

## 2.9 Lovers Tasks / Jenefer Gentle / Whelyow Gwaryoryon

### Sources

#### Archival (Manuscript / Sound)

- Sabine Baring Gould, Rough Copy Mss, Wren Trust, Fiche No. 3, Vol. 3, p. 21.  
Sabine Baring Gould, Rough Copy Mss, Wren Trust, Fiche No.10, Vol. 9, p. 6.  
Sabine Baring Gould, Rough Copy Mss, Wren Trust, Fiche No. 312, Vol. 10, p. 2.  
Cecil Sharp Mss collection folk tune No. 219.  
Cecil Sharp Mss Collection folk words No. 306.

#### Publications (Book / Album)

Davies Gilbert ---. *Some Ancient Christmas Carols, with the Tunes to Which They Were Formerly Sung in the West of England. Together with Two Ancient Ballads, a Dialogue, &C.* Second ed. (London, Nichols and Son, 1823), p. 65, as Jenifer, Gentle and Rosemarie,"

Baring-Gould, Rev. Sabine. and Rev. H. Fleetwood Shepherd. *Songs and Ballads of the West: A Collection Made from the Mouths of the People* (London, Methuen & Co, 1891), song no. 7.

*The Journal of American Folklore*, Vol. 7, No. 26. (Jul. - Sep., 1894), pp. 228-232.

Baring Gould, ed C Sharp, *Songs of the West*, Methuen London, 1905 song No. 48.

Henry Jenner, in Graves, Alfred Perceval, *The Celtic Song Book : Being Representative Folk Songs of the Six Celtic Nations.* (London, Benn, 1928), pp. 273-4

Davey, MR, *Hengan*, (Redruth, Dyllansow Truran, 1983).

Bennet, Frances. Coleman, Hilary. Crowhurst, Nick. Davey, Merv. Fierek. Rosie. Editors. *Racca 2: Cornish Tunes for Cornish Sessions.* (Calstock, RACCA project, 1997).

### Notes

This is a version of the ubiquitous "Scarborough Fair" made famous by Simon and Garfunkle. Child includes this as part of the family of songs belonging to the "Elfin

Appendix 2..9 Lovers Tasks /Jenefer Gentle / Whelyow Gwaryoryon  
(See contents page for links to midi files of these tunes)

Knight” and various versions collected in America are discussed in the *The Journal of American Folklore*, Vol. 7, No. 26. (Jul. - Sep., 1894), pp. 228-232

Baring Gould, ed C Sharp, *Songs of the West*, Methuen London, 1905 song no 48

Notes page 14:

This very curious song belongs, as I was told in Cornwall, to a sort of play that was wont to be performed in farmhouses at Christmas. One performer, a male, left the room, and entered again singing the first part. A girl, seated on a chair, responded with the second part. The story was this. She had been engaged to a young man who died. His ghost returned to claim her. She demurred to this, and he said that he would waive his claim if she could perform a series of tasks he set her. To this she responded that he must, in the first place, accomplish a set of impossible tasks she would set him. Thus was he baffled. .... We took down the ballad and air from Philip Symonds of Jacobstow, Cornwall, also from John Hext, Two Bridges, and from James Dyer of Mawgan. The burden, "And every grove rings with a merry antine," is curious; antine is antienne-anthem.

Baring Gould Personal Copy Mss Wren Trust Microfiche Vol 2 fich 11 p 296– Seeds of Love - 8 bar melody taken down from (unclear) Mason, Langhane (Lanherne?)

## **Lyrics and Music**

### *Gilberts Words sent to Sharp*

Cecil Sharp MSS Folk Words no 306, sent to him by the Gilbert family in 1904.

