



A.

It's fare-(you) well cold winter, & fare(you)-well cold frost!  
 There is nothing I have gained – a true love I have lost.  
 I will sing & I'll be merry, & I'll clap my hands in glee,  
 And I'll rest when I'm weary, let him go then  
 Farewell he!

Last fall my fair love brought me a pretty diamond ring  
 I know not what he thought me, a vain & foolish thing  
 But O if he's unskilful to win my heart from me  
 I'll prove a maiden wilful let him go then  
 Farewell he!

He has another sweetheart – he says to me in joke,  
 I care not if they're twenty, he can not me provoke,  
 And if he likes another – and if they can agree,  
 I'll have another lover – let him go with  
 Farewell he!

To half a pound of reason, take half a grain of sense,  
 A sprig of time in season, and as much of sage prudence,  
 And mix them well together - & then you'll plainly see  
 He's no lad for windy weather – let him go with  
 Farewell he!

From J. Palmer

B.

Catnach Ballad

Another verse below 3-4 verbal variation

As I was walking down by a shady grove  
 He met me with a smiling face & gave to me the road  
 He thought I would have spoke to him, as I passed by

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But before I would humble to him, I will lay down & die.

The ballad begins

It's farewell cold winter, & fare you well cold frost  
Nothing I've gained but my true love I've lost,  
I will sing & be merry while a caution do see  
And I will rest me when I'm weary let him go farewell he

C.

If I be forsaken, then she is foresworn  
She's barely mistaken, if she thinks that I mourn.  
For I'll set as little, as she done by me,  
And prove I'll deny her, let her go, farewell she

One (last) verse in "The Batchelor's Lamentation" in "The Broken hearted Lover's Garland"  
circ. 1740, O.G. I. p 103.

C.

Fare well to cold winter, & farewell to cold Frost  
Since nothing I have gain'd, but my own true love I've lost,  
I'll sing & I'll be merry when Occasion I do see  
And I'll rest when I'm weary. Let him go - Farewell he!

Last night I met my love in yonder shady grove  
He met me with a smile & I gave to him the hove (sic)  
He thought that I should speak to him, as I did pass him by  
Sooner than I'll humble to my love, I'll lay me down & die.

Last night he brought to me a fine diamond ring  
Thinking to deprive me of some far better thing.  
But he was not so skilful as a lover ought to be,  
I'll defy the lad for ever, Let him go - Farewell he!

Take one pound of raisins & one pound of sense  
A fine sprig of thyme & so much of Prudence.  
And you mix them well together & you will plainly see  
He's a false deluding young man, Let him go - Farewell he!

They say he's got another love & that is all a joke  
It is only said, me for to provoke.  
But if he has got another love & they do not agree  
I have got the choice of twenty, Let him go - Farewell he!

taken from an old blind woman aged between 60 & 70 at Upton Pyne by Miss Wyatt Edgell, sent to me June 1902