

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Young Man's Dream

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One night I Dream'd I lay most easy
Down by a murmering river side
Whose lovly banks were clad with daisies
And the streams did gently glide

It was all around me and greite ont
spreading branches were display'd
-]lill interwoven in due order
--] soon became a pleasant shade

--]ese sudden raptures of Delusion
--]lull'd with slumber sweet ease
I thought I saw my lovely Susan
thro' the green and the blooming [?]hades

The moon gave light I could Discern
How my goddes walked along
Attended by each killing Charmer
Whilst the fair one sweetly sang

Oh] friendly shades of night convey me
U]nto Adonice my sweet Joy
Y]e Gods and Goddesses pray ye guide me
-]not that dear and that Darling boy

-]r noisy winds gave over blowing
--]eare while that I may hear
--]sweet adonice be a loving
--] the groves or the valleys near

-] she set down and turn'd her sponnet
which made the valleys to echo round
which wack'd the early lark and linnet
which might engage a monarchs Crown

O then I fancies she drew near me
with a melting and Blushing air
and by her countenance seem'd to fear [me]
and soon repented that she came there

Then I arose and Gently ease'd [?] her
whilst my Charmer swowned away

and in my armes I straight convey'd her
to the Arbor where I lay

She soon recovered her sence and said sir
why will uou kill me I am undone
why will you smother a harmless maid
prey let me go for I must be gone

Then in my arms with amorous kisses
I carressed the sobing dame
and in the midst of all this blisses
I woke and found it to be Dream

Play: YNGMNDM, "Young man's dream" from Hime's New Selection,
noted below.

A recast version of this song is attributed to James Tytler, in <<The Scots Musical Museum>>, no. 126. The tune there is minor mode version of SMM no. 146, the earliest known copy of the Irish tune "The Young Man's Dream." The manuscript text below was obviously inspired by 17th century "Loves fancy or The Young Mans Dream" as the broadside of 1663-74 entitles it (given below). The 17th century English tune is in C. M. Simpson's <<The British Broadside Ballad and Its Music>>, 1966, as "She lay all naked in her bed," Simpson's no. 425, or his no. 182, both 4/4 tunes. "Love's Fancy or the Young Man's Dream" is an expansion of a song found in <<Wit and Drollery>>, 1656.

A few related early songs are (1) "Last night I thought my true love I caught" in <<Percy Folio MS: Loose and Humorous Songs>>, and in Folger Lib. MSS V.a. 339 and V.a 345, both of c1625-35; (2) "I dreamed my love lay in her bed" (or "Loves Dream" in <<Merry Drollery>>) in <<Percy Folio, Loose ..>>, and BL MS Harl. 7332; (3) "Now ffye on Dreams

Other copies of the tune for the Irish song are: The Young Man's Dream, Bunting's first collection, no. 17, 1796: The Young Man's Dream; Hime's <<New Selection... Irish Airs>>, p. 6, c 1800: Young Mans Dream; <<Riley's Flute Melodies>>, no. 64, New York (1814): The Young Man's Dream [for Moore's song, As a beam o'er the face of the waters]; Moore/ Stevenson, <<A Selection of Irish Melodies>>, 1st issue, no. 11, 1807: Oh! When that mild eye is beaming. Air-The Young Man's Dream; <<Crosby's Irish Musical Repository>>, p. 259, 1808: The Young Man's Dream Irish; O'Farrell's <<Pocket Companion for the Irish or Union Pipes>>, II, p. 44. (1811?): O'Neill's <<Music of Ireland>>, no. 382, gives a simplified copy of Bunting's version.

The following poem was a very popular piece in manuscripts of c 1620-50. [previously printed from MSS copies in <<Roxburghe Ballads>>, VIII cxli*; Wardroper, <<Love and Drollery>>, no. 330,

Bannatyne MS (incomplete). Also in Folger MSS V.a. 345, V.a. 162;
Bodleian MSS Rawl poet. 160, E

[The Maiden's Dream. BL MS Egerton 2725]

Slumbering I lay all night upon my bed,
No creature with me but my maidenhead,
And as I lay alone as maidens cannot choose.
And as I dreamed, I thought it much wrong
So fair a maid should lie alone so long.
Methought one wooed me, and methought he sped.
Methought we married were, and went to bed.
He turned to me, and my lips he parted.
He kissed me sweetly, saying, 'Be kindhearted,'
And so got up,; with that for fear I quaked.
Trembling I lay, cried out, and so waked.
Oh! 'Twould have vext a saint! My blood did buren
To be so near, and miss so sweet a turn.

Later broadside song version. <<Pepys>>, II, 80. First verse only
here.

The Damsels Dream: Or, Her Sorrowful Lamentation for her most
unhappy Disappointment. [Printed by Brooksby, Deacon, Blare and
Back, 1689-95] To the tune of "I often for my Jenny strove."
[Ebsworth, <<Roxburghe Ballads>>, VIII cxi*, gave version from
<<Constant Nancy's Garland>>, c 1745, as well as the earlier poem
version from an unspecified MS.]

