

Flower of London - Mr Lock

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Flower of London - Mr Lock'. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff covers the first line of lyrics, the second staff covers the second line, and the third staff covers the third line. The music is written in a simple, clear style suitable for a children's songbook.

It's of a rich mer - chant in Lon - don did dwell; he - had but one
daugh - ter, a beau - ti - ful girl. One - hun - dred bright guin - eas was her fort - une we're -
told - , and she fell in - love - with a young sai - lor bold.

1
It's of a rich merchant in London did dwell;
he had but one daughter, a beautiful girl.
One hundred bright guineas was her fortune we're told,
and she fell in love with a young sailor bold.

2
So when that the father these tidings did hear,
all about the young sailor he vengeance did swear,
saying, 'No more shall your true love plough the salt sea
and before tomorrow morning his butcher I'll be.'

3
So when that she heard her father say so
it filled her eye full of tears and her heart full of woe,
saying, 'If I could only see him, my own Willy dear,
how could I not warn him of the danger he is near?'

4
She dressed herself in sailor's apparel complete;
she being determined her William to meet.
She had pumps on her feet and a cane in her hand
and she met her dear William as he walked up the Strand.

5
'Oh William, dear William from this place you must flee,
for my cruel father's swearing your butcher he'll be.
So straight unto Dover I'd have you repair
and in forty-eight hours I will meet you there.'

6
As she kissed his sweet lips the tear stood in each eye,
and she said, 'I will save you, or else I will die.'
She straightway then gave him two handfuls of gold,
and she walked up the Strand like a young sailor bold.

7
As she was a-walking all up of the Strand
she met her own father saying, 'You are the man!'
A sword from his side he instantly drew
and the beautiful daughter passed right through.

8
As soon as her old father, saw what he had done,
he wrung his hands and tore his hair,
saying, 'Wretched cruel monster, oh what have I done?
I've butchered my only daughter, the Flower of London.'

9
Then up from the ground he did instantly start
and leaned on his sword till it pierced his heart.
'Forgive me,' he cried. as he drew his last breath,
then he closed his eyes in the cold arms of death.

10
As soon as these tidings young William did hear
he came to the place and died in despair.
Thus father and daughter and the young sailor bold
all met an awful death for the sake of bright gold.