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Mrs Marina Russell, Upwey coll. HED Hammond

## Tis not my gold watch

'Tis not my gold watch



[left of title:] Dorian 530 [right of the title:] Mrs Russell [feint:] of Upwey  
[there is a leader line from bar 14 to 3 extra bars, below the tune, and the text:] or ends  
[below and right of the extra bars:] Words D VII. p.90 [unclear]  
In the MS, only the note A has ellipses, ABC insists on bracketing the A and c notes.  
The MIDI file HAM-05-32-26.mid has two verses, the second using the variant in bar 10,  
and the alternative ending.

Words from HAM-01-689.gif – Hammond's field notes

Tis not my gold watch nor my money I value  
Tis not my gold watch nor my money I crave  
Five guineas she demanded & the money was granted  
But all been in vain for she was a maid.

Mrs Marina Russell, Upwey coll. HED Hammond

## Lass of London City



[left of the title:] 530. [below and right of title, on sticky label:] D794  
[right of label:] Mrs. Russell, Upwey [initialled at end of last stave:] FEP  
Words edited from Purslow's broadside transcription

As I was a-walking one fine Summer's morning,  
One fine summer's morning, oh! I heard many say,  
That a lass neat and pretty, one of London City,  
Her cheeks were like roses, her clothing was gay.

Oh! I stepped up to her and thinking to view her,  
Saying, "Where are you going, my fair pretty maid?"  
Many kisses I vended and love I pretended,  
But all was in vain for she was a maid.

"I must not, I dare not, I will not, I shall not,  
Submit to your passions for I am afraid,  
Should my friends then discover I have a new lover,  
Oh! then they would call me a wanton young jade."

Hearing these words made me more anxious than ever,  
To think I could purchase such a pretty fair maid,  
Five guineas she demanded, the money was granted,  
Supper being over I put madam to bed.

Now I being tired and weary of drinking,  
Now I being tired and weary of game,  
Then I fell a-nodding and she fell a-robbing,  
She quitted my chamber before it was day.

I turned round to kiss her and suddenly I missed her,  
I looked for my kickster that lay under my head,  
But she'd robbed and she'd plundered, I roared out like thunder,  
But all was in vain for madam had fled.

Oh! 'tis not my gold watch nor my money I value,  
It's not my gold watch or my money I crave,  
But I'm afraid some young doctor will be my conductor,  
I wish I never had seen this fair maid.