

**From Chris Turner:**

ADIEU, ADIEU

(The Flash Lad)

Adieu, adieu, hard was my fate  
I was brought up in a tender state  
Bad company did me entice  
I left off work and took bad advice

*CHORUS:*

Which makes me now to lament and say,  
Pity the fate of young felons all,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

I robbed Lord Goldwyn I do declare  
And Lady Harrington on Grosvener Square  
I closed their shutters and said goodnight  
And went away, to my heart's delight,

*CHORUS*

Before Judge Jeffries I was took  
Before Judge Jeffries I was tried  
Then Harry Jew said, "This will not do,  
My iron chest you have broken through,"

*CHORUS*

And when I'm dead and in my grave  
No costly tombstone will I crave  
Six bonnie lads to carry my pall  
Give them broadswords, and bright ribbons all

*CHORUS*

**from:** <http://mudcat.org/thread.cfm?threadid=73935>

**Subject:** Lyr Add: ADIEU, ADIEU / FLASH LAD (from Waterons)

**From:** [Barbara](#)

**Date:** 09 Jan 99 - 12:47 AM

ADIEU, ADIEU

(The Flash Lad)

Adieu, adieu, hard was my fate

I was brought up in a tender state

Bad company did me entice

I left off work and took bad advice

CHO:

Which makes me now to lament and say,

Pity the fate of young felons all,

Well-a-day, well-a-day.

I robbed Lord Goldwyn I do declare

And Lady Masefield on Grosvener Square

I shut their shutters and bid them goodnight

And away I went to me heart's delight,

CHORUS

Before Judge Alden I was took

Before Judge Alden I was tried

Then Harry Jones said, "This will not do,

My iron chest you have broken through,"

CHORUS

And when I'm dead and going to me grave

No costly tombstones will I crave

Six bonnie lasses to carry me pall

Give them broadswords, gloves and ribbons all,

CHORUS

**Date:** 05 Oct 04 - 08:52 AM

From [Bodleian Library Broadside Ballads](#), Harding B 11(1226):

THE FLASH LAD

THE FLASH LAD

Adieu, adieu, it was my fate,  
I was brought up in a tender state,  
Until bad counsel did me entice,  
To leave off work and follow vice.

CHORUS: Which makes me now to lament and say:  
Pity the fall of young fellows all.  
Well-a-day! Well-a-day!

At cups and cards I took great delight,  
Singing in alehouses day and night.  
A pretty girl was my chiefest joy.  
I took delight as a roving boy.

At seventeen, I took a wife.  
I loved her dearly as my life;  
And to maintain her fine and gay,  
I went to rob on the King's highway.

My father and my mother too  
Told me such things would never do;  
But I never minded what they did say,  
But took my horse and rode away.

There's you and I and Jack Douglas both

There's you and I and Jack Douglas too.

We were all sworn by a solemn oath  
To go and rob on the King's highway.  
The first we met was to be our prey.

When mounted on a milk-white steed,  
I thought myself a flash lad indeed.  
With my cock'd pistol and broad sword,  
"Stand and deliver" was the word.

The first we met was a gentleman.  
We rode up to him and bade him stand;  
But in spite of all he could say or do,  
We robbed him first and killed him too.

Before Judge Hale then I was brought.  
Before Judge Hale then I was brought.  
Says Henry Jones, "That will not do.  
My iron chest you have broken through."

I never rob for any clothes.  
I hate such trifling things as those.  
I rob for gold and silver bright  
For to maintain my heart's delight.

It's when you hear my death bell toll,  
Pray God for mercy on my sinful soul;  
And when they carry me to the grave,  
A decent funeral let me have.

Let six young women bear up my pall.  
Give them white gowns and ribbons all,  
That they may say and speak the truth:  
"There goes a wild and abandoned youth."

Let six highwaymen follow my pall

LET SIX HIGHWAYMEN FOLLOW MY PAIR.  
Give them cocked pistols powder and ball  
That they may fire over my grave,  
And say, "Take warning, young fellows all."

