

The Barkshire Tragedy

A var - - mer he lived in the West Count - ree,
(With a hey down, bow down)
A var - - mer he lived in the West Coun - tree,
And he had daugh - - ters, one, two and three.
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love 'll be true___ to me.)

A varmer he lived in the West Countree,
With a hey down, bow down)
A varmer he lived in the West Countree,
And he had daughters, one, two and three.
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

As they were walking by the river's brim
With a hey down, bow down)
The eldest pushed the youngest in.
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

"O sister, O sister, pray gee me thy hand,
With a hey down, bow down)
And I'll gee thee both house and land."
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

"I'll neither gee thee hand nor glove,
With a hey down, bow down)
Unless thou'lt gee me thine own true love."
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

So down she sank, and away she swam,
With a hey down, bow down)
Until she came to the miller's dam.
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

The miller's daughter stood by the door
With a hey down, bow down)
As fair as any gilly-flower.
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

"O vather, O vather, here swims a swan
With a hey down, bow down)
Very much like a drowned gentlewoman"
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

The miller he fot his pole and hook
With a hey down, bow down)
And he fished the fair maid out of the brook.
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

"O miller, I'll gee thee guineas ten,
With a hey down, bow down)
If thou'll fetch me back to my vather again."
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

The miller he took her guineas ten
With a hey down, bow down)
And he pushed the fair maid in again.
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

But the Crowner he came, and the Justice too,
With a hey down, bow down)
With a hue and a cry and a hullabaloo.
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

The hanged the miller beside his own gate
With a hey down, bow down)
For drowning the varmer's daughter Kate.
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

The sister she fled beyond the seas
With a hey down, bow down)
And died an old maid among black savagees.
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

So I've ended my tale of the West Countree
With a hey down, bow down)
And they calls it the Barkshire Tragedee.
(And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)