

Widcombe Fair

This is one of many versions of the song, "Widcombe Fair," first recorded by the Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould in 1890 in his book "Songs of the West". The oral tradition of the song has been around much longer.

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare
All along, down along, out along lee.
For I want to go down to Widcombe Fair
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all

And when shall I see again my old grey mare?
All along, down along, out along lee.
By Friday soon or Saturday noon
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all

So they harnessed and bridled the old grey mare
All along, down along, out along, lee.
And off they drove to Widcombe fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

Then Friday came and Saturday soon
All along, down along, out along lee.
Tom Pearce's old mare hath not trotted home
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top of the hill,
All along, down along, out along lee.
And he sees his old mare a-making her will,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all

Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died
All along, down along, out along lee.
And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,

