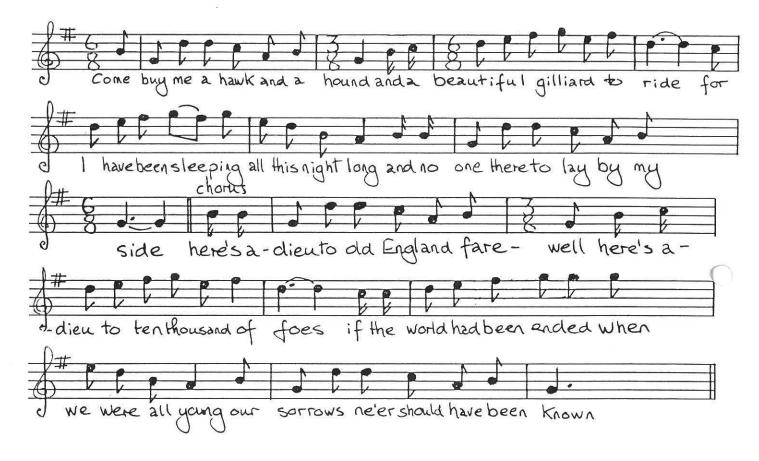
## Come buy me a hawk and a hound



## COME BUY ME A HAWK AND A HOUND

The song text was written down by Miss Heatley at the bottom of which she notes:— Mrs Humphreys' grandfather. This has a tune but no title. Ingrave 1903. In Vaughan Williams' scrapbook there are two verses and the chorus also written out by Miss Heatley with a note:— Song of Mrs Humphreys' grandfather born at Blackmore in Essex 1758. Like the previous song The Golden Glove I think that these words were a sample given to Vaughan Williams at the time of his lecture, the complete text noted later in 1903.

Vaughan Williams makes a note in his Mss.:- Sung by Mrs Humphreys' grandfather who was 76 when he died about 1837.

Come buy me a hawk and a hound And a beautiful gilliard to ride For I have been sleeping all this night long And no one there to lay by my side

Here's adieu to old England farewell Here's adieu to ten thousands of foes If the world had been ended when we were all young Our sorrows we ne'er should have known

Well once I could lay on that bed Which was made of the finest of down But now I am glad of a lock of cold straw And so glad I can lay my self down

Once I could eat of that bread That was made of that finest wheat But now I am glad of an old mouldy crust And so glad I can get it to eat

Once I could drink of that beer Which was made of the malt it was brown But now I am glad of the water so clear That runs from town to town

Once I could ride in that coach
With the silvery tops flying about
But now I'm confined in that prison strong
And the Lord knows when I shall get out

Cecil Sharp collection of English folksongs Vol 2