

LAY STILL MY FOND SHEPHERD

Vaughan Williams notes:- learnt from his mother. This song was printed in Folk Song Journal Vol 8. The last three verses appear to have come from a song The lark in the morning.

Lay still my fond shepherd
And do not rise yet
It's a cold cold dewy morning
And besides my love it is wet

Let it be wet my love
Never so cold
I must rise my fond Flora
And away to my fold

No no bright Flora
It is no such thing
It's a bright sun shining
And the lark's on the wing

When the lark rises in the morning
She does whistle and sing
And at night she does return
To her own nest again

And when the plough boy has done
All he's got for to do
He trips down the meadows
All the milkmaids to view

And when the ploughboy has done
All he's got for to do
He trips down the meadows
Where the grass is all cut down

And as they returned from the
Wake in the town
The meadows being mown and
The grass all cut down

O if you should chance to tumble me
All in the new hay
You should kiss me now or never love
O this damsel did say

Lay still

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cold cold dewy morn - ing and besides my love it is wet