The subject came up on uk.music.folk recently, and on looking into it more closely I rather think that the sleeve notes Bert Lloyd wrote for *For Pence and Spicy Ale* were wrong or misleading as to the Waterasons' source for this song. It actually seems to have come from the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (vol VIII, issue 34, 1930, 190-1). *Adieu! Adieu! Hard was my Fate* was noted by the Hammond Brothers from Mrs Webb of King's Norton in 1906. Her words are almost exactly the same, and her tune has the same alternating 5/4 3/2 rhythm. The tune is only similar, but the Waterasons often changed melodies considerably (they may have got the tune from Barrett, of course). The clincher would probably be the refrain, which the Hammonds wrote down as "Willow day".

The broadside song quoted above turns out to have been based on an earlier one, *Devol's Last Farewell*, which was issued by Bates of London in the late 17th or early 18th century. Much of the (basically, true) story and wording is retained, but the "hero" is no longer named, and elements of the more familiar *Flash Lad* songs have been introduced. Here it is, quoted from *The Euing Collection of Broadside Ballads*, University of Glasgow, 1971.

DEVOL's last Farewel : Containing an Account of many  
frolicksom Intreigues and notorious Robberies, which he  
committed : Concluding with his mournful Lamentation, on the  
Day of his Death.

*To the Tune of*, VPON THE CHANGE. Licens'd according to Order.

--- -- -- -- --

You bold undaunted Souls attend  
To me, who did the Laws offend;  
For now I come to let you know  
What prov'd my fatal overthrow,  
And brought my Glory to decay;  
it was my Gang, for whom I hang,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

Unto a Duke I was a Page,  
And succour'd in my tender Age,  
Until the Devil did me intice,  
To leave of Vertue, and follow Vice;  
No sooner was I led astray,  
but Wickedness, did me possess,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

If I my Crimes to mind shou'd call,  
And lay them down before you all,  
They would amount to such a Sum,  
That there is few in Christendom,  
So many wanton Pranks did play;  
but now too late, I mourn my fate,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

Upon the Road, I do declare,  
I caus'd some Lords and Ladies fair,  
To quit their Coach, and dance with us;  
This being done, the Case was thus,  
They for their Musick needs must pay;  
but now at last, those Joaks are past,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

Another time, I and my Gang,  
We fell upon a Noble-man;  
In spite of all that he could do,

We took his gold and silver too  
And with the same we rid away;  
but being took, for death I look,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

When I was mounted on my Steed,  
I thought myself a Man indeed;  
With Pistol cock'd and glittering Sword,  
Stand and deliver, was the word,  
Which makes me now to lament and say,  
pity the Fall of great *Devol*,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

I did belong unto a Crew,  
Of as swaggering Blades as ever drew,  
Stout *Witherington* and *Dowglis* both,  
We were all three engag'd by Oath,  
Upon the Road to take our way;  
but now *Devol*, must pay for all,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

Because I was a Frenchman born,  
Some Persons treated me with scorn;  
But being of a daring Soul,  
Although my Deeds was something foul,  
My gaudy Plumes I did display,  
but now my Pride, is laid aside,  
Well-a-day, well-a-day.

I reign'd with an undaunted mind  
Some years, but now at last I find,  
The Pitcher that so often goes  
Unto the Well, as Proverb shows,  
Comes broken home at last we say;  
for now I see, my Destiny,

Well-a-day, well-a-day.

Then being brought to Justice-hall,  
Try'd and condemn'd before them all;  
Where many noble Lords did come,  
And Ladies for to hear my Doom,  
Then Sentence pass'd, without delay,  
the Halter fast, and *Tybourn* last,  
In one Day, in one Day.

*London*: Printed for C. Bates, in *Pye-c[orner]*.

