6. I'LL NOT HAVE HIM.

NORTH COUNTRY SONG. EDWIN WAUGH'S VERSION.

Old Tune "THE IRISH WIDOW."



I'll not have him.

(Four selected verses.)

- I There was an old fellow came over the lea,
 And it's oh, I'll not have him!
 He came o'er the lea,
 A-courting to me,
 With his old gray beard new-shorn.
- 2 My mother she bade me set him a stool, And it's oh, I'll not have him! I set him a stool, And he looked like a fool, With his old gray beard new-shorn.
- 3 My mother she told me to cut him some bread,
 And it's oh, I'll not have him!

 I cut him some bread,
 And threw't at his head,
 And his old gray beard new-shorn
- 4 My mother she told me to take him to church.

 And it's oh, I'll not have him!

 I took him to church,

 And I left him in th' lurch,

 With his old gray beard new-shorn.

This is taken from Edwin Waugh's story of "The Old Fiddler." In this story Waugh touches with a loving hand the character of Besom Ben. The sketch is noticeable chiefly for the snatches of old country songs with which it is plentifully interspersed. Old Ben was "a hearty, healthy, comely fellow, just in his prime, as clean as a new pin and dressed in holiday clothes, freaked with such bits of rustic prettiness as his little garden and his native fields afforded him. He paced the road with a slow, wandering gait, and when thus wandering alone he interweaved the quiet thoughts that played about his mind with quaint threads of the minstrel memories of days gone by." The original North Country song consisted of eleven verses. Edwin Waugh selected the six verses here given, and put them into Lancashire dialect.

I'll not have him.

(The verses complete in Lancashire dialect.)

There wur an owd fellow coom o'er the lea,
An' it's oh, I'll not have him!
He coom o'er the lea,
A-cwortin' to me,
Wi' his owd gray beart new-shorn

My mother hoo tow'd me to oppen him th' door.

An' it's oh, I'll not have him!

I oppen't him th' door,

An' he fell upo' th' floor,

Wi' his owd gray beart new-shorn

My mother hoo bade me set him a stoo'.

An' it's oh, I'll not have him!

I set him a stoo',

An' he looked like a foo',

Wi' his owd gray beart new-shorn.

My mother hoo towd me to cut him some bread,
An' it's oh, I'll not have him!

I cut him some bread,
An' threw't at his head,
An' his owd gray beart new-shorn.

My mother hoo towd me to leet* him to bed.

An' it's oh, I'll not have him!

I leet him to bed,

An' wish'd he were deeod,

Wi' his owd gray beart new-shorn.

My mother hoo towd me to take him to church.

An' it's oh, I'll not have him!

I took him to church,

An' I left him i' th' lurch,

Wi' his owd gray beart new-shorn,

* To light a candle and show the guest his room.