

Down in a Valley.

1st verse

It was down in a valley a young damsel did dwell she lived with her
'Twas down in the valley where violets are gay three gypsies be-
uncle as all knew full well
-trayed her and stole her a-way

2nd verse

Long time she'd been missing and could not be found, her uncle he searched the
country a-round Till he come to see her trustee between hope and fear the
trustee made answer she has not been here

DOWN IN THE VALLEY
(LOST LADY FOUND)

Vaughan Williams gives verses 1 and 2 in his manuscript. But the whole song was written out on a separate sheet by Miss Heatley on the corner of which is a note 'Printed on the same sheet with the Fox Chase'. This is obviously the broadside version, which raises the question of where she obtained the sheet from.

Most other collected versions of this song seem very much the same and were all probably learnt from the broadside.

It was down in a valley a young damsel did dwell
She lived with her uncle as all knew full well
'Twas down in the valley where violets are gay
Three gipsies betrayed her and stole her away

Long time she'd been missing and could not be found
Her uncle he searched the country around
Till he came to see her trustee between hope and fear
The trustee made answer she has not been here

The trustee spoke up with courage so bold
I fear she has been lost for the sake of her gold
So we'll have life for life sir the trustee did say
We shall send you to prison and there you shall stay

There was a young squire that loved her so
Oft times to the school house together they did go
I'm afraid she is murdered so great is my fear
If I'd wings like a dove I'd fly to my dear

He travelled thro England thro France and thro Spain
Till he ventured his life on the watery main
And he came to a house where he lodged for the night
And in that same house was his heart's delight

When she saw him she knew him and flew to his arms
She told him her grief while he gazed on her charms
How come you to Dublin my dearest said he
Three gipsies betrayed me and stole me away

Your uncle in England in prison does lie
And for your dear sake is condemned for to die
Carry me to old England my dearest she cried
One thousand I will give you and will be your bride

When she came to England her uncle to see
The cart was under the high gallows tree
Oh, pardon oh pardon oh pardon I crave
Don't you see I'm alive your dear 'liffe to save

Then straight from the gallows they led him away
The bell they did ring the music did play
Every house in the valley with mirth did abound
Because they had heard the lost lady found