

FEYTHER AND I. or the Country Courtship.

as Sung

WITH THE GREATEST APPLAUSE BY M^r TWAITS.

Written & Composed by C. DIBDIN.

NEWYORK Printed & Sold at J HEWITT'S Musical Repository N^o 59 Maiden Lane.

Allegro

Mother were dead and Sister were married and nob'dy at home but

Feyther and I so I thought before I lon-ger tarried I'd get a good wife my

fortune to try But I swore she the model should be of my Mother for neerwere a better Wife

under the Sky so we mounted our Nags to find out such another so we mounted our Nags to find

out such a nother and set out a courting Feyther and I Feyther and I

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'Feyther and I and set out a Courting Feyther and I.' are written below the first staff. The second system also has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

2

Farmer Flail had a Daughter, who was famous for breeding,
 She could dance, she could play she could read and write,
 But she never would talk, she always were reading,
 About ravishments, Ghostes, and Devils in white,
 Says I at that fun, you won't find me a good one,
 To be mine, for other guess fish you must fry,
 The wife for my money, must must make a good pudding
 So we wish you good morning, Feyther and I.

3

As to Lunun they manage like other folks scorning,
 They sit down to breakfast, when we go to sup,
 At midnight they dine, and they sup the next morning,
 And they all go to bed at the time we get up.
 And so poor, yet that I've no heart to make fun on,
 They could'n't afford any covering to buy,
 So shivering with cold, we the Girls left in Lunun,
 And came back to the Country Feyther and I.

4

But Lord, Farmer Girls be as bad as their betters,
 Poor Prudence and decency's left in the Lurch,
 They Paint Pictures and faces, write stories and letters,
 And look like white sheets standing up i'the Church.
 Stead of staying at home, shirts and tablecloths darning,
 Or pickling a Cabbage, or making a Pie,
 All the Clodpoles are stunding, astound at their Larning,
 Sad Wives for the like of Feyther and I.

5

So just as we did'nt know what to be arter,
 Adds wounds cried out Feyther, a neighbour of mine,
 Died a twelvemonth ago left a Sister and Daughter,
 They both can milk Cows and make gooseberry Wine.
 So to see'em we went, this fell out on a Monday,
 Neither stood shilly, shally, foolish or shy,
 The licence were bought, and the very next Sunday,
 They were both of 'em married to Feyther and I.