

DOWN IN OUR VILLAGE

This song collected by Vaughan Williams from Mr Harris who was a farmer by trade, does not appear (as far as I know) in any contemporary folksong collection. This fragment is possibly just the chorus.

Down down in our village gay
Down down in our village
Lads and lasses gay
Down down in our village

Down in our village

Handwritten musical notation for the song 'Down in our village'. The notation is written on two staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the chorus: 'Down, down in our village gay down down in our village lads and'. The second staff contains the melody for the second line: 'lasses gay down down in our village'. The notation includes treble clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and various note values including quarter notes, eighth notes, and a triplet of eighth notes. A fermata is placed over the first note of the second staff. The lyrics are written in cursive below the notes.

BROADSIDE BALLAD FROM REV SABINE BARING GOULD
COLLECTION OF BALLADS VOL 4

A broadside ballad that could be the song connected with
Mr Harris's chorus?

DOWN IN OUR VILLAGE

TUNE THE SUN THAT LIGHTS THE ROSES

When first I was a shepherd's boy
Can I forget ? ah never
My simple songs I sung with joy
In rustic strains so clever
Then work was done all clean and neat
From sowing plough and tillage
I met with lads and lasses meet
Down down in our village

'Twas on the green where they all danc'd
I first beheld my Fanny
She looked so nice when she advanced
None half so well not any
Now when next morn my work begun
At sowing plough and tillage
I thought of nought but little Fan
Down down in our village

My dad and mam cry fie for shame
And laugh and joke and jeer me
Cause I'm too young think I to blame
From Fanny want to part
But lads and lasses dad and mam
And sowing plough and tillage
I'd give up all for charming Fan
Down down in our village

But I don't mean to leave my home
Nor Fanny yet to marry
Till money we've both saved a sum
We're both resolved to tarry
O then the village bells shall ring
No sowing plough or tillage
But Fan will dance and I will sing
Down down in our village

J CATNACH