



WIDECOMBE FAIR

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UNCLE TOM COBLEY

"Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
For I want for to go to Widecombe 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 Widecombe 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 Pearce's 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 Stewer, 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."

No 16 WIDDECOMBE FAIR

C. J. S.

Tempo moderato.

mf

"Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend

me your grey mare, All a-long, down a-long, out a-long, lee. For I

want for to go to Wid-de-combe Fair, Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter

Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old Un-cle Tom Cob-ley and

cresc.

all. Old Un-cle Tom Cob-ley and all!"

D.C. dal %

dim. *Fine.*

This is the most well known of Devon's folk songs and, as far as is known, was first published about 1880. The above version of this popular air was written down by the Reverend Sabone Baring-Gould, one of the first collectors of English folk songs. It is generally thought that Tom pearse came from Spreyton and his friends from Sticklepsth, two villages on the northern side of Dartmoor