

Taken down from M. Knapman.



Taken down from J Doidge, by F.W.B. Michaelmas Day, 1894



Taken down from Sam Fone by F.W.B., July 15<sup>th</sup>, 1897



1. I loved a boy & a bonny little boy,  
And I thought to make him my own.  
But he loves another maid better than me  
And has taken his flight & is flown
2. O since he's gone why let him go  
Although I ache & burn.  
If he loves another maid better than me  
I hope he will never return.
3. I looked East and I looked West  
The weather was hot & calm.  
And then I did spy my little bonny boy  
With another love in his arm.
4. I hasted by & never cast eye  
But I found I was love bound,  
I loved so well, that tho' I did cry  
I was glad that him I'd found.

5. He took me, the false one on his knees  
And lookéd upright in my face.  
And he gave me a false, dissembling kiss  
But his heart was not in its place.
6. Now you have got my little bonny boy.  
Pray keep him if you can.  
But whether I have him, or have him not  
I'll see him now & then.

Ballad in single sheet Broadside 11621, k. 4. (ballad circ. 1780) one additional verse.

3. She walked up & down the green for/est  
Like one distracted in mind.  
She sighed & went & played on her /spinnet.  
And her bonny boy she could not find.
1. I once loved a boy & a bonny sweet boy  
I loved him, I vow & protest  
I loved him so well & so very well  
That I built him a berth in my breast  
That I built him &c.
2. Then up the green valley & down the green grove  
Like one is distracted in mind,  
I whooped & halloed, & I played on my pipe,  
But no bonny boy could I find  
But no &c.
3. I lookéd to East & I looked to West  
The weather was pleasant & warm,  
Then whom should I spie but my own bonny boy  
So close in another maid's arm  
So close &c.
4. I passéd him by, & I ne'er cast an eye,  
Though he stretched forth his lily white hand.  
I thought he'd been bound to love only one,  
So I would not offend his command,  
So I would not &c.
5. The maid that was loved by my own bonny boy,  
For certain is greatly to blame,  
For many's the night she has robbed me of rest,  
But she never shall do it again  
But he &c.
6. My sweet bonny boy is gone over the sea,  
I fear I shan't see him again.  
But were I to have him, & O! were I not  
I'll think of him now & then.

Saml. Fone, cf. Broadwood, p. 146

See also Chappell II. 555.