

## Widcombe Fair

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

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

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,  
All along, down along, out along, lee,  
But Tom Pearces old mare hath not trotted home,  
With Bill Brewer, Jan  
Stewer, Peter Gurney,  
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,  
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,  
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

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

So 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  
With Bill Brewer, Jan  
Stewer, Peter Gurney,  
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,  
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,  
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair,  
All along, down along, out along, lee,  
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career  
Of Bill Brewer, Jan St  
ewer, Peter Gurney,  
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,  
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,  
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of the night  
All along, down along, out along, lee,  
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear gashly white,  
With Bill Brewer, Jan  
Stewer, Peter Gurney,  
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,  
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,  
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

And all the long night he heard skirling and groans,  
All along, down along, out along, lee,  
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones,  
With Bill Brewer, Jan  
Stewer, Peter Gurney,  
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,  
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,  
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.