

Sent by Miss O. L. Hoare.



Same tune Mary Sacherley but with twists. Same as Wm. Nichols, but imperfect.

Sent by Lady Lethbridge as sung by her old nurse.



In "The Distressed Virgin" Roxburgh Ballads Vol I. P. 277, a ballad temp. Jas I by Martin Parker occurs this verse:-

I put my finger into the bush,
Thinking the sweetest rose to find,
I prickt my finger to the bone
And yet I left the rose behind.
If roses be such pricking flowers
They must be gather'd when they're green;
But she that loves an unkind Love
Alas! she rows against the stream.

- A.
1. A ship came sailing o'er the sea,
As heavily laden as she might be,
But not so deep in love as I'm
For I care not whether I sink or swim.
 2. I leaned my back against an oak,
Thinks I, I've found a trusty tree,
But first it bent & then it broke,
And so did my false love to me.
 3. I put my hand into a bush,
I thought a lovely rose to find,
I pricked my fingers to the bone,
And left this lovely rose behind.

4. I wish! I wish! but 'tis in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
I'd lock it in a golden box,
I'd fasten it with a silver chain.

Sent me by Miss Octavia L. Hoare, Cornwall Cottage Dean, Kimbolton. "Herewith I send melody & words of what I believe to be an old Cornish song. I heard it sung by an old Cornish parson, Mr Walker of S. Enoder, who had picked it up from an old fellow in his parish." 1889

B.

1. Shall I be bound, & she be free?
Shall I love one that loves not me?
Shall I play such a childish part?
For woman's love to break my heart?
2. Ten thousand lovers in the room,
But my true love's the fairest bloom.
I'm sure she is the fairest one
I will have her, or else have none.
3. I saw a ship come sailing by,
As heavily laden as she might be.
But not so deep in love as I.
I care not if I sink or swim.
4. Down in a meadow 't other day
I thought a lovely rose to find,
I pricked my finger to the bone
And left my lovely rose behind.
5. Down in a meadow t'other day
A plucking flowers red and blue,
I wandered doleful on my way,
And little thought what love can do.

Taken down from Mary Sacherly, an old woman at Huckaby Bridge, Dartmoor, learned it from her father, a famous singer.

C.

In the Scottish song "Wally, wally, up the bank" Orpheus Caledenius" 1725. No 34.

verse 3 runs:

I leant my back unto an aik
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But found it bowed & sure it broke,
And sae did my false love to me.

verse 9:

But had I wist before I trust
That love had been sae ill to win
I'd lock my heart in a case of gold,
And pin'd it with a silver pin.

D.

In "Scotts Musical Museum" *of* Johnson, 1787, VI. p. 582

1. In yonder garden fine & gay,
Plucking lilies a' the day
Gathering flowers of ilka hue,
I ust na then what love cu'd do.
2. Where love is planted, there it grows
It buds & blows like any rose
It has a sweet and pleasant smell,
No flower on earth can it excel.
3. I put my hand into the bush,
And thought the sweeter rose to find
But pricked my finger to the bone,
And left the sweetest rose behind.

E.

In "The Wandering Lover's Garland" circ 1730

3. I'll set my back against them all
Whilst the whitest Blossom is in Bloom,
That all the World may plainly see
Little Cupid *had* me love too soon.
4. I went to pluck the red Rose Bud
That did bedeck the spangled Plain
There grows a thorn which prickt my heart
I shall never love the Rose again.
5. Young men we find &c.

F.

In the meadow t'other day
Plucking flowers both fine & gay
Plucking flowers red, white & blue
I little thought what love could do.

Where love is planted there it grows
It buds and blossoms like a rose
It bears a sweet & pleasant smell
There's not a flower can it excell.

Ten thousand ladies in the room
My love she is the fairest bloom
.....
I said I would have her or none.

Taken down from Will. Nichols, Whitchurch, May 29 1891: his grandmother's song**** abt 1825

G.

In "The Distressed Virgin", Hendby's Roxburgh Ballads. II. P. 360

I put my finger into the bush,
Thinking the sweetest Rose to find,
I prickt my finger to the bone

And yet I left the Rose behind.
If Roses be such pricking flowers
They must be gather'd when they're green
But she that loves an unkind Love
Alas! she rowls against the stream.

H.

1. Down in yon meadow fresh & gay
Picking lilies fresh & gay
Picking lilies red & blue
I little thought what love could do
2. When love is planted then it grows
It buds & blossoms like any rose
It has such a sweet & pleasant smell
No flower on earth can it excel.
3. Then is the ***** , thousands in a room
My love the ***** the brightest bloom
She surely is some chosen one
I will have her or I'll have none
4. I saw a ship sailing on the sea
As deeply loaded as she could be,
But not so deep in love as I am
I care not whether I sink or swim.
5. Must I go bound, shall she go free?
Must I love one that loves not me?
Why should I act such a childish part
As to love one that would break my heart?
6. I put my hand into a bush
Thinking the sweetest rose to find
But I pricked my finger to the bone
And left the sweetest rose behind.
7. If roses be such a prickly flower
They should be gathered when they are green,
For he that weds with an unkind love,
I'm sure he strives against the stream.
8. If my love were dead & gone to rest
I'd think on her that I love best.
I'd wrap her up in the *****leven strong
And I'd think on her when she's dead & gone.

From chap book "Four Excellent Songs" circ. 1782, in Logan's Pedlar's Pack; p. 336.

I.

Ballad "The Unfortunate Swain" a new song circ. 1766 in ***** sheet Broadside B.M. 11621. k. 4 Vol.2. p. 275.
order then as H. 1.2.5.3.4. "I set my foot against an oak &c" 6.7.8.