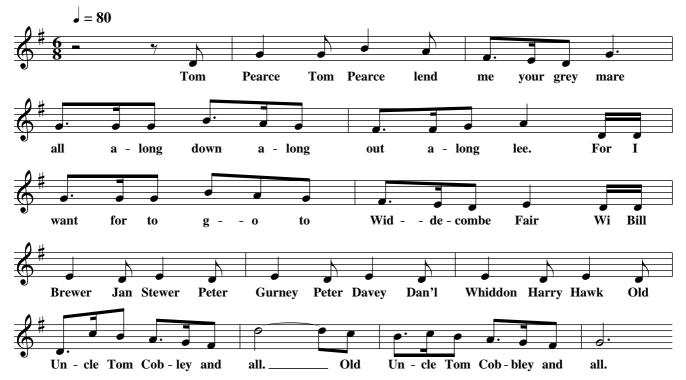
Widdecombe Fair



"Tom Pearce. Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,

All along, down along, out along lee,

For I want for to go to Widdecombe Fair,

Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon,

Harry Hawk, old uncle Tom Cobbley and all,"

CHORUS: Old Uncle Tom Cobbley and all.

"And when shall I see again my grey mare?"

All along, &c.

"By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,"

Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, &c.

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,

All along, &c.

But Tom Pearce's old mare hath not trotted home

Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, &c.

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top o' the hill All along, &c.

And he seed his old mare down a making her will Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, &c.

So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died. All along, &c.

And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, &c.

But this isn't the end o'this shocking affair, All along, &c.

Nor, though they be dead of the horrid career Of Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, &c.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night All along, &c.

Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear ghastly white, Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, &c.

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans, All along, &c.

From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones And from Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, &c.