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Avington Pond

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Come, gentlemen all and I'll sing you a song,
It's about the mud-plumpers of Avington pond;
They are hearty good fellows I'll give them their due,
Their delight is in drinking Missus Munday's strong brew,

cho: Derry down, down, down derry down.

The tenth of December this job it begun,
Oh! how the wheel-barrows did rattle and run,
With three or four hundred of wheels to spin round
There's no better hundred, I'll bet fifty pounds.

Here's Davis and Morris and Will Mason, too
They are hearty good fellows I'll give them their due,
One day the strong beer got in Davis' crown
And into the water he come tumbling down.

There's Archer and Churcher and Joe, Jim and Dick
For swiftness of run as near as they could get,
Here's Andrews's gang we will shift them about
We will all work like Turks and we will never give out.

So now this job is finish'd and through
Come over to Itchen to collect what's your due
We'll frink, I'll be bound, we'll dance and we'll sing
We'll make every room in the "Plough" for to ring.

From The Constant Lovers, Purslow
Collected from Richard Hall, 1905
note: similar in theme, content and structure to the American
Blue Mountain Lake.

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