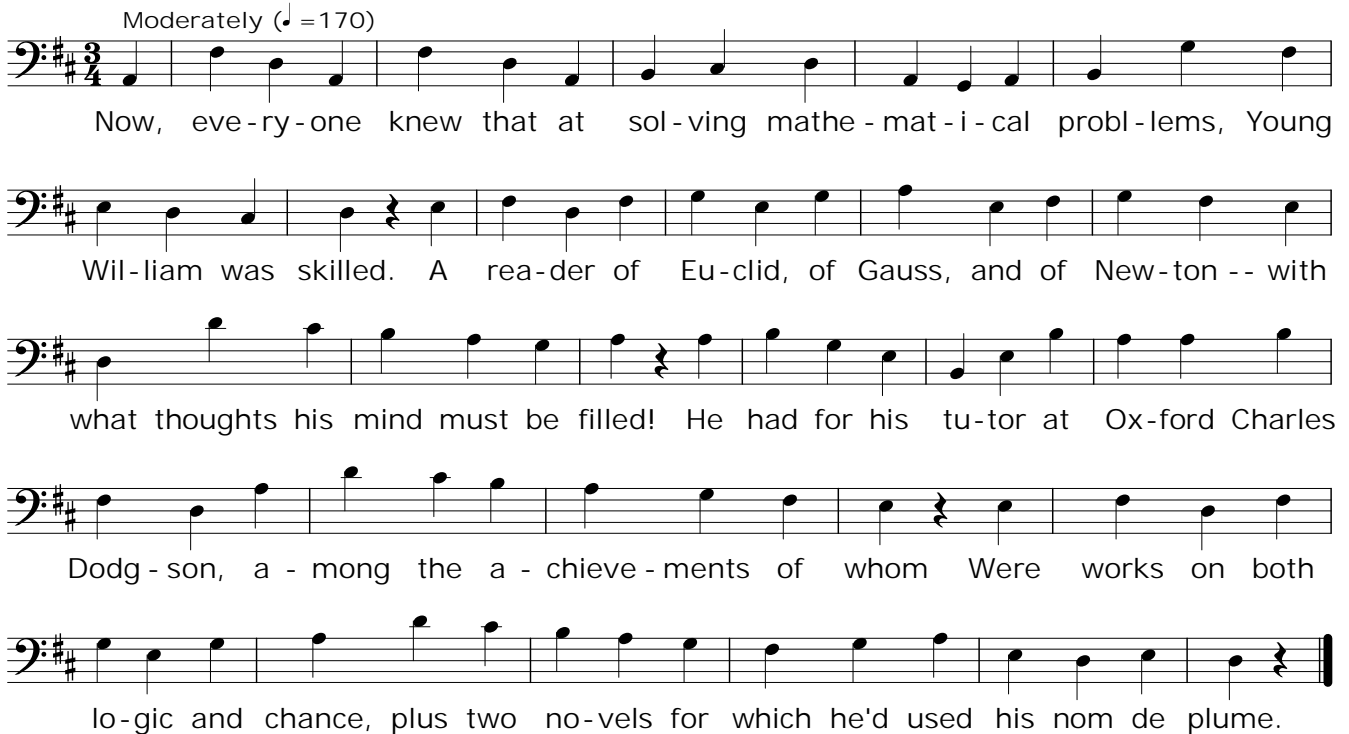


Young William

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Moderately ($\text{♩} = 170$)



Now, eve-ry-one knew that at sol-ving mathe - mat - i - cal probl - lems, Young
Wil - liam was skilled. A rea - der of Eu - clid, of Gauss, and of New - ton -- with
what thoughts his mind must be filled! He had for his tu - tor at Ox - ford Charles
Dodg - son, a - mong the a - chieve - ments of whom Were works on both
lo - gic and chance, plus two no - vels for which he'd used his nom de plume.

Now, everyone knew that at solving mathematical problems Young William was skilled.
A reader of Euclid, of Gauss, and of Newton – with what thoughts his mind must be filled!
He had for his tutor at Oxford Charles Dodgson, among the achievements of whom
Were works on both logic and chance, plus two novels for which he'd used his *nom de plume*.

