

The Owslebury Lads

421g

Folk Songs of Hampshire p85
arr. & ed. MCB 8/2001. Roud 17212.

♩. = 100

Air *f* The thir-teenth of No - vem - bereight - een hund - red and thir - ty, The Ows - le - bury lads they

Fl. *mp*

Vcl.

7

did pre - pare for the ma - chi - ne - ry And when they did get there my eye! how they let fly, The ma

14

Chorus

chi - ne - ry flew in pie - ces in the twink - ling of an eye O The mob, such a mob, you've

O The mob, such a mob, you've

O The mob, such a mob, you've

O The mob, such a mob, you've

O The mob, such a mob, you've

20

ne - ver seen be - fore, And if you live a hun - dred years you ne - ver will no more.

ne - ver seen be - fore, And if you live a hun - dred years you ne - ver will no more.

ne - ver seen be - fore, And if you live a hun - dred years you ne - ver will no more.

ne - ver seen be - fore, And if you live a hun - dred years you ne - ver will no more.

The thirteenth of November, eighteen hundred and thirty,*
The Owslebury lads they did prepare for the machinery,
And when they did get there, my eye! how they let fly,
The machinery flew to pieces in the twinkling of an eye.

*O the mob, such a mob, you've never seen before,
And if you live a hundred years you never will no more.*

To Winchester we then were sent, our trial for to take,
And if we do have nothing said, our counsel we shall keep;
But when the judges did begin, I'm sorry for to say
So many was transported and the rest was cast to die.

Some times our parents they comes in, all for to see us all,
Some times they bring tobaccy or a loaf that is so small;
Then we goes to the kitchen, and sits all around about,
So many of us in there that we all be soon smoked out.

At six o'clock in the morning our turnkey he comes in,
A bunch of keys all in his hand tied up all in a string,
And we can't get no further than back across the yard,
With a pound and a half of bread a day, now don't you think that hard?

At six o'clock in the evening the turnkey he comes round,
The locks and bolts do rattle like the sounding of a drum
And we are all locked up again all in our cells so high,
And there we stay till break of day, whether we live or die.

And now for to conclude, and finish with my song,
I trust you folk around me will think that I'm not wrong,
And all the poor in Hampshire for rising of their wages
I hope that none of our enemies will ever want for places.

**James Stagg of Winchester sang the first line to collectors as:
"The Thirtieth of November last, eighteen hundred and thirteen"*

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♩. = 100

Air

Flute

Cello

f
mp

The thir-teenth of No-vem-ber eight-teen hund-red and thir-ty, The Ows-le-bury lads they

7

did pre-pare for the ma-chi - ne - ry And when they did get there my eye! how they let

13

Chorus

fly, The ma-chi-ne-ry flew in pie-ces in the twink-ling of an eye O The mob, such a

O The mob, such a

O The mob, such a

O The mob, such a

19

mob, you've ne-ver seen be-fore, And if you live a hun-dred years you ne-ver will no more.

mob, you've ne-ver seen be-fore, And if you live a hun-dred years you ne-ver will no more.

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