



Come buy me a hawk and a hound




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 a-dieu to old England fare - well here's a -



a-dieu to ten thousand of foes if the world had been ended when



we were all young our sorrows ne'er should have been known

## 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