

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Diddle, Diddle (or the Kind Country Lovers)

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Lavender's green, didle, didle
Lavenders blue
You must love me, diddle, diddle
'Cause I love you.
I heard one say, diddle, diddle
Since I came hither
That you and I diddle, diddle
Must lie together.

My hostesse maid, diddle, diddle
Her name was Nell,
She was a Lass, diddle, diddle
That I loved well,
But if she dye Diddle, diddle,
By some mishap,
Then she shall lye, Diddle, diddle
Under the Tap.

That she may drink Diddle, diddle,
When she is dry,
Because she lov'd Diddle, diddle
My Dog and I.
Call up your Maids Diddle, diddle
Set them to work,
Some to make Hay, Diddle, diddle
Some to the Rock.

Some to make Hay, diddle, diddle,
Some to the Corn
Whilst you and I Diddle, diddle,
Keep the bed warm.
Let the birds sing, Diddle, diddle
And the lambs play,
We shall be safe Diddle, diddle
Out of harms way.

James at the George, Diddle, diddle
Sue at the Swan
He loves his maid Diddle, diddle
She loves her man.
But if they chance Diddle, diddle
For to be found,

Catch them i'th Corn Diddle, diddle
Put them ith the pound.

I heard a bird Diddle, diddle
Sing in my Ear
Maids will be scarce Diddle, diddle,
The next New year.
For young men are Diddle, diddle
So wanton grown
That they ne'r mind Diddle, diddle,
Which is their own.

Down in a Dale Diddle, diddle
Where flowers do grow,
And the Trees bud Diddle, diddle
All on a row.
A brisk young Man Diddle diddle
Met with a Maid,
And laid her down, Diddle, diddle
Under the shade.

Where they did play Diddle, diddle
& Kiss & Court,
Like Lambs in May Diddle, diddle
Making fine sport.
There lives a Lass Diddle, diddle
Over the Green,
She sells good Ale Diddle, diddle
Think what I mean.

Oft have I been Diddle diddle
With her i'th the dark
And yet I nere Diddle, diddle
Shot at the mark.
But now my Dear Diddle, diddle
Have at thy bumm
For I do swear Diddle, diddle
Now I am come.

I will be kind Diddle, diddle
Until I dye,
When prethee love Diddle, diddle
My Dog & I.
For thee & I Diddle, diddle
Now are all one,
And we will lye Diddle, diddle
No more alone.

[1674-1679]

Play: LAVBLUE

Tune of Lavender green, &c.

With Allowance, Ro. L'Strange.

WBO

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