

Parson upon Dorothy

The Beautiful Shepherdeß of Arcadia

from the Dancing Master, 2nd edition, 1652

Lyrics from the Roxburge Ballads

Gm Gm Dm Gm Cm Gm Dm Gm Gm Dm

There was a Shep herd's daugh - ter came trip - ping on the way, And there she met a
 "The Lord for bid," the Maid re - pl'yd,"that such a thing - should be, That ev - er such a
 "Now you have had your will, good Sir, and put my body to shame, Even as you are a
 He set his foot into the stir - rup, and a - way then did he ride; She tucked hir kir - tle a -

Gm Cm Gm Dm Gm Cm Gm Dm Gm

court - ous Knight, which cau - sed her to stay. "Good mor - row to you, beau - teous maid," the
 court - ous Knight, should dye for love of me." He took her by the middle so small, and
 court - ous Knight, tell we what is your name?" "Some do call me Jack, and
 bout her middle, and ran close by his side. But when she came to the broad wa - ter, she

Cm Gm Dm Gm Cm Gm Dm Gm Cm Gm Dm Gm

words pro - noun - ced he; "O I shall dye this day," he said, "if I've not my will of thee."
 laid her on the plain, And af - ter he had had his will, he took her up a - gain.
 some do call me John; But when I come to the King's court, they call me Sweet Wil - liam."
 set her breast and swam; And when she was got out a - gain, she took to her heels and ran.

Gm Cm F Gm Dm Gm D4/3sus G

Sing trang dil - do, sing trang dil - do, sing trang dil - do lee.

When she came to the King's fair court, she knockèd at the ring;
 So ready was the king himself to let this fair maid in.
 "O Christ save you my gracious Liege, your body Christ save and see;
 You have a knight within your court this day hath robbèd me."

"What hath he robbed thee of, fair maid, of purple or of pall?
 Or hath he took the gay gold ring from off thy finger small?"
 "He hath not robbèd me, my Liege, of purple or of pall;
 But he hath got my maiden-head, which grieves me most of all."

"Now if he be a batchelor, his body I'll give to thee;
 But if he be a married man, high hangèd he shall be."
 He called down his merry men all by one, by two and by three;
 Sweet William us'd to be the first, but now the last comes he.

He brought her down full forty pound, ty'd up within a glove;
 "Fair maid I give the same to thee, and seek another love."
 "O I'll have none of your gold," she said, "nor I'll have none of your fee;
 But I must have your fair body, the King hath given me."

Sweet William ran and fetcht her then five hundred pound in gold,
 Saying "Fair maid, take this unto thee, thy fault will never be told."
 "'Tis not thy gold that shall me tempt," these words then answered she -
 "But I must have your own body, so the King hath granted me."

"Would I had drunk the fair water, when I did drink the wine,
 That ever and Shepherd's daughter should be a fair lady of mine.
 Would that I had drank the puddle wate, when I did drink the ale,
 That ever any Shepherd's daughter should have told me such a tale."

"A Shepherd's daughter as I was, you might have let me be;
 I'd ne'r a come to the King's fair court to have carv'd any love of thee."
 He set her on a milk-white steed, and himself upon a gray,
 He hung a bugle around his neck, and so they rode away.

But when they came unto the place where marriage rights was done,
 She prov'd herself a Duke's daughter and he but a Squire's son.
 "Now you have married me, Sir Knight, your pleasures will be free;
 If you make me Lady of one good town, I'll make you Lord of three."

"Accursèd be the gold," he said, "if thou hadst not been true,
 That should have parted thee from me, to have changed thee for a new."
 Their hearts being so linkèd fast, and joynèd hand in hand,
 He had both purse and person too, and all at his command.