

Buttercups and Daisies

As I was going to Strawberry Fair,
Singing, singing, Butter-cups and Daisies
I met a maiden taking her ware,
Fol-de-dee!

Her eyes were blue and golden her hair,
As she went on to Strawberry Fair,
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-li-do,
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-dee.

“Kind Sir, pray pick of my basket!” she said,
Singing, singing, Butter-cups and Daisies
“My cherries ripe, or my roses red,
Fol-de-dee!

My strawberries sweet, I can of them spare,
As I go on to Strawberry Fair.”
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-li-do,
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-dee.

I want to purchase a generous heart,
Singing, singing, Butter-cups and Daisies
A tongue that neither is nimble or tart.
Tol-de-dee!

An honest mind, but such trifles are rare
I doubt if they're found at Strawberry Fair.
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-li-do,
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-dee.

The price I offer, my sweet pretty maid
Singing, singing, Butter-cups and Daisies
A ring of gold on your finger displayed,
Tol-de-dee!

So come- make over to me your ware,
In church today at Strawberry Fair.
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-li-do,
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-riddle-dee.



I took the photograph above yesterday. The earworm I had as I walked across the path was the Anthony Newley version of this old English folk song, a top ten hit in 1960 with humorous alterations to the words. He also did a novelty rock and roll version of Pop Goes the Weasel the following year. And then in my brain the tune started to morph into David Bowie and the Laughing Gnome. In my defence David Bowie was heavily influenced by Anthony Newley, a very talented man whose work, especially with co-writer Leslie Bricusse, is a lot more than a couple of novelty songs sung in his natural London accent.

Anyway it was a lovely day in the open air and I had a most restorative stroll.