

Nancy

Tune collected by George Gardiner from William Garrett, Petersfield Workhouse, Aug. 1908

Text collected as above, with additions and amendments from Moses Blake, Emery Down.

To find more verses and other versions of this song go to the Take Six website:

<http://library.efds.org/archives/cgi-bin/search.cgi>

'Twas down in a valley by the side of a grove
By a clear crystal fountain I saw my true love
When flowers they were springing, young lambs were all a-playing
'Twas down all on the banks where sweet violets do grow.

Bring pen ink and paper that I may go and write
To my own dearest Nancy my joy and heart's delight.
Young Nancy is so charming, most beautiful and fair
There's no one in this country can with my love compare.

The birds on the branches are blessed with their mates
And the dove she is mourning for my unhappy fate.
The lark she is a-mounting in the high lofty air
To bring me glad tidings of Nancy my dear