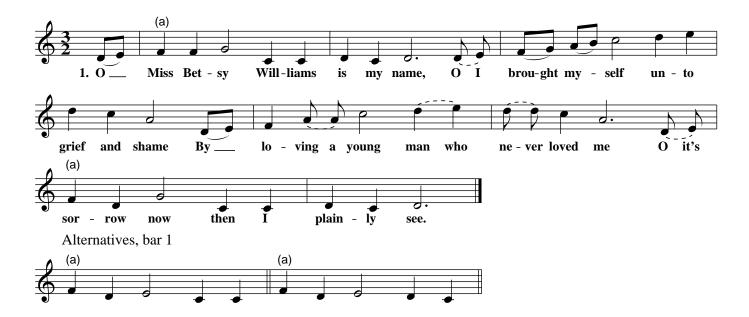
## Bessie Watson (Brisk Young Lover)



- 2. O there is an ale-house in yonders town Where my true love goes and sits him down. O he takes a strange girl all on his knee. O don't you think that's a grief to me.
- O a grief, a grief I'll tell you why.
   O because that girl's got more gold than I.
   O her gold will waste and her beauty fade.
   Poor girl, she'll come down like me at last.
- 4. O when I wore my apron low
  My love followed me through frost and snow,
  But now I wear it up to my chin,
  O he passes by and he says nothing.
- 5. O I wish, I wish, but it's all in vain, I wish I was a maid again.O a maid again O I never shall be Till apples grow on an orange tree.
- 6. O there's a bird all on yonders tree Some say it's blind and it cannot see. O I wish it had 've been so by me When first I kept my love's company.

Source: Collected by Cecil Sharp from Mrs Kathleen Williams, Wigpool Common September 6, 1921