

Box Upon Her Head

'Twas of a fair young dam - - sel in Lon - - don did dwell,
For wit and for beau - - ty there was none could her ex - - cel.
To her mas - ter and her mis - ter - ess she ser - ved sev - en years,
And what foll - owed aft - - er you quick - - ly shall hear.

2. She put her box upon her head and trudged it along
The first that she met being a strong and able man
He says 'My pretty fair maid, where are you going so late?
I'll show you a nearer road across the countree'
3. He took her by the hand and he led her down the lane
He said 'My pretty fair maid, I mean to tell you plain
Deliver up your money without either fear or strife
Or else this very moment I will take away your life'
4. The tears from her eyes like two fountains did flow
She said 'Where shall I wander and where shall I go?'
And while this young fellow was a-feeling for his knife
This beautiful young damsel she took away his life.
5. She put her box upon her head and trudged it along
The next that she met being a noble gentleman
He said 'My pretty fair maid, where are you going so late?
And what was that noise that I heard at yonder gate?
6. 'That box upon your head to yourself does not belong
To your master or your misteress you have done something wrong
To your master or your misteress you've done something ill
For with fear and trembling you cannot stand still'
7. This box upon my head to myself it does belong
To my master and my misteress I have done nothing wrong
To my master and my misteress I've done nothing ill
But I fear in my heart it's a man that I have killed.

8. She took him by the hand and she led him to the place
Where this bold young robber lay bleeding on his face
The gentleman got off his horse to see what he had got
He had three loaded pistols, some powder and some shot.
9. He had three loaded pistols, some powder and some ball
A knife and a whistle some robbers for to call
He got three loaded pistols, some powder and some ball,
A knife and a whistle, his comrades for to call.
10. He put the whistle to his lips and he blew it both loud and shrill
And four young able fellows came tripping o'er the hill
This gentleman shot one of them and that right speedily
This beautiful young damsel she shot the other three
11. He said 'My pretty fair maid see what you have done
I'll make you my charming bride before it is long
I'll make you my lawful bride before it is too long
For the taking of your own dear part in the firing of your gun.'

Source: William Ballinger 1957, collected by Brian Ballinger

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