

Addendum 11 TWO BALLADS

Where are you going, my pretty maid?

Celebrated
English Ditty
Of the olden time
With
New symphony & accompaniment
By
R. Gaythorne

London
W. Marshall & Co
7 Prince St.
Oxford Circus. W.

composed by I. Nathan.

“Where are you going, my pretty maid?
Where are you going, my pretty maid?”
“I’m going a milking, “sir,” she said,
“sir,” she said, “sir,” she said.
I’m going a milking, sir” she said.

“Shall I come with you, my pretty maid?
Shall I come with you, my pretty maid?”
“Oh, yes, if you please, kind “sir,” she said.
Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir,” she said.

“What is your father, my pretty maid?
What is your father, my pretty maid?”
“My father ‘s a farmer, “sir,” she said,
“sir,” she said, “sir,” she said,
My father ‘s a farmer, sir,” she said.

“Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?
Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?”
“Oh, yes, if you please, kind “sir,” she said,
“sir,” she said, “sir,” she said,
Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir,” she said.

“And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?
And what is you fortune, my pretty maid?”
“My face is my fortune, “sir,” she said,
“sir,” she said, “sir,” she said.
My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.

“Then I can’t marry you, my pretty maid,
Then I can’t marry you, my pretty maid.”
“Nobody axed you, “sir,” she said,
“sir,” she said, “sir,” she said.
Nobody axed you, sir,” she said.

BEN BOLT,
or
Oh! don't you remember.
a
Ballad

Ent. Sta. Hall
London
Published by R. Mills,
140 New Bond St.

Oh! Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hair so brown
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown.
In the old churchyard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
I a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Oh! Don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
Near the green sunny slope of the hill;
Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading shade,
And kept time to the click of the mill:
The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around,
See the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,
Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.

Oh! Don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so kind and true,
And the little nook by the clear running brook,
Where we gather'd the flow'rs as they grew:
On the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,
And the running little brook is now dry;
And of all the friends, who were school mates then,
There remain Ben, but you and I.

3
Plathorn (S)
h

N° 3

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

Celebrated
ENGLISH DITTY
OF THE OLDEN TIME
WITH
New Symphony & Accompaniment

BY

R. GAYTHORNE

London,
W. MARSHALL & C^o 7, PRINCES ST. OXFORD CIRCUS, W.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

EDITED BY R. GAYTHORNE.

COMPOSED BY I. NATHAN.

ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

1. Where are you go.....ing, my pret-ty maid? Where are you go.....ing,
2. "Shall I come with you, my pret-ty maid? Shall I come with you
3. "What is your fa.....ther, my pret-ty maid? What is your fa.....ther

The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

poco piu lento.

1. my pret-ty maid?" "I'm go...ing a milk.....ing, "sir," she said,
2. my pret-ty maid?" "Oh, yes, if you please, kind "sir," she said,
3. my pret-ty maid?" "My fa...ther's a far.....mer, "sir," she s said,

The tempo is marked "poco piu lento." The vocal melody and piano accompaniment continue with the lyrics.

Cres. mf

1. "sir," she said, "sir," she said, "I'm go...ing a milk.....ing, sir," she said.
2. "sir," she said, "sir," she said, "Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.
3. "sir," she said, "sir," she said, "My fa...ther's a far.....mer, sir," she said.

The tempo is marked "Cres." and "mf." The vocal melody and piano accompaniment continue with the lyrics.

