

## **Poor Peter**

By Gordon Getty

### **Where is my lady, O where has she gone?**

Where is my lady, O where has she gone? Over the moonrise and over the dawn. Follow her easterly, follow the trace Of her toe on the wind; she has run to the place Where the morning begins, and the sea and the sky; Beauty and grace she is, beauty and grace

Hang in the air like chimes where she goes by.

What if I follow, as best I can try, And ring the wide world, and yet fail in the chase? Follow her southerly, follow the mark Of her foot in the light, of her foot in the dark, Easterly, southerly, follow the train Where she runs in the starlight, she runs in the rain, In footfall and starfall, again and again, Beauty and grace she is, beauty and grace Hang in the air like chimes where she goes by.

## **Tune the Fiddle**

Tune the fiddle and fetch the drum, Stamp and clap as the dancers come, In green and blues, in ranks and queues, Two by twos in dancing shoes.

Carve the roast and fill the bowl, Here's to our host, and the thirsty soul, And the company whole.

O Master of Revels, O Lord of Misrule, You have set us to school with the ape and the fool! If we drink, we are giddy, if not, we are dry, Then let it go by, with never a why.

Up to your toes, Miss Gillian, Follow your nose, Maid Allison, Watch how she goes, Dame Jocelyn, One, two, three, A, B, C, merrily.

Dance to the cembalo, dance to the pipe, Step to the measure while beauty is ripe,

The lad and the lass and the music will pass, As the wine from the glass, as the dew from the grass.

Skip and away, young Jeremy, Best of the day, good Timothy, What do you say, Squire Anthony, Four, five, six, candlewicks, fishing sticks.

Ladies fair will dance in the air, Gallants tall will chase them all, And catch them as they fall.

Tune the fiddle and fetch the drum, Stamp and clap as the dancers come, In green and blues, in ranks and queues, Two by twos in dancing shoes.

### **The Ballad of Poor Peter**

Gentles, children, come awhile My song to hear, And if the song be worth a smile, Or worth a tear,

Then grant Poor Peter but a penny, Or two or three if you have many, Or nothing if you haven't any, And keep good cheer.

Upon a day, along a way, I met a child. She said, "Come find me if you can; You lost me when the world began." I asked her meaning, but she ran Into the wild.

Now where she went, and what she meant, I do not know, Or how the world was first begun, But I will find where she has run,

And follow her beyond the sun, And ask, before the world is done, How came it so.

And now I pass, a white old man, From there to here, By wit and wile,

A skip, a footstep and a year, A minute and a mile, To find her where the world began, And sing of her, as best I can, And if the song be worth a tear, Or yet a smile, Then grant Poor Peter but a penny, Or two or three if you have many, Or nothing if you haven't any, And bless you all the while.