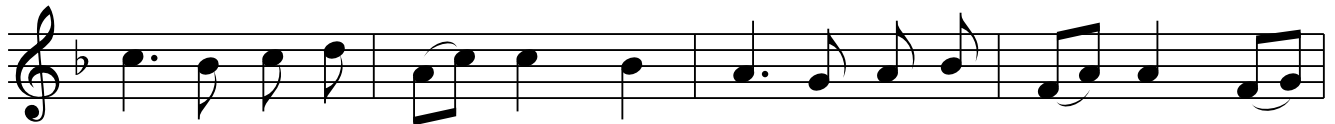


A Maiden Sat A-Weeping

♩ = 80



A — mai-den sat a - wee _ping Down by the sea _ shore, What



ails my pre-tty mis _tress?, What ails my pret-ty mis _tress? What _



ails my pret-ty mis _ tress And makes _ her heart sore!

A maiden sat a-weeping
Down by the sea shore,
What ails my pretty mistress?
What ails my pretty mistress?
And makes her heart sore!

Because I am a-weary,
A weary in mind,
No comfort, and no pleasure, love,
No comfort, and no pleasure, love,
Henceforth can I find.

I'll spread my sail of silver,
I'll lose my rope of silk,
My mast is of the cypress-tree,
My mast is of the cypress tree,
My track is as milk.

I'll spread my sail of silver
I'll steer toward the sun
And thou, false love wilt weep for me,
And thou, false love wilt weep for me,
For me - when I am gone.