

THE LITTLE MILKMAID

Folk Song from Suffolk
collected and arranged
by E. J. MOERAN

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Little Milkmaid

A LITTLE maid, boys, a-milking she did go ;
A little maid, boys, a-milking she did go ;
When the wind it did blow high, and the wind it did blow low,
And it tossed this little maid through and through.

She went till she met with a man ;
She went till she met with a man ;
And she kindly asked him, ' If you have any good skill
Will you catch me a small bird or two ? '

' Yes, my love, I have a very good skill ;
Yes, my love, I have a very good skill ;
If you'll gain along with me to some shady green tree,
I will catch you a small bird or two. '

So down in green meadows they went ;
So down in green meadows they went ;
And the nightingale was singing and the primeroses springing,
You'll know very well what it meant.

Here's luck to the blackbird and the thrush,
And here's luck to the merry gay grooms,
For they'll laugh and sing all day and at night they'll sport and play,
And go home with the griefs in the morn.

THE LITTLE MILKMAID

Folk song from Suffolk
sung by Mr. GEORGE HILL of Stonham

Collected and arranged by
E. J. MOERAN

Moderato.

Voice

Piano

Ver. I A lit-tle maid, boys, a-milk-ing she did
went till she met with a

go; A lit-tle maid, boys, a-milk-ing she did go; When the wind it did blow high and the
man; She went till she met with a man; And she kind-ly asked him "If you have

wind it did blow low And it tossed this lit-tle maid through and through. Ver. II She
an - y good skill Will you catch me a small bird or

1.

2.
two?" "Yes my love, I have a ve - ry good skill; Yes my

love, I have a ve - ry good skill; If you'll

gain a - long with me to some shad - y green tree I will

catch you a small bird or two." So down in green mead-ows they

went; So down in green mead - ows they

went; And the night - in - gale was sing - ing and the

prim - e - ros - es spring - ing, You'll know ve - ry well what it

meant. — a tempo Here's luck to the black - bird and the

rall. - *f*

thrush, And here's luck to the mer-ry gay— grooms, For they'll

And. *

laugh and sing all day and at night they'll sport and play— And go

home with the griefs in the morn.

f

rall. - - - - -

mp *p* *pp*