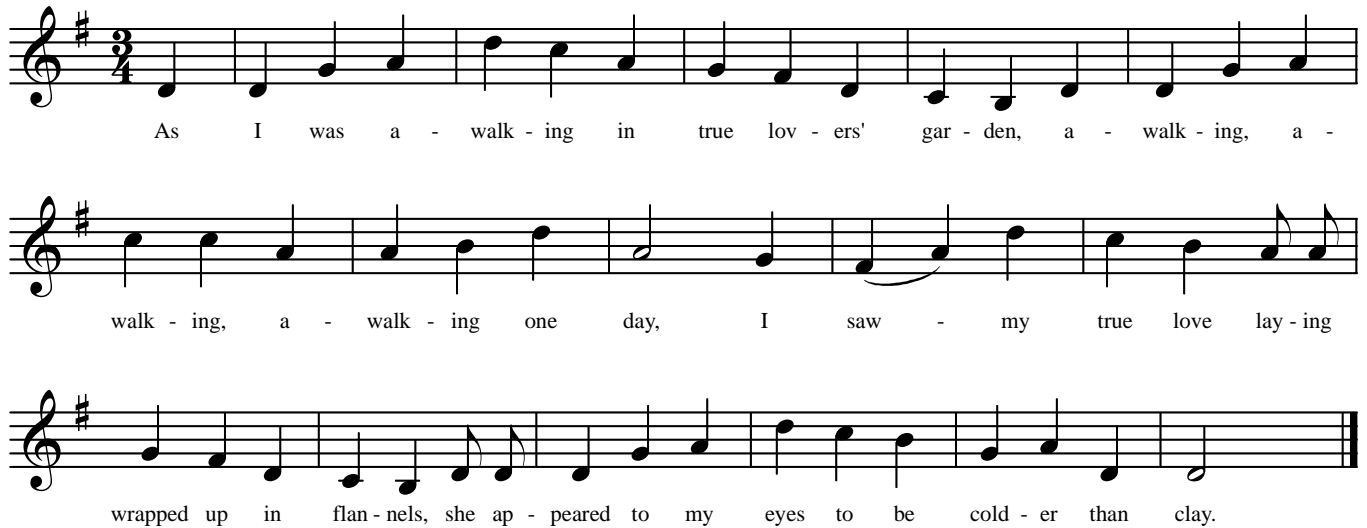


71 Young Girl Cut Down - Mr Whitby



As I was a - walk - ing in true lov - ers' gar - den, a - walk - ing, a -
walk - ing, a - walk - ing one day, I saw - my true love lay - ing
wrapped up in flan - nels, she ap - peared to my eyes to be cold - er than clay.

1
As I was a-walking in true lovers' garden,
a-walking, a-walking, a-walking one day,
I saw my true love laying wrapped up in flannels;
she appeared to my eyes to be colder than clay.

2
'O mother, dear mother, come set you down by me;
come set you down by me and pity my plight,
for my wounds are now aching, my poor heart is breaking,
and I, in low spirits, must die this night.

3
So rattle your drums and play your fife o'er me;
so rattle your drums as we march along.
Then return to your home and think on that young girl;
'There goes a young girl cut down in her prime.

4
O mother, dear mother, come send for the clergyman;
send for the doctor to bind up my wound,
and likewise my young man that his mind may not wander;
that he may see me before I'm screwed down.

5
And when I am dead to the church they will carry me;
six jolly fellows to carry me along,
and in each of their hands a bunch of green laurels
so they might not smell me as they're walking along.

6
And when I am dead to the church they will carry me;
six pretty maidens to bear up my pall,
and in each of their hands a bunch of primroses,
saying, 'There goes a true-hearted girl to her home.'