

# The Champion of Court Hill

The musical score is written on four staves in a single system. It features a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "Come lov - ers all both great and small, I pray you lend an ear. My grief I have dis - cov - ered and — to you — I will de - clare. How a — young man did me — tre - pan with all his aw - ful skill. I'm wound - ed quite by Wil - lie White, The champ - ion of Court Hill."

In smiling June when flowers do bloom and warblers fill the grove,  
Down by a brook my way I took. I carelessly did rove  
To view each field where nature yields down by a purling rill,  
There I spied White, my heart's delight, the champion of Court Hill.

He says, "My love, most beautiful dove, what makes you roam alone?  
Dare I make free along with thee one hour for to roam?  
The day is fine, if you incline to walk to yonder rill,  
We'll spend a while, free from all toil, obscured upon Court Hill."

I says, "Excuse, I must refuse your invitation now,  
For my mama's in haste for me and pastime won't allow.  
I tell you plain I can't remain for I must do her will  
So now goodbye for I must hie right speedily to Court Hill."

He says, "My love, most beautiful dove, on you I must intrude.  
If you depart, you'll break my heart. You'll find I won't be rude.  
Your mama won't know which way we go although she'll try her skill,  
And there we'll walk or sit and talk obscured upon Court Hill."

I gave consent and away we went. Our whole discourse was love.  
He was so kind and spoke his mind that him I did believe,  
And there he'd swear I was his dear, for me his blood would spill,  
He'd fight all foes dare him oppose, the champion of Court Hill.

Then for one year I was his dear, his pride and heart's delight,  
I was his joy, he can't deny, at morning, noon and night.  
But now he's gone and wed with one, a girl called Belle Magill,  
He's left poor Kate in a sad state, heartbroken at Court Hill.

## The Champion of Court Hill

Come lovers all, both great and small, I warn you to be wise,  
Trust no young man; that is their plan before the knot is tied.  
Lest you deplore, like me full sore, for here I cry my fill,  
I'm wounded quite by Willie White, the champion of Court Hill.