

# Her Father's Gray Mare

Oh, Rog er, the mil ler, went court ing of late The far mer's fine daugh ter, her  
name it was Kate. She had for her por tion five a cres of ground. She  
had for her por tion full five hun dred pounds. She had for her por tion fine  
jew els and rings, She had for her por tion, She had for her por tion ma ny fine things.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Her Father's Gray Mare'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words split across lines. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and so on.

When supper was over, the money paid down,  
It was a fine portion, full five hundred pounds;  
It was then that young Roger arose as he said,  
"I own that your daughter is charming, indeed,  
I own that your daughter is charming and fair,  
But yet I won't have her, but yet I won't have her  
Without the gray mare."

At this the old man arose with great speed.  
"I thought you were courting my daughter, indeed,  
But since it's no better, I'm glad it's no worse;  
I can put my money again in my purse.  
And as for my daughter, I solemnly swear  
That you shall not have her, that you shall not have her,  
Nor yet the gray mare."

Then Roger, the miller, was turned out of doors,  
And plainly was told for to come there no more,  
Which caused him to rend his long locks of hair  
And wish he had never, and wish had never  
Mentioned the gray mare.

'Twas six months and over, and Summer about,  
That he met this young damsel as she walked out.  
He said, "Miss Kitty, now do you know me?"  
"I think I have seen you somewhere," said she,  
"Or a man to your likeness with long locks of hair  
Who once came a-courting, who once came a-courting  
My father's gray mare."

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“It was not the gray mare a-courting I came,  
But his beautiful daughter, Miss Kitty by name;  
I thought that your father would have no dispute,  
But would give me his daughter and the gray mare to boot,  
All for to secure such a dutiful son,  
But now I am sorry, but now I am sorry  
For what I have done.”

“Oh, as for your sorrow I value it not,  
There are young men enough in the town to be got,  
I think that a girl would be at her last prayer  
To marry a man who went courting a mare;  
The price of the gray mare it was not so great -  
So fare you well, Roger, so fare you well, Roger,  
Go mourn your sad fate.”