

# The Lady and the Box

**Source info:**

Singer: Jane Gulliver

Place: Combe Florey

Collected: May 1905

Collector: Henry and Robert Hammond

Tune noted by H. A. Jeboult

MSS Source: <http://library.efdss.org/archives/>

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1. 'Twas of a lov-a-ly crea-ea-ture, in London she did dwell,  
For wit and for beauty there was none could her excel,  
Her master and her mistress she served seven year,  
And all that followed after that, you very soon shall hear.  
    With my rit-fal-the-day, rit-fal-the-laddie,  
    Sing to my rit-fal-the-day.
2. She put her box all on her head, and so she trudged along,  
The first that she met was a strong and able man.  
He said, "My pretty fair maid, where are you going today?  
I will show to you a nearer road across the count-er-ee.  
    With my rit-fal-the-day, rit-fal-the-laddie,  
    Sing to my rit-fal-the-day.
3. He caught her hold all by the hand, he led her down some lane,  
He said, "My pretty fair maid, I mean to tell you plain,  
Deliver up your money without a fear or strife,  
Or else this very moment, I'll take away your life."  
    With my rit-fal-the-day, rit-fal-the-laddie,  
    Sing to my rit-fal-the-day.
4. Then tears they fell all from her eyes like fountains they did flow,  
Saying, "Where shall I wander or where shall I go?"  
And whilst this young fellow was feeling for his knife,  
Oh! This beautiful young da-amsel, she took away his life.  
    With my rit-fal-the-day, rit-fal-the-laddie,  
    Sing to my rit-fal-the-day.
5. She put her box all on her head and thus she trudged along,  
The next one that she met was a noble gentleman.  
He said, "My pretty fair maid, where are you going so late?  
Oh! What, pray, was that fearful noise I heard at yonder gate?  
    With my rit-fal-the-day, rit-fal-the-laddie,  
    Sing to my rit-fal-the-day.

6. That box you have all on your head to yourself does not belong  
To your mistress or your master, you have done something wrong,  
To your mistress or your master, you have done something ill,  
For one moment for tremmeling, sweet maid, you can't keep still,"  
    With my rit-fal-the-day, rit-fal-the-laddie,  
    Sing to my rit-fal-the-day.
7. "This box all on my head, sir, to myself it does belong,  
To my mistress nor my master I have done nothing wrong,  
To my mistress or my master, I have done nothing ill,  
But I fears in my heart it is the young man I have killed.  
    With my rit-fal-the-day, rit-fal-the-laddie,  
    Sing to my rit-fal-the-day.
8. He demanded all my money. but I quickly let him know,  
And whilst he feeled for his knife, I proved his overthrow."  
She caught the horse all by the reins and led him to the place,  
Where this noble young fellow he lay bleeding on his face.  
    With my rit-fal-the-day, rit-fal-the-laddie,  
    Sing to my rit-fal-the-day.
9. The gentleman got off his horse to see what he had got,  
He had three loaded pistols, some powder and some shot.  
He had three loaded pistols, some powder and some ball,  
And now he found a whistle, more robbers for to call.  
    With my rit-fal-the-day, rit-fal-the-laddie,  
    Sing to my rit-fal-the-day.
10. He put the whistle to his mouth and blowed both load and shrill,  
Then four more lusty fellows came tripping over the hill,  
The gentleman shoot one of them in mosted speedily,  
Now this beautiful young damsel, she shoot the other three.  
    With my rit-fal-the-day, rit-fal-the-laddie,  
    Sing to my rit-fal-the-day.
11. "So now, my pretty fair maid, for you so well have done,  
I'll make you my lawful bride, and that before it's long;  
I'll make you my charming bride before it is too long,  
For taking of your own part, and firing of your gun."  
    With my rit-fal-the-day, rit-fal-the-laddie,  
    Sing to my rit-fal-the-day.