

THE SHADY GREEN TREE

As I walked out one midsummers evening
Down by the banks of the shady green tree
There I beheld a most beautiful virgin
She was sitting down under the shady green tree

The shady green tree

As I walked out one midsummers evening down
by the banks of the shady green tree there I beheld a most
beautiful virgin she was sitting down under the shady green tree

The image shows three staves of handwritten musical notation in G major (one sharp). The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the lyrics. The second staff contains the melody for the second and third lines. The third staff contains the melody for the fourth line. The lyrics are written in cursive below the notes.

This version was found by Philip in some old papers in the Essex Records Office belonging to the White family of Bulphan near Upminster on a handwritten sheet in an Old Moore's Almanac of 1781.

As I was walking one midsummer morn
Down by a shady green tree
There did I behold a beautiful virgin
Sitting all under the shady green tree

I stepped up to her and said my dear jewel
You are the first girl that ever wounded me
You shall not want for gold nor silver
If you will set your mind on me

She said kind sir you are better deserving
I am a poor girl of low degree
Besides your parents will always be scolding
So in my station contented I'll be

Talk not of friends nor any relations
They have no portion at all to give me
As I am a young man and you are a virgin
Married tomorrow to you I will be

She sat herself down I sat myself by her
There did I rifle her beautiful charms
With sweet melting kisses and fond embraces
We slept together in each other's arms

The space of three hours all in the green grove
All under the shady green tree
And when I waked I found her no virgin
Married to you I never will be

She said kind sir you are my undoing
Can you oh can you so cruel be
How can I pass any more for a virgin
Since you have had your will of me

Come all pretty maidens now take warning
Never trust a man in any degree
For when they'd enjoyed the fruits of your garden
Then they will leave you as he has done me

See also The Wanton Seed F Purslow