

WESTCOUNTRY FOLK - Session 1

Performed by Frankie Sercombe & Friends

Tommy A' Lynn

1

Tommy a' Lynn was a Dutchman born,
His head was bald and his chin was shorn;
He wore a cap made of rabbit's skin
With the skin side out and the wool within.
All to my tooth and my link-a- lum -lee
Tommy a ranter and a rover,
Tommy a bone of my stover,
Brew, screw, rivet the tin,
O a rare old man was Tommy a' Lynn.

2

Tommy a' Lynn had no boots to put on,
But two calves hides with the hair all gone.
They were split at the side and the water ran in,
I must wear wet feet, said Tommy a' Lynn.
All to my tooth and my link-a- lum -lee
Tommy a ranter and a rover,
Tommy a bone of my stover,
Brew, screw, rivet the tin,
O a rare old man was Tommy a' Lynn.

3

Tommy a' Lynn has a hunting gone.
A saddle of urchin's skins he put on.
The urchin's prickles were sharp as a pin,
I've got a sore seat, said Tommy a' Lynn.
All to my tooth and my link-a- lum -lee
Tommy a ranter and a rover,
Tommy a bone of my stover,
Brew, screw, rivet the tin,
O a rare old man was Tommy a' Lynn.

4

Tommy a' Lynn has a hunting gone
A bridle of mouse tails has he put on.
The bridle broke and the horse ran away,
I'm not well bridled, said Tommy, to-day.
All to my tooth and my link-a- lum -lee
Tommy a ranter and a rover,
Tommy a bone of my stover,
Brew, screw, rivet the tin,
O a rare old man was Tommy a' Lynn.

5

Tom a Lynn's daughter, she sat on the stair,
O Father I fancy I'm wondrous fair!
The stairs they broke, and the maid fell in,
You're fair enough now, said Tommy a' Lynn.

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All to my tooth and my link-a- lum -lee
Tommy a ranter and a rover,
Tommy a bone of my stover,
Brew, screw, rivet the tin,
O a rare old man was Tommy a' Lynn.

6

Tommy a' Lynn, his wife and her mother
They all fell into the fire together.
Ow yow! said the upper-most, I've a hot skin,
It's hotter below! said Tommy a' Lynn.
All to my tooth and my link-a- lum -lee
Tommy a ranter and a rover,
Tommy a bone of my stover,
Brew, screw, rivet the tin,
O a rare old man was Tommy a' Lynn.

The Setting of the Sun

1

Come all you young fellows that carry a gun,
Beware of late shooting when daylight is done;
For 'tis little you reckon what hazards you run,
I shot my true love at the setting of the sun
In a shower of rain as my darling did hie
All under the bushes to keep herself dry,
With her head in her apron I thought her a swan,
And I shot my true love at the setting of the sun.

2

I'll fly from my country, I nowhere find rest
I've shot my true love, like a bird in her nest.
Like lead on my heart lies the deed I have done,
I shot my true love at the setting of the sun.
In a shower of rain as my darling did hie
All under the bushes to keep herself dry,
With her head in her apron I thought her a swan,
And I shot my true love at the setting of the sun.

3

In the night the fair maid as a white swan appears,
She says, O my true love, quick dry up your tears,
I freely forgive you, I have Paradise won,
I was shot by my love at the setting of the sun.
In a shower of rain as my darling did hie
All under the bushes to keep herself dry,
With her head in her apron I thought her a swan,
And I shot my true love at the setting of the sun.

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4

O the years as they pass leave me lonely and sad,
I can ne'er love another, and naught makes me glad.
I wait and expect till life's little span done
I meet my true love at the rising of the sun
In a shower of rain as my darling did hie
All under the bushes to keep herself dry,
With her head in her apron I thought her a swan,
And I shot my true love at the setting of the sun.

Come To My Window

1

Come to my window, my Love, O my Love,
Come to my window, my Dear.
For my mammy is asleep,
And my daddy snoreth deep,
Then come, e'er the day-light appear.

2

Come to my window, my Love, O my Love,
Come to my window, I pray.
O the hours so quickly pass,
And the dew falls on the grass.
Dear Love come, e'er dawneth the day.

