

EAST ANGLIAN TRADITIONAL MUSIC TRUST

Vaughan Williams' Folk Bushes And Briars

Through bushes and through briars I lately took my way,
All for to hear the small birds sing, and the lambs to skip and play.*

I overheard my own true-love. Her voice it was so clear.
Long time I have been waiting for the coming of my dear.

I drew myself unto a tree, a tree that did look green,
Where the leaves shaded over us. We scarcely could be seen.

I sat myself down by my true love till she began to mourn.
I'm of this opinion that my heart is not my own.

Sometimes I am uneasy and troubled in my mind.
Sometimes I'll think I'll go to my love and tell to him my mind.

And if I should go to my love, my love he will say nay.
I show to him my boldness, he'd ne'er love me again.

I cannot think the reason young women love young men,
For they are so false hearted young women to trepan,**

For they are so false hearted young women to trepan,
So the green grave shall see me, for I can't love that man.

*repeat the second line of each verse

**[Trepan - Archaic - tr.v. -To trap; ensnare.]

Collected on 4th December 1904 from Charles Pottipher in Ingrave,
Essex. The first folk song collected by Ralph Vaughan Williams.



Ingrave, Essex