

Tam Pearce  
Traditional English West Country

C G7 C D7 G7  
 "Tam Pearce. Tam Pearce, lend me your grey mare, all along, down along, out along lea,  
 C G7 Am  
 For I want for to go to Widdecombe Fair,

**CHORUS :**

Am  
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon,  
G7 C G7 C G7 C  
Harry Hawk, old Uncle Tam Cobbleigh and all--, old Uncle Tam Cobbleigh and all."

"And when shall I see again my grey mare?" All along, down along, out along lea,  
"By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,"

**CHORUS :**

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon, all along, down along, out along lea,  
But Tam Pearce's old mare hath not trotted home.

**CHORUS :**

So Tam Pearce he got up to the top o' the hill, all along, down along, out along lea,  
And he seed his old mare down a making her will.

**CHORUS :**

So Tam Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died. all along, down along, out along lea,  
And Tam he sat down on a stone, and he cried.

**CHORUS :**

But this isn't the end o'this shocking affair, all along, down along, out along lea,  
Nor, though they be dead of the horrid career.

**CHORUS :**

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night, all along, down along, out along lea,  
Tam Pearce's old mare doth appear ghastly white.

**CHORUS :**

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans, all along, down along, out along lea,  
From Tam Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones.

**CHORUS :**