

Taken down from Anne Roberts, Scobbetor, Widecombe in the Moor, by F.W.B. 1890

Taken down from Jas. Parsons, Lew Down, by S.B.G.

A.

1. I'll make my Love a garland
It shall be dressed so fine,
I'll set it round with roses,
With lilies mix't with thyme.
And I'll present it to my love,
When he comes back from sea,
For I love my love, & I love my love,
Because my love loves me,
Ri-fol-de-rol-ri-tol-lol,
Ri-tol ri-tol-de-dee.
2. I wish I were an arrow
And sped into the air,
I'd seek him like a sparrow,
And if he were not there,
Then quickly I'd become a fish,
To search the raging sea,
For I love my love, & I love my love,
Because my love loves me.
Ri-fol-de-rol &c.
Ri-tol &c.

3. I would I were a reaper,
 I'd seek him in the corn.
 I would I were a keeper,
 I'd hunt him with my horn.
 I'd blow a blast, when found at last,
 Beneath the greenwood tree
 For I love my love, & I love my love,
 Because my love loves me,
 Ri-fol-de-rol &c.
 Ri-tol &c.

Taken down from Jas. Parsons, 1891.

This set to music by Signor Giordani. Tune quite different see end of [?] CXI.

B.
 "The Loyal Lovers" in "Colin & Phoebe's Garland", B.M. (11621,c.5). But this has verses 1 & 2 only.

C. *(Lover's Mag) 1740
 {As through Moorfields I walked evening
 {One morning very early*, one morning in the Spring
 I heard a maiden in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing,
 Still her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sang she,
 O I love my love, because I know my love loves me.
 x x x x x
 With straw I'll make a garland, & make it very fine,
 I'll stick the same with roses, & lilies mixt with thyme.
 I'll present it to my love, when he comes back from sea,
 I love my love, because my love loves me.
 x x x x x
 O if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
 Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest,
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be
 For I love my love &c.

I if I were an eagle I'd soar into the sky
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes, where I my love might spy

In "Colin & Phoebe's Garland (Garlands B.M. 11621. c. 3. vol. I)

As through Moorfields I was walking, one evening in Spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam, most sweetly for to sing,
 She wrung her hands & tore her hair, & singing thus said she
 I love my love, & I love my love, because my love loves me

2. My love was forced beyond the seas &c.
 3. I'll make my love a garland it shall be drest so fine
 The rest I'll set with roses, with lilies &c.
 4. I wish I was a sparrow to fly into the air &c.

But ah unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall see
 Yet I love my love &c.

Broadside, Bebbington Manchester.

C.

Better is "The Lover's Magazine" Lond. 1740, B.M. 11621.c.26

"As through Moorfields I walked one evening in Spring
I heard a maid in Bedlam most sweetly for to sing
Her chains she rattled with her hands & thus replied she
I love my love, because my love loves me.

x x x

With straw I'll make a garland & make it very fine
I'll stick the same with roses & lilies mixt with thyme
I'll present &c.

x x x x x

I'll mount into the air with swallow's wings to find my dearest dear
And if I lose my labour & cannot find him there
I'll quickly then become a fish & search the roaring sea,
For I love &c.

Could I become a turtle I'd build upon his breast
With blooming sprigs of myrtle I'd make a spicy nest.
To gaze upon his pretty eyes, entangled I would be
I love &c.

see also The Vocal Library, 1822, p. 228.