

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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## Elsie Marley

Elsie Marley

chorus: Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey

The wife that sells the barley, honey

She lost her pocket and all her money

A-back o' the bush in the garden, honey

Elsie Marley's grown so fine  
She won't get up to serve the swine  
But lies in bed till eight or nine  
And surely she does take her time.

Elsie Marley is so neat  
It's hard for one to walk the street  
But every lad and lass they meet  
Cries "Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey?"

Elsie Marley wore a straw hat  
But now she's gotten a velvet cap  
The Lambton lads mun pay for that  
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey?

Elsie keeps rum, gin and ale  
In her house below the dale  
Where every tradesman, up and down  
Does call and spend his half-a-crown.

The farmers as they cum that way  
They drink with Elsie every day  
And call the fiddler for to play  
The tune of Elsie Marley, honey.

The pitmen and the keelmen trim  
They drink Bumbo made of gin  
And for to dance they do begin  
To the tune of Elsie Marley, honey.

Those gentlemen who go so fine  
They'll treat her with a bottle of wine  
And freely they'll sit down and dine

Along with Elsie Marley, honey.

So to conclude those lines I've penn'd  
Hoping there's none I do offend  
And thus my merry joke does end  
Concerning Elsie Marley, honey.

from Songs of Northern England, Stokoe  
Note: mentioned in Byker Hill