

INGATESTONE HALL

This seems to have been a second attempt by Vaughan Williams to collect this song, the first appearance being a badly written verse and tune in Dec 1903. This is a very interesting localization of the song *The broken down gentleman*. Broomfield called this a 'true song'

When I was young and in my youthful days
Scarce twenty four years old
I spent my time in vanity
Along with the ladies bold

I kept a carriage and six light bays
To range the world about
I kept my carriage and six bays
Just ready for me to ride out

I wore the ruffles round my wrist
My cane all in my hand
There's no lord can me surpass
? of any in this land

I went to Epsom races
The ~~races~~ for to see
And there I spent ten thousand pounds
All in the light of one day

As I returned home again
My cups was getting small
I came a broken down gentleman
And obliged to leave Ingatestone Hall

The landlord he came for his rent
The bailiffs he brought three
They've taken away ?
And he says he must have me

My children they came weeping round
My wife did likewise cry
To think that I should lie in jail
Until the day I die

Ingatestone Hall

When I was young in my youthful days scarce twenty four years
old I spent my time in vanit- y a- long with the ladies bold

Ingatestone Hall

But I kept my coach and six grey horses, they jingled and jangled a-
long, a golden tassel on each horse's head all ready for me to ride
out, all ready for me to ride out

I took my coach to Epsom Races

I steered my coach back home again my pockets they did run
small now I'm a broken-down gentle man and forced to leave Ingatestone
Hall forced to leave Ingatestone Hall

My wife she did so pity me, my children around me did cry, to
think I'd spend all of my years in jail un-til the day that I died un-
til the day that I died

The notation has been transposed upwards by an octave.

INGATESTONE HALL

Version collected by Philip Coleman from Mr Leonard Woolley of Chadwell Heath and his aunt Mrs Ethel Fairweather of Five Elms Beacontree Heath aged 72. This is the only other version as far as we know that refers to Ingatestone Hall. Mrs Fairweather insisted it was true.

I kept a coach and six grey horses
They jingled and jangled along
A golden tassle on each horse's head
All ready for me to ride out
All ready for me to ride out

I took my coach to Epsom Races

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All on the delights of one day
All on the delights of one day

I steered my coach back home again
My pockets they did run small
Now I am a broken-down gentleman
Forced to leave Ingatestone Hall
Forced to leave Ingatestone Hall

My wife she did so pity me
My children around me did cry
To think I'd spend all of my life in jail
Until the day that I died
Until the day that I died

See also The Wanton Seed F Purslow