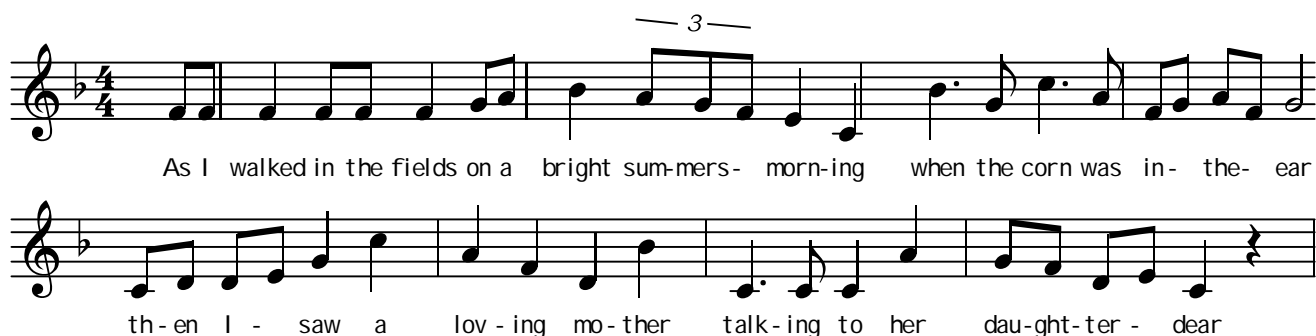


Mother and daughter



The image shows two staves of musical notation in 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' above it. The lyrics are written below the notes: 'As I walked in the fields on a bright sum-mers- morn-ing when the corn was in- the- ear'. The second staff continues the melody with similar note values and a triplet. The lyrics are: 'th-en I - saw a lov-ing mo-ther talk-ing to her dau-ght-ter - dear'.

1. As I walked in the fields on a bright summer morning
When the corn was in the ear
Then I saw a loving mother
Talking to her daughter dear
2. Saying, Dear daughter, I would have you to marry with the farmer
Not with the young man that you know.
For sailors they are fond of roving
They will prove your overthrow
3. No, dearest mother, I can't marry the farmer
But give to me my own heart's delight.
Give to me the lad in the tarry blue jacket
That shines in my eyes like a diamond bright
4. Madam, I have gold & silver
Madam, I have houses and land,
And if you will marry me, dearest
All shall be at your command.
5. What care I for your gold & silver
What care I for your houses & land.
What care I for the ships on the ocean
So long as my sailor gets safe on land.
6. Polly, dear Polly, our anchor's a weighing
And I am come to take my leave
And when I am out on the ocean sailing
For me dearest Polly do not grieve.
7. Hark, I hear the great guns rattle
And the small ones make a noise,
And when we're in height of battle
They cry, fight on! my jolly boys!
8. Henry, dear Henry, shall I go with you,
No foreign dangers will I fear!
And when you're in the height of battle,
I'll attend on you, my dear.
9. No, dearest Polly, you can't go with me
But to you forever, I will prove true
And when to old England I do return
Sweet girl I will marry with you.
10. Farewell dear sister, be a kind one
Protect dear mother, whilst I'm away
Mark the gun, 'tis to remind me
That on shore I no more may stay.
11. The anchor's weighing, the sails are spreading
The boat is waiting in the bay
Farewell, all my kind relations
Pray for me when I'm away.

Taken down from an old blind woman at Upton Pyne by Miss Wyatt Edgell, sent to me June 1902.