3

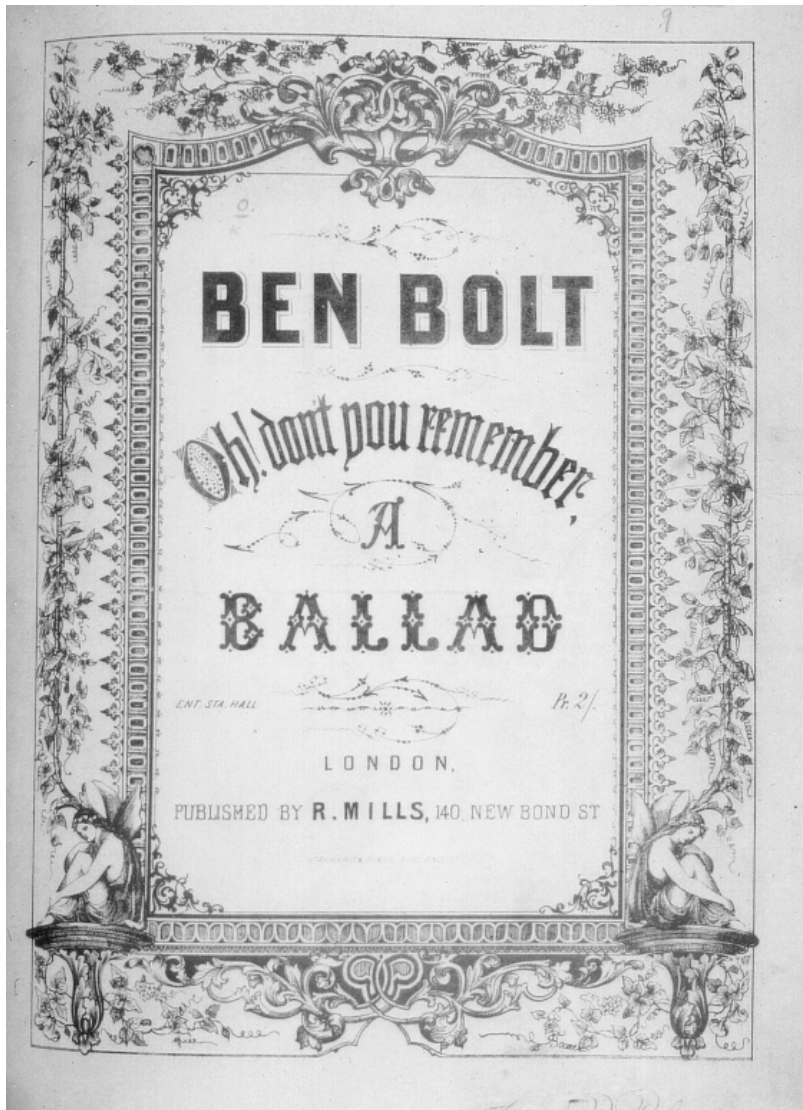
4. "Shall I mar...ry you, my pret-ty maid?
 5. "And what is your for...tune, my pret-ty maid? And
 6. "Then I can't mar...ry you, my pret-ty maid.

poco più lento.
 4. "Shall I mar...ry you, my pret-ty maid?" "Oh, yes, if you please, kind
 5. "what is your for...tune, my pret-ty maid?" "My face is my for...tune,
 6. "Then I can't mar...ry you, my pret-ty maid?" "No...bo...dy axed you

Cres. *mf* *p*
 4. "sir," she said, "sir," she said, "sir," she said, "Oh,
 5. "sir," she said, "sir," she said, "sir," she said, "My
 6. "sir," she said, "sir," she said, "sir," she said,

4. yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.
 5. face is my for...tune, sir," she said.
 6. "No...bo...dy axed you, sir," she said.
Dim. *mf*

V. M. & CO. 3.



BEN BOLT,

OR

"OH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER?"

I

SEMPLICE.

gva

gva

loco

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt. Sweet A. lice with hair so brown She

wpt with delight when you gave her a smile And trembled with fear at your frown In the

M

3634

2

old church yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner obscure and a lone, They have

fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the stone They have

ad lib:
fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the stone.

ad lib:

M

1891

8

Oh! don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the green sunny slope of the hill; Where
oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading shade, And kept time to the click of the mill; The
mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt, And a quiet now reigns all a round, See the
old rustic porch with its roses so sweet, Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground, See the

M 3634

4

ad lib.

old rustic porch, with its roses so sweet, Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground

ad lib.

Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt, And the Mas. ter so kind and so true, And the

little nook by the clear running brook, Where we gath. er'd the flow'rs as they grew On the

3634

5

Mas . . .ter's grave grows the grass, Ben Belt, And the running little brook is now dry; And of

all the friends who were school mates then, There re . main Ben, but you and I. And of

ad lib.
all the friends who were school mates then, There re . main Ben, but you and I.

ad lib.

3684