'er, 'er looked at I as if I'd done something crime
 And said 'Just you minds where you grabs me next time.'
- 4. When us two gets a-marri-ed there's sure to be fun Fer the vicar, they say, he makes two into one But I bet that [won't] bother him between you and me 'Cos there's enough fat on Sarie to make two or three

Source: Sung by Alex Innes, Cheltenham. Collected by Gwilym Davies 30 July 1974.

Notes: The tune for chorus and verses is the same.

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