

THERE IS AN ALEHOUSE

Text collected by Ella Bull from Charlotte Few, Cotternham, Tune from RVW



There is an ale-house in this town
Where my true love sits| himself down
He takes another girl on his knee
And don't you think that's a grief for me.

A grief for me- I'll tell you why
Because she's got more gold than I
But her gold shall waste and her beauty blast.
And then she'll be like me at last.

There is a bird on yonder tree
Some say he's blind and he cannot see
And I wish it had been the same with me
E'er I had known love's misery.

There is a flower I've heard them say
Would ease my heart both night and day
And if I could that flower could find
I'd ease my heart and cheer my mind.

So across the fields and meadows run
Gath'ring flowers as they sprung
She gathered red and she gathered blue
Until she'd gathered her apron full.

I clapped my back against an oak
Thinking it might be some trusting tree
At first it bent and then it broke
And so did my love prove false to me.

She thrust her hand into a bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find
She pricked her finger to the bone
And left the sweetest rose behind.

Then she went home and made her bed
A flowery pillow for her head
She laid her down ,no more she spoke
For her false love her heart is broke.

I wish I wish I wish in vain
I wish I was a maid again
But a maid again I never shall be
Till apples grow on an orange tree.