

Widecombe Fair

Soprano

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your greymare All a-long, down dong, out a-long lee. For/I

Alto

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your greymare All a-long, down dong, out a-long lee. For/I

Bass

5

S

want to go down to Wid-e-combe Fair Wi' Bill Brew-er, Jan Stew-er, Pe-ter Gur-ney, Pe-ter Dav-y, Dan'-l

A

want to go down to Wid-e-combe Fair Wi' Bill Brew-er, Jan Stew-er, Pe-ter Gur-ney, Pe-ter Dav-y, Dan'-l

B

9

S

Whid-don, Har-ry Hawk, Old Un-cle Tom Cob-ley and all Old Un-cle Tom Cob-ley and all

A

Whid-don, Har-ry Hawk, Old Un-cle Tom Cob-ley and all Old Un-cle Tom Cob-ley and all

B

2. And when shall I see again my old grey mare?
By Friday soon or Saturday noon

3. So they harnessed and bridled the old grey mare
And off they drove to Widecombe fair,

4. Then Friday came and Saturday soon
Tom Pearce's old mare hath not trotted home

5. So Tom Pearce he got up to the top of the hill,
And he sees his old mare a-making her will,

6. Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died
And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried

7. When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear ghastly white

8. And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
From Tom Pearce's old mare and her rattling bones
And from Bill Brewer, ...