The publisher's name and location place the broadside probably between 1685 and 1714, though Ebsworth (*Bagford Ballads*, 1878) goes for 1670; and it seems likely enough that the song was originally printed in that year.

The highwayman (Claud) Du Vall is historical, and had quite a reputation in his day. He was executed in January 1670. Since typing out the Euing text, I find the *Bagford Ballads* text transcribed at Gillian Spraggs' [Outlaws and Highwaymen](#) site, together with other material relating to Du Vall; including a Pindaric Ode written by Samuel Butler.

Another, from: <http://www.contemplator.com/england/flashlad.html>

**Adieu, adieu, I must meet my fate,**  
**I was brought up in a tender state,**  
**Until bad counsel did me entice,**  
**To leave off work and to follow vice.**  
*Which makes me now lament and say,*  
*As in the dismal cell I lay,*  
*Pity the fall of young fellows all.*



*0 well-a-day! 0 well-a-day!*

**At cups and cans I took great delight,  
Singing in alehouses day and night;  
A pretty girl was my chiefest joy,  
I took delight as a roving boy,  
*Which makes me now lament and say,  
As in the dismal cell I lay,  
Pity the fall of young fellows all.  
0 well-a-day! 0 well-a-day!***

**At seventeen I took a wife,  
I lov'd her dearly as my life,  
And to maintain her fine and gay,  
I went to rob on the highway.  
*Which makes me now lament and say,  
As in the dismal cell I lay,  
Pity the fall of young fellows all.  
0 well-a-day! 0 well-a-day!***

**My father and my mother too  
Told me such ways would never do,  
But I never minded what they did say,  
But took my horse and rode away.  
*Which makes me now lament and say,  
As in the dismal cell I lay,  
Pity the fall of young fellows all.  
0 well-a-day! 0 well-a-day!***

**There's you and I and Jack Douglas both,  
We were all sworn in solemn oath,  
To go and rob on the highway,  
The first we met was to be our prey.  
*Which makes me now lament and say,  
As in the dismal cell I lay***

*As in the dismal cell I lay,  
Pity the fall of young fellows all.  
O well-a-day! O well-a-day!*

**When mounted on a milk-white steed,  
I thought myself a flash lad indeed,  
With my cock'd pistol and broad sword,  
'Stand and deliver' was my word.  
*Which makes me now lament and say,  
As in the dismal cell I lay,  
Pity the fall of young fellows all.  
O well-a-day! O well-a-day!***

**The first we met was a gentleman:  
We rode up to him and bid him stand;  
In spite of all that he could do,  
We robb'd him and kill'd him too.  
*Which makes me now lament and say,  
As in the dismal cell I lay,  
Pity the fall of young fellows all.  
O well-a-day! O well-a-day!***

**In bonds and chains I was quickly tied,  
Before the Judge for my life was tried,  
I ne'er went robbing for any clothes,  
I hate such trifling things as those.  
*Which makes me now lament and say,  
As in the dismal cell I lay,  
Pity the fall of young fellows all.  
O well-a-day! O well-a-day!***

**I robbed for gold and silver bright,  
For to maintain my heart's delight,  
When you hear my death-bell toll,  
Pray God for mercy on my soul.  
*Which makes me now lament and say,***

*which makes me now lament and say,  
As in the dismal cell I lay,  
Pity the fall of young fellows all.  
O well-a-day! O well-a-day!*

**Let six young women bear up my pall,  
Give them white gowns and ribbons all,  
That they may say and speak the truth,  
'There goes a wild and abandoned youth.'**  
*Which makes me now lament and say,  
As in the dismal cell I lay,  
Pity the fall of young fellows all.  
O well-a-day! O well-a-day!*

**Let six highwaymen follow my pall,  
Give them cock'd pistols, powder, ball,  
That they may fire over my grave,  
And say 'Take warning you young men all,'**  
*Which makes me now lament and say,  
As in the dismal cell I lay,  
Pity the fall of young fellows all.  
O well-a-day! O well-a-day!*