

The Lads in Their Hundreds to Ludlow...

Text by *Alfred Edward Housman* (1859-1936) [Br], from *A Shropshire Lad*

Set by *George Sainton Kaye Butterworth* (1885-1916) [Br], *The Lads in Their Hundreds*, from *Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad*, #5; *Ivor (Bertie) Gurney* (1890-1937) [Br], *Ludlow Fair*, from *Ludlow and Teme*, #4; *Ernest John Moeran* (1894-1950) [Br], *The Lads in Their Hundreds to Ludlow Come in for the Fair*, from *Ludlow Town*, R. 9, #4; *Sir Arthur Somervell* (1863-1937) [Br], *The Lads in Their Hundreds to Ludlow Come in for the Fair*, from *A Shropshire Lad*, #10

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
[ðʌ lædz ɪn ðeɪ 'hʌn.dɪə(ɪ)dz tu 'lʌd.lo:ʊ kʌm ɪn fɔɪ ðʌ feɪ]

There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
[ðeɪz mɛn fʌm ðʌ bɑ:n ænd ðʌ fɔ:ɪdʒ ænd ðʌ ml̩ ænd ðʌ fo:ʊld]

The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

