

18 Dearest Nancy - Mr Jackson

'Twas down in yon green valley in the pleasant month of June, the birds were sweetly singing and all nature was in tune; 'twas there I first saw Nancy, she's the girl I did adore; she was my only fancy and I could love no-one more.

1
 'Twas down in yon green valley in the pleasant month of June,
 the birds were sweetly singing, and all nature was in tune;
 'twas there I first saw Nancy, she's the girl I did adore;
 she was my only fancy and I could love no-one more.

2
 I said, 'My dearest Nancy, please be kind and marry me;
 I have not stores of riches, but I've stores of love for thee.
 There's richer men than I am, but none of them could love
 you more;
 if I had gold like mountains then it would be yours also.'

3
 'For you to have me in my prime would be a pretty thing,
 for I have the conceit, love, that I well can dance and sing.
 I am for some rich gentleman; now I'll have you to be gone;
 your riches will not last me and your love will soon cool
 down!'

4
 'Oh, must I go in sorrow, and must I take my leave?
 Must I lament for Nancy who for me will not grieve?
 For I am broken hearted, that is plainly to be seen.
 Oh, must I go in sorrow and wear the willow green?'

5
 'Twas but a few months after that this fair one changed her
 mind;
 she wrote to me a letter thinking that I would prove kind.
 For what she'd said she was sorry for and she hoped I would
 forgive,
 and would grant her one favour more, her heart and hand
 receive.

6
 I wrote to her an answer and somewhat scornfully
 I said, 'My dearest Nancy it's for you I do not grieve,
 for there's another more suiting that has taken up your place,
 for now, you see, I can dance and sing and not my love
 disgrace.'

7
 Come all you wild young females a warning take by me,
 and never slight your own true love while he is kind and free.
 For riches will not last you, and beauty will for sure decay,
 And when you slight your own true love, his love will fade
 away.