

# Widdicombe Fair

*An old Devonshire song from up on the moors, not far from my locality. It was collected and published in 1890 in the "Songs of the West" by the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould.*



C G7 C

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare, All a - long, down a - long,

G7 C G7 C

out a - long, lee. For I want for to go — to Wid - di - combe Fair, With Bill

Am

Brew - er, Jan Stew - er, Pe - ter Gur - ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan'l Whid - don, Har - ry Hawke, Old

C G7 G F C G7 C

Un - cle Tom Cob - leigh and all, Old Un - cle Tom Cob - leigh and all. \_\_\_\_\_

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

So they harnessed and bridled the old grey mare,  
*All along, down along, out along lee.*  
And off they drove to Widdiecombe Fair, *Wi' Bill Brewer...*

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...*

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 she's a-making her will, *Wi' Bill Brewer...*

How did he know it was his old grey mare,  
*All along, down along, out along lee.*  
'Cos one foot were shod and t'other three were bare, *Wi' Bill Brewer...*

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...*

But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,  
*All along, down along, out along lee.*  
Nor though they be dead, of the horrid career, *Of Bill Brewer...*

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,  
*All along, down along, out along lee.*  
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear ghastly white, *Wi' Bill Brewer...*

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