O can you make me a cambric shirt,  
Every leaf grows many a time  
Without any needle or any fine work,  
And you shall be a true lover of mine,

And wash it down in yonder well  
There neither springs water nor rain ever fell.  
And dry it off on yonder thorn  
There there grew no leaf since Adam was born,

O can you buy me an acre of land  
Betwixt the salt water and the sea sand,  
And plough it all over with a snail's horn  
And sow it throughout with one barleycorn,

Then gather the crop in a no-bottom sack  
Every leaf grows many a time  
And. send it to mill on on a butterfly's back.  
And you shall be a true lover of mine,

Henry Jenner, in Celtic Song book

Graves, Alfred Perceval, *The Celtic Song Book : Being Representative Folk Songs of the Six Celtic Nations.* (London, Benn, 1928), pp 273/4

**The Lover's Tasks**

*Moderato.* p

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O buy me, my la - dy, a  
cam - bric shirt, Whilst ev' - ry grove rings with a  
mer - ry an - tine, And stitch it with - out an - y  
nee - die work, And thou shalt be a true lov - er of mine.

O thou must wash it in yonder well,  
Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,  
Where never a drop of water in fell,  
And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

And thou must bleach it on yonder grass,  
Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,  
Where never a foot or hoof did pass,  
And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

And thou must hang it upon a white thorn,  
Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,  
That never blossom'd since Adam was born,  
And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

And when these works are finished and done,  
Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,  
I'll take and marry thee under the sun,  
And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

\* SHE : Thou must buy for me an acre of land,  
Whilst every grove rings with a merry antine,  
Between the salt sea and the yellow sand,  
And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

\* All the second part may be omitted.

### The Lovers Tasks-Whelyow-Garoryon



Ef:

A pren dhym, Arlodhes, crys sendal pur  
gan,  
Pan dhasson dyguth pup kelly a wyth,  
Ha'y wryas hep gorra an nasweth y'n pan,  
Ha dhymmo-vy cares wyr ty a vyth.

Y wolghy yu res dhys y'n fenten enos,  
Pan .....  
Ma na godha dagren a dhowr a'y os.  
Ha .....

He:

Oh buy me my lady, a cambric shirt,  
Whilst every grove rings, with a merry  
antine;  
And stitch it without any needle work,  
And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

O thou must wash it in yonder dry well,  
Whilst. . . .  
Where never a drop of water fell;  
And thou. . . .

War'n wels-na y'n cannyth mar wyn avel      And thou must bleach it on yonder grass  
ergh,

Pan .....

Whilst. . . .

Le na vedha bythqueth nag olow na lergth.      Where never a hoof or foot did pass,

Ha .....

And thou. . . .

Y gregy war dhrenen yn-hons yu res dhys,      And thou must hang it on yonder thorn,

Pan .....

Whilst. . . .

Re bu hep blejennow a dhalleth an bys.      That never blossomed since Adam was  
born,

Ha .....

And thou. . . .

Ha pan vo gorfennys an whelyow yn-cowl,      And when these works are finished and  
done,

Pan .....

Whilst. . . .

Y'th cafaf 'vel pryas yn-dan an howl.      I'll take and marry thee under the sun,

Ha .....

And thou. . . .

Hy:

She:

Ow Arluth mar jentyll, dhym prena a wreth,  
Pan dhasson dyguth pup kelly a wyth,

Thou must buy for me an acre of land,  
Whilst every grove rings with a merry  
antine;

Un erow a dyr ynter hyly ha treth,

Between the salt water and the yellow  
sand,

Ha dhymmno-vy carer gwyr ty a vyth.

And thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

Y aras gans com dyworth margh yu res  
dhys,

Thou must plough it o'er with a horses  
horn,

Pan .....

Whilst.. . .

Ha puber yu da avel has, my a grys.

And sow it o'er with a peppercorn,

Ha .....

And thou ....

Gans grommen a groghen y vyjy a wreth, Pan .....	Thou must reap it too with a sickle of leather, Whilst . . . .
Gans plufen a bayon y gelmy ynweth. Ha .....	And bind it up with a peacocks feather, And thou ....
Y worm yn tygen dhywoles res yu, Pan .....	Thou must take it up in a bottomless sack, Whilst . . . .
Ha'y dhegy dhe'n velyn war geyn tykky Dew. Ha .....	And bear it to the mill on a butterfly's back And thou. . . .
Ha pan vo gorfennys an whelyow yn-cowl, Pan .....	And when these works are finished and done, Whilst . . . .
Y'th cafaf 'vel pryas yn-dan an howl. Ha .....	I'll take and marry thee under the sun, And thou. . . .