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My Village Fair

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THE
DESERTER.

Printed by J. Catnach, 2, Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials.

ONCE I thought I ne'er should be,
In this dejected state,
A poor distracted effigy,
Exposed to hardships great;
The birds that flutters in the tree,
Strikes terror to my heart,
And every star alarmeth me,
O why did I desert.

'Twas liquor caused me to go astray,
And from my colours fly,
What a poor coward was I that day,
The same I can't deny;
Cursed liquor caus'd me astray to go,
And baffled every thought,
My life is now a scene of woe,
Oh why did I desert.

It was under cover of a tree,
Where I was forc'd to lye,
To shelter from my enemies,
Although my friends were nigh.
Just like the owl that hides by day,
I durst not shew my face,
Soon my journey I'll pursue,
And seek some friendly place.

My brother he came riding by,
Not knowing I was there,
My voice aloud to him did cry
But me he could not hear
His horse was borne from me away,
I could not bring him too,
So here distressed I must be,
Not knowing what to do

My sword and sash and blue coat too,
To them I left behind,
And on my journey did pursue,
Some secret place to find.
The light horse I bid adieu,
Which once was my delight,
And then my journey I'll pursue
And travel in the night



Thy sweet, silver Light
BONNY MOON.

Printed by J. CATNACH, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials...

AS I went to my cot, at the close of the day,
About the beginning of June,
By a jessamine shade, I spy'd a fair maid,
And she sadly complain'd to the moon.
Roll on silver moon, guide the traveller's way,
(While the nightingale's song is in tune,)
But never again with my lover I'll stray,
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

As the hart on the mountain my lover was brave
So handsome, so manly, and clever,
So kind and sincere, and he lov'd me so dear---
O Edwin, thy equal was never.
Set now he is dead, and gone to his death-bed,
Cut down like a rose in full bloom;
He has fallen asleep, and poor Jane's left to weep,
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.

His grave I will seek, and 'till morning appears
I'll weep for my lover so brave;
I'll embrace the cold turf, and I'll wash with my tears,
The daizies that bloom on his grave.
O never again shall my bosom know joy,
With my Edwin I trust to be soon:---
And lovers shall weep, o'er the spot where we sleep,
By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.—Quod C.



MY VILLAGE FAIR.

TO my village fair no lass can compare
For innocence and native grace;
She boasts not of wealth though the pure bloom of health
Shews forth in her beautiful face.
Such a form ne'er was seen, as she trips o'er the green,
And her heart free from guile and from scheme;
She lives near the mill at the top of the hill
But I don't mean to tell you her name.
Oh no no I don't mean to tell you her name.

Her luxuriant hair so bewitchingly fair
As it sportively plays in the wind.
Her bright beaming eye, like the blue of the sky,
As an emblem so pure of her mind.
The sound of her voice makes my fond heart rejoice,
My love oh what mortal can blame.
She lives near the mill at the top of the hill,
But I don't mean to tell you her name.
Oh no no I don't mean to tell you her name.

The lord and the squire, altho' they rank higher,
Endeavour her favour to gain;
Let them try how they may, they still will have nay,
And they'll find all their labour in vain.
It was only last night, as we walk'd by moonlight
She owned she for me felt loves flame:
Yet she lives near the mill at the top of the hill,
But I don't mean to tell you her name.
Oh no no I don't mean to tell you her name.

How happy I'll be, when united I'll see
Myself with this beautiful fair,
When to me she'll impart both her hand and her heart
No bliss with my joys can compare;
When in wedlock we're join'd, then our hearts will soon
And Cupid our love will inflame,
We will sport round the hill, where she lives near the
And that day I shall tell you her name
At day I will tell you her name