

Taken down from Sam Fone, by F.W.B. Dec 22 / 92



A.

1. 'Twas of a brisk young lady
And of a prentice boy.
They courted one another
And he was all her joy,
The prentice boy was banished,
Unto a foreign shore,
And sad at heart, he fancied
He'd never see her more,
Tol-lol-de-dee, tol-lol-lol-de-dee
2. The pretty fair young lady
So piteously did cry.
"All for my charming 'prentice
I only live & die."
There came that way a squire,
A man of high degree.
Said he, "I'll give you wages,
Be servant unto me."
Tol-lol-de-dee &c.
3. And first he was in stable
With horses at the stall,
And then advanced to table,
He servéd in the hall.
And next he was advanced
As butler to the same,
And for his good behaviour,
A steward next became.
Tol-lol-de-dee &c.
4. O then into a lottery
He put his money down,
He drew a prize, & gained
Full twenty thousand poun'
"Farewell, farewell, my master,
Farewell my lady kind.
For I must seek my own true love
That tarrieth behind.
Tol-lol-de-dee &c.

5. He dressed himself in velvet
In gold & silver braid,
And then return'd to England
To his true love with speed.
And when he did espie her
T'embrace her he did try (essay)
But from his arms she started
And frighten'd drew away
Tol-lol-de-dee &c.

6. "Your gold & all your silver
Your wealth I do defy
I love a little 'prentice boy,
For him alone live I."
"O lady fair, my only
Return into my arms
For many years was banished
I might not see your charms.
Tol-lol-de-dee &c.

7. Then closely she observed him
And knew him soon again.
His smiles dispersed her tears,
As sun disperseth rain.
With kisses out of measure,
She clasps him to her heart
"O now we meet together
And never more will part"

Taken down from Mary Satcherley, Huckaby Bridge 1890. She learned from her father, an old cripple, named Hannaford, on Dartmoor she and he quite illiterate.

B.

1. 'Twas down in Susan's garden, for pleasure I did walk
And there I heard two lovers so sweetly did they talk,
And she a lovely lady, and he a prentice boy
They courted one another, and he was all her joy.
2. His cheeks they were as roses & so to him said she
My love, if e'er I marry, I'm sure it will be to thee
For though I am a lady, and you a 'prentice boy
Yet you alone possess my heart, & you are all my joy.

Taken down from Anne Roberts, Scobbetor. She could not remember more of the ballad at the time.

C.

1. Down in Cupid's garden for pleasure I did walk
I heard two pretty lovers, so sweetly they did talk,
'Tis of a brisk young lady and a young 'prentice boy,
In private they were courting, for he was all her joy
2. He said, dear honoured lady, I am your 'prentice boy
How can I think a lady to enjoy,
For his cheeks were red roses, his humours so free
My dear if ever I marry I'm sure it will be thee.
3. When her parents came the same to understand,
This young man was banished into a foreign land.
While she was broken hearted, lamenting she did cry,

For further information see www.sbgsongs.org

My handsome, charming 'prentice, a maid I'll live & die.

4. This young man to a merchant a waiting man was bound,
And for his good behaviour fortune there he found,
He soon became a butler which promoted his fame,
And by his own desire a steward soon became.
5. For a fortune in the lottery his money he put down,
And there he gained a ticket worth twenty thousand pounds
Then with gold & silver his clothes he faced indeed,
To England he returned to his true love with speed.
6. He proffer'd kind embraces, she flew from his arms,
No lord, duke, or nobleman shall e'er enjoy my charms,
Curse all the gold that glitters, riches I defy,
For my handsome charming prentice, a maid I'll live & die
7. He said, Dear honoured lady I have been in your arms,
There's the ring you gave me for kissing of your charms.
You vow'd if ever you married your charms I should enjoy,
Your father did me banish, I am the prentice boy.
8. When she beheld his features she flew into his arms
With kisses out of measure, she did enjoy his charms
And then through Cupid's garden the road to church they found
In everlasting pleasures these lovers do abound.

"Lady who fell in love with a Prentice Boy" Broadside by Pitts, circ. 1790-1810. Broadside Harkness, Preston. A Coll. of songs & ballads B.M. 1876.d. vol.I p.508.

The first two lines relating to Cupid's Garden are for the purpose of "setting the tune."
Mary Saterley's ballad is clearly imperfect.