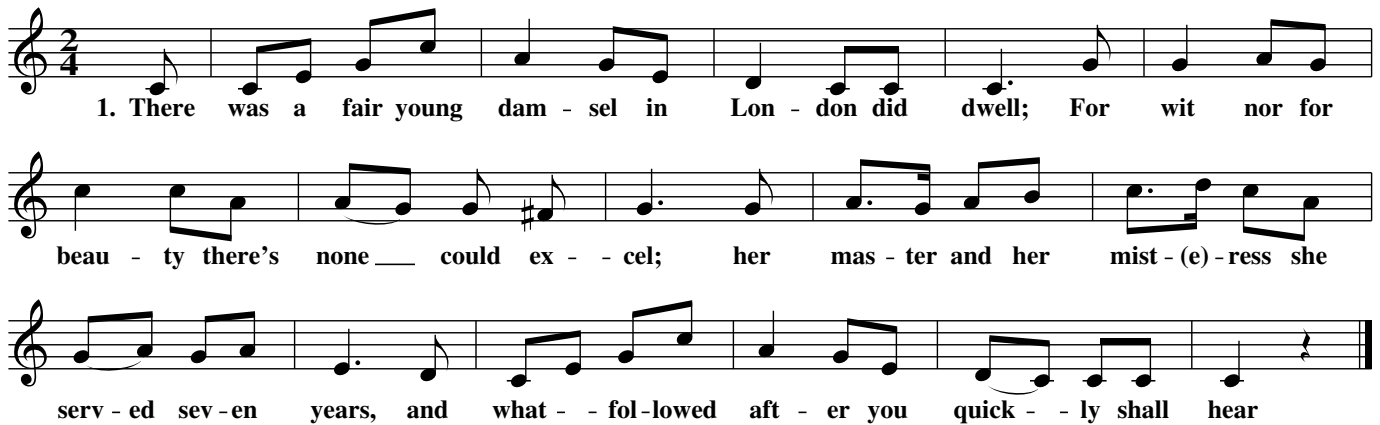


Fair Young Damsel (The Box on her Head)



1. There was a fair young dam - sel in Lon - don did dwell; For wit nor for
beau - ty there's none — could ex - - cel; her mas - ter and her mist - (e) - ress she
serv - ed sev - en years, and what - - fol - lowed aft - er you quick - - ly shall hear

2. She put a box upon her head and trudged along;
The first that she met was a stout and able man;
He says, "my pretty fair maid, where are you going this way?
I'll show you a nearer road across the country."
3. He took her by the hand and he led her to the lane,
He says, "my pretty fair maid, I mean to tell you plain,
Deliver up your money without fear or strife,
Or else this very moment I'll take away your life."
4. With tears in her eyes like a fountain did flow,
"Where shall I wander or where shall I go?"
While this stout able fellow was feeling for his knife
This beautiful young damsel she took away his life.
5. She put her box upon her head and gang'ed along.
The next that she met was a noble gentleman,
He says, "my pretty fair maid, where are you going so late?
What was the noise that I heard at yonder gate?"
6. "That box upon your head, to yourself it don't belong.
To your master or your mistress you have done something wrong,
To your master or your mistress you have done something ill,
This moment for trembling you can't stand still."
7. "This box upon my head to myself it does belong,
To my master or my mistress I have done nothing wrong,
To my master or my mistress I have done nothing ill,
I fear in my heart it is the man that I've killed."
8. She took him by the hand and she led him to the place
Where this stout able fellow lay bleeding on his face;
"He demanded of my money and I soon let him know
While feeling for his knife I proved his overthrow."

9. The gentleman got off his horse to see what he had got;
He got two loaded pistols, some powder and some shot,
He got two loaded pistols, some powder and some ball,
Beside a knife and whistle, more robbers for to call.
10. He put the whistle to his mouth and blew both loud and shrill,
While four stout, able fellows came tripping over the hill;
This gentleman shot one of them most speedily,
While this fair young damsel shot the other three.
11. This gentleman was pleased for what she had done,
For taking of her own part and firing off her gun.
"I'll make thee my humble bride before very long,
For taking of thy own part and firing off thy gun."

Source: Sung by Thomas Pitts, Carter, aged 79. Collected by Harry Albino, Eastleach, December 1934.

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