Now, some said Amanda was even more clever, with no lack of brains in her head,
But Oxford, of course, was admitting no women. She had private tutors instead.
Young William would court her. They'd go to the tavern. He'd call her his "truelove", his "dear",
And she had resolved not to raise an objection, so long as he paid for her beer.

"A wager! A wager! I'll wager five hundred and ask you to risk but a crown,
That you will climb Broomfield Hill as a maid and will not as a maid come back down."
She pondered his words and said "I like your wager, but I must prepare my defence.
I'll meet you on Broomfield Hill for our challenge at Saturday noon, two weeks hence.

We need to choose someone whom we can both trust as the witness and judge of our bet,
And I think your tutor in logic, Charles Dodgson, whom I have just recently met,
Would fill that role fairly. Before we can meet with him, there is one thing we will need:
A contract in writing – I'll draft one forthwith – setting out what we both have agreed."

And so the three met at a small public house. "Now, my dear," said Young William, "methinks That since you expect you will soon be quite wealthy, you should pay for all of our drinks." Amanda replied, "I've no such expectation. That's not what I'm thinking at all. One might risk a venture of uncertain outcome, assured one's worst loss would be small."

Young William'd expected a different response to his taunt. She'd not bristled with fire. Instead, she'd affected a cool nonchalance – or was that just a mask for desire? He hoped that it was, but he could not be certain. Perhaps she was setting a snare, Pretending indifference to losing their wager. He knew he would need to take care.

Young William said, "I am a student of logic, a field in which I have much skill, And I know Amanda can win at our bet if she fails to climb Broomfield Hill, For then neither clause of the two-part conjunction I challenged her with will obtain: She will not have climbed Broomfield Hill as a maid, nor as not a maid come down again.

So let us require that if she does not climb Broomfield Hill, then she fails to win." "Agreed," said Amanda, "if Young William also must climb. Shall I add those words in?" She altered the text, which Young William initialed. He added his signature bold. Her own was demure, and Charles Dodgson bore witness, then said, "Give me stakes I can hold."

Amanda said, "I do not know his affairs, but I'm sure there's no treasure-filled chest. Let him pay in nineteen crowns now as an earnest, while he signs a note for the rest." The tutor took from her a five shilling coin, from Young William five pounds in one bill, And gave him her coin as his change, as he wished both good fortune on Broomfield Hill.

Despite his bravado a fortnight ago, now Young William could not quite conceive That he would try taking her maidenhead from her, although she had given no leave. He started to wish that he'd win by default, that Amanda would fail to appear. He saw no one climbing the path he had taken. Behind him, he heard, "I'm up here."

She sat down beside him, as close as she could, and began to unbutton his coat. Then, finding more places inside to unfasten, revealed his wrists and his throat. Astonished at first, he became a participant, choosing some clothes to undo, Until, before long, all the garments they wore were awry, *deshabille*, and askew.

But these were imperfect idyllic young lovers. Were you to observe, you would find A look on his face you might label "excited", on hers one you might call "resigned". And as he stayed focused on winning their wager, and as she caressed and explored, You might call Young William's expression "triumphant"; Amanda's you might label "bored".

And after the passage of half of an hour, as chimed by a local church clock, Amanda announced, "Well, we seem to be done," and began to rebutton her frock. She said, "I will meet you again at the tavern, where we are expected at four, To learn who's the victor of our little wager." She left him there, saying no more.

So, late on Saturday afternoon, they reconvened to put forward their claims. Young William enquired, "Are you ready, my dear?" She had never complained of such names. "We met for a tryst by our common consent. Both the gorse and the broom were in bud. She climbed as a maid and descended as none. See, my trousers are spattered with blood."

Amanda just laughed, "I would hardly say spattered, though do see some spots of red. Why else do you think I would postpone our challenge, arranging it two weeks ahead? There is a technique clever women employ. Using numbers and charts, we take care To schedule our trysts without fear of conception. It's much more effective than prayer.

