

## TARRY TROUSERS

This song again was written out by Miss Heatley and printed in full in the Folk Song Journal Vol 8 where Frank Kidson notes The words are on broadsides by J Catnach and Mr Vaughan Williams' informant has not quite remembered them if he has taken them from a ballad sheet copy. There are eight verses in the original and the fifth runs:-

I know you would have me wed a farmer  
And not give me my heart's delight  
Give me the lad whose tarry trousers  
Shines to me like diamonds bright

As I walked out one fine summer's morning  
The morning being both fine and clear  
There I heard a tender mother  
Talking to her daughter dear

Daughter, daughter I'd have you to marry  
Live no longer a single life  
But she says Mother I'd rather tarry  
I'd rather wait for my sailor bold

Sailors they are given to roving  
Into foreign parts they do go  
Then they will leave you brokenhearted  
Then they'll prove your overthrow

Don't you hear the great guns rattle  
And the small ones make a noise  
When he's in the height of battle  
How can he attend to you my dear

My mother wants me to wed with a tailor  
And not give me my heart's delight  
But give me the man with the tarry trousers  
That shine to me like diamonds bright

Tarry Trousers

As I walked out one fine summers morn-ing the morning being both fine and clear

There I heard a tender mother talking to her daughter dear