I once lay sleeping on my Bed
in a most joyfull Criasie,
No Creature but my Maidenhead
all night to bear me company:
There I dream't of Golden Pleasures,
which did most delightfull seam;
My Friends believe me, it did grieve me,
When I found it but a Dream.

Play: JNYSTRV

She lay all naked in her bed.

Broadside expansion of song in NLS MS Adv. 19.3.4, f. 25v.
Ten verses of four lines. This seems to be of c 1652-4. Four
verses of eight lines in BL MS 22582, apparently of c 1620-25.
The song is substantially the same, but in five verses of eight
lines, in <<Wit and Drollery>>, 1656, and <<Merry Drollery>>,
1661 (reprinted in J. S. Farmer's <<Merry Songs and Ballads>>, I,
p. 116). Text here is from the broadside ballad, apparently

unique, Wood E 25, no. 88. This adds five new verses. Printed by F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright, 1665-74. Not entered until 1675.

Loves Fancy, Or, The Young-mans Dream
Being a Cavest for all Young men and Maids.
To make Hay in Sun-shine and often in shades,
For Maiden-heads ripe, like corn in their prime,
Ungathered, will shed after Harvest-time.
To a pleasant new Tune, or Hay-makers march.

She lay naked in her Bed
and I my self lay by,
No Veil nor Curtain there was spread
no Covering but I;
Her Hair upon both shoulders streak,
to bear on carelesse wise;
And full of blushes were her cheeks
her wishes were her eyes.

The blood still flushing in her face,
as on a Message came,
To shew that in some other place
it meant some other Game.
Her neather lip most plump and fair,
millions of kises crown,
Which ripe and uncropt dangle there,
And weigh the branches down [line shorn off at end 1st col.,
here supplied]

Her golden hair of Cupids wire, [not in original
had caught my heart in snare;
Like Phaebus in her best attire
adorn'd her body fair;
Had I then seen the Marygold,
seal'd up by drowsy night,
At her bright beams I would unfold,
my stalk would stand upright.

Her pretty dimple in her chin; [not in original
where Cupid sleeping lay,
As if it had Loves valley been,
for to repose the Boy:
Her Lilly Neck to Pearl more white,
rich Carkenets desie, [?]
As if it did my Armes invite,
[line shorn off at bot. of 2nd col.]

The Rivolet between her breasts, [not in original
Heavens Nectar did distil,

Where Venus Doves do build their Nests
and do each other bill.

I took it for the Milky Way
that leads unto all bliss,
But that the Muses well, some say,
below it placed is.

Her Breasts that were full swell'd and high
bred pleasant pain in me,
For all the world I did defie
to that Felicity;
Her thighs and belly soft and plump,
to me was only shown,
I've seen such meat and not to eat
would have anger'd any stone.

Her knees lay ope and gently bent
and all lay hollow under,
As if on easie terms they meant,
if toucht to fall asunder,
Just so the Cyprian Queen did stay,
expecting in her Bower,
Which so long time had kept the Boy
beyond his promised hour.

Thus in a trance long time I stood,
[not in original
cantin'd to her desi[r]e
Loves Feaver kindled in my blood,
which from her eyes took fire:
Just so the Phaenix when she dies
wrapt in her Spicy bed,
Her self with her own ashes lyes
by which her young ones bred.

Then streight I was resolv'd to try, [not in original
the power of my Love,
A second thought gets victory,
and doth my reason move;
Thus as I stood 'twixt hope and fear,
not knowing what to do,
As if in Cupid's Net I were,
thus she began to wooe.

Dull Clown, quoth she, dost thou delay
this profer'd bliss to taste,
Can't thou finde out some other way,
simulitudes to make;
Mad with delight I thundered in,

and threw my Arms about her.
But when I wake'd it was but a dream,
and so I lay without her.
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and so I lay without her.

[Next, <<Roxburghe Ballads>>, VII, 102. By Laurence Price.
Printed by John Andrews. Not later than 1658. Conclusion borrows
from "Now fye on dreams and fond delights" in Percy Folio MS.
Beginning only here.]

The dainty Damsel's Dream, Or, Cupid's Visions.
The Maid saw such strange Visions in her sleep,
When she awak'd it forc'd her to weep;
She dreaming lay, and thought her Love lay by,
But he, alas! was not at that time nigh.
Then list and you shall heare the Damsel's Dream,
And afterwards what followed the same.

To the Tune of, As she lay sleeping in her bed.

As I lay on my lovely bed, I fell into a dream,
God Cupid he attended me, and straight upon the same,
The Chamber where I lodged in, me-thought was all on fire,
Then Mars and Jupiter came in, with wrath and furious ire.

The Young Man's Dream, NLS MS 6299, f. 86v [Anglo-Irish song]

Filename[YNGMNDR

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