

When I Took My Nance to Church

W.H. Phillips

1. Now, I'm the jol-ly old squire, I live down here, some where in Glouces-ter - shire, I've
lived my life with Nance my wife, and we trav-el from here to here. While
sit - ting round the fire - side, watch-ing the child - ren play, Do
make I think on the days gone by, and of our wed-ding day. When the
bull did prance, the cows did dance, The pigs all grunt-ed in the sty, The old dog
barked, The lit - tle lark sang mer - ri - ly in the sky, The
old cock crowed, let ev - ry - bo - dy know, The hens all chuc-kled on the perch, For the
ducks and the drakes, what a noise they made! When I took my Nance to church.

2. Now Nancy was the farmer's daughter
I met her on the village green,
She danced around the maypole
She was called the village queen.
I insisted that I seen her home,
So I took her pretty arm,
I made love to her all the way
Until us reached the farm.

Chorus

3. Now I'm thinking of one bright moonlight night
Down by the old farm gate,
I kissed my Nance's rosy cheeks
I said I knew my fate.
I met the farmer going home,
I told him what it meant.
He said "My son, with all my heart
Your marriage I'll consent."

Chorus

Source: Sung by Dave Russell, Stonehouse. Collected by Gwilym Davies 10 September 1979

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