

Widdecombe Fair

♩ = 80

Tom Pearce Tom Pearce lend me your grey mare
all a - long down a - long out a - long lee. For I
want for to g - - o to Wid - - de - combe Fair Wi Bill
Brewer Jan Stewer Peter Gurney Peter Davey Dan'l Whiddon Harry Hawk Old
Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all. Old Un - cle Tom Cob - ley and all.

"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 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.