And you had imagined that I was a maiden, a dangerous thing to assume. You are not the only young man here in Oxford who likes to cavort in the broom, And I could provide you the names of some five to whom my private rose was revealed. It was one of those men, Young William, not you, who relieved me of Hymen's thin shield."

"Do we need to call any witnesses?" Young William's tutor enquired. He said, "No, For I am content that her logic's impeccable. Let her collect what I owe." She held out her hand for the stakes that the tutor was holding. Pretending dismay, She said, "This is less than one twenty-fifth part of the sum he committed to pay."

She paused, then continued, "I knew he did not have five hundred when we made our bet, So I have completed a short calculation. Here is the condition I set: Statistically speaking, we'll figure my lifespan as forty years more from this time. The interest rate's two and a half percent now. Let's assume it won't tumble or climb.

A net present value of four eighty one is nineteen every year, all my life, On each anniversary of today's date, though I may be some other man's wife. And listen, Young William, don't call me your 'truelove'. Don't call me your 'dear' or your 'sweet'. You're worth half an hour – once – as an experiment I do not choose to repeat."

There are some notes on the next page

Notes:

This song is, of course, based on the same premise as *The Broomfield Hill* (Child 43), although in the original versions the young woman typically wins the bet by magic rather than by logic. In some of those versions, the original challenge is carelessly phrased, as it is here, but in others the challenge's intended terms are expressed more precisely.

This version is set in the time when a man was a man, a woman was a woman, a pound was 20 shillings, and a crown was a 5 shilling coin, making 5 pounds equal to 20 crowns.

According to Wikipedia, the "g" in "Dodgson" is silent, Dodgson taught at Oxford from 1855 through 1881, and his second Alice novel was published in 1871. Again according to Wikipedia, Oxford began admitting women (in their own colleges) in 1879. These facts would date the events of the song at about 1873.

The web site at <http://www.dictionary.com/browse/deshabille?s=t> says *deshabille* can refer to clothes worn in such a state [of being partially or carelessly dressed].

According to Wikipedia, broom blossoms in spring and summer (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cytisus_scoparius), while gorse blossoms primarily in spring (<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ulex>). This is consistent with Young William's wearing a coat, though it may have been a bit chilly to be partially disrobed, unless one were strongly motivated to be partly disrobed.

The English Life Table 3 <https://archive.org/details/englishlifetable00greauoft>, based on mortality from years a little earlier than 1870, says that the mean afterlifetime of females aged 20 was 40.29 years. This document also includes annuity calculations based on the full distribution of ages of death, but not for interest rates below 3%. According to the table on page 86, one crown buys a 20-year-old woman 0.045026 crowns lifetime annuity, beginning on the day of investment (not beginning one year later). Therefore, 500 crowns buys 22.513 crowns lifetime annuity. Amanda used a simplified method, based only on a fixed 40-year annuity. By her method, at the same 3% interest rate, the annual return would be only 20.73 crowns, a figure which is about 7.9% low.

UK interest rates on bonds were running at about 3% during the 1870s:

<https://rwr.wordpress.com/2013/10/31/more-on-nineteenth-century-interest-rates-a-comparison-with-return-on-investment/> ; also see "What Jane Austen Ate and Charles Dickens Knew". However, the Post Office Savings Bank paid 2.5% (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Postal_savings_system): "The first nation to offer such an arrangement was Great Britain in 1861... At the time, banks were mainly in the cities and largely catered to wealthy customers... The original Post Office Savings Bank was limited to deposits of £30 per year with a maximum balance of £150. Interest was paid at the rate of two and one-half percent per year on whole pounds in the account." During the years when the bank was being established, many trustee savings banks were consequently closing; these banks catered to the industrious poor. Presumably, Oxford students would be able to use the more prestigious commercial banks (<http://www.savings-banks.com/About-us/History/Pages/HistoryUK.aspx>). Nonetheless, it's at least plausible that Amanda would be more aware of the 2.5% rate, especially for relatively small amounts invested. According to an Excel spreadsheet, 40 future payments of 19.16 crowns at an interest rate of 2.5% yields 480.97 crowns. Within roundoff error, that's Amanda's proposal.

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This songsheet was created in August 2021