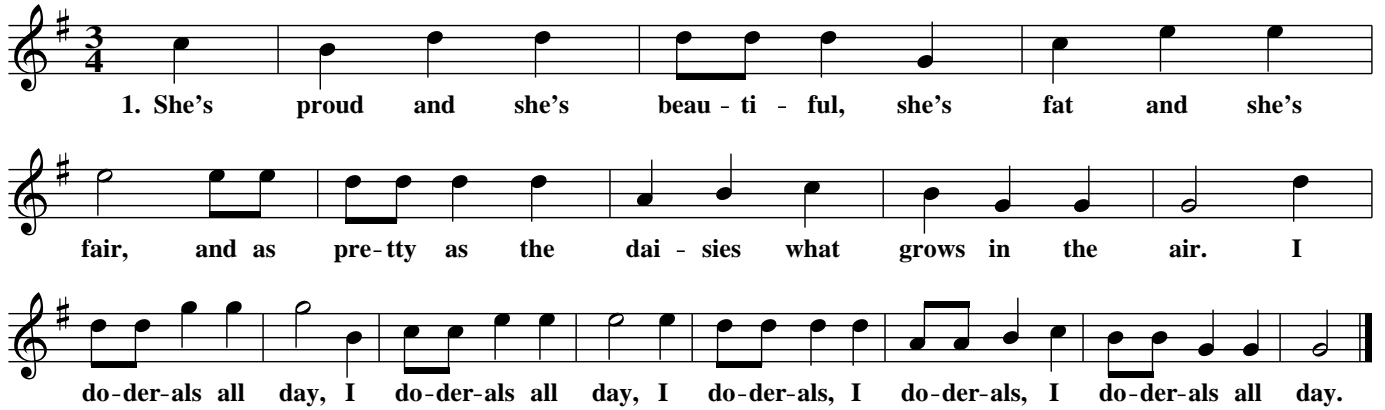


Sarie

(Chorus)



1. She's proud and she's beau - ti - ful, she's fat and she's fair, and as pre - tty as the dai - sies what grows in the air. I do - der - als all day, I do - der - als all day, I do - der - als, I do - der - als, I do - der - als all day.

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 prett]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, 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 drowned, 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.