3

Come to my window, my Love, O my Love,
Come or my heart strings will break.
For the night is speeding by,
Soon will morning streak the sky,
And my dad and my mam will awake.

4

Come to my window, my Love, O my Love,
Come e'er the stars cease to shine.
For my heart is full of fears,
And my voice is chok'd with tears,
am Thine, O thou know'st I am Thine

The Blue Kerchief

1

I saw a sweet maiden trip over the lea,
Her eyes were as loadstones attracting of me.
Her cheeks were the roses, that Cupid lurks in.
With a bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin.

2
O where are you going, my fair pretty maid?
O whither so swift through the dew drops? I said,
I go to my mother, kind sir, for to spin.
O the bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin.

3
Why wear you that kerchief tied over your head?
'Tis the country girls' fashion, kind sir, then she said.
And the fashion young maidens will always be in
So I wear a blue kerchief tied under my chin.

4
To kiss her sweet lips then I sought to begin,
O nay Sir! she said, 'ere a kiss you would win,
Pray show me a ring, tho' of gold the most thin.
O slyest blue kerchief tied under the chin!

5
Why wear a blue kerchief, sweet maiden, I said,
Because the blue colour is one not to fade,
As a sailor's blue jacket who fights for the king.
So's my bonny blue kerchief tied under the chin.

6
The love that I value is certain to last,
Not fading and changing, but ever set fast,
That only the colour, my love sir to win,
So goodbye from the kerchief tied under the chin

Three Drunken Maidens

1
There were three drunken maidens,
Came from the Isle of Wight.
They drank from Monday morning,
Nor stayed till Saturday night.
When Saturday night did come, Sirs!
They would not then go out;
Not the three drunken maidens,
As they pushed the jug about.

2
Then came in Bouncing Sally,
With cheeks as red as bloom.
"Make space my jolly sisters,
Now make for Sally room.
For that I will be your equal,
Before that I go out."
So now four drunken maidens,
They pushed the jug about.

3
It was woodcock and pheasant,
And partridges and hare,
It was all kinds of dainties,
No scarcity was there.
It was four quarts of Malaga,
Each fairly did drink out,
So the four drunken maidens,
They pushed the jug about.

4
Then down came the landlord,
And asked for his pay.
O! a forty-pound bill, Sirs!
The damsels drew that day.
It was ten pounds apiece, Sirs!
But yet, they would not out.
So the four drunken maidens,
They pushed the jug about.

5
"O where be your spencers?
Your mantles rich and fine?"
"They all be a swallowed
In tankards of good wine."
"O where be your characters
Ye maidens brisk and gay?"
"O they be a swallowed!
We've drunk them clean away.

The Sailor's Farewell

1
Farewell! farewell, my Polly dear!
A thousand times adieu!
'Tis sad to part; but never fear,
Your sailor will be true.
And must I go, and leave you so_—
While thund'ring billows roar?
I am afraid, my own sweet maid,
Your face I'll see no more.

2
The weavers and the tailors
Are snoring fast asleep,
While we poor 'jolly sailors'
Are tossing on the deep:
Are tossing on the deep, dear girl,
In tempest rage and foam;
When seas run high, and dark the sky,
We think on those at home.

3
When Jack's ashore, safe home once more,
We lead a merry life;
With pipe and glass, and buxom lass,
A sweetheart or a wife;
We call for liquor merrily,
We spend our money free,
And when our money's spent and gone,
Again we go to sea.

4
You'll not know where I am, dear girl,
But when I'm on the sea,
My secret thoughts I will unfurl
In letters home to thee.
The secrets, ay! of heart, I say,
And best of my good will.
My body may lay just where it may
My heart is with you still

ABOUT THIS SESSION

*The above is just a small sample from the **SONGS OF THE WEST - FOLK SONGS OF DEVON & CORNWALL** "COLLECTED FROM THE MOUTHS OF THE PEOPLE" BY S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A. AND F. W. BUSSELL, MUS. DOC. D.D.*

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*Some of these songs have since found their way into the playlists of modern-day folk artists, relying on Baring-Gould's record of the lyrics and melodies associated with them. THE LATTER MAY DIFFER FROM THE RECORDINGS OFFERED HERE**, so apologies in advance to those purists who may have expected original renditions.*

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