

THE KEYS OF CANTERBURY

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro con grazia

VOICE

(He) 1. O Mad - am, I will
 (She) 2. I shall not, Sir, ac -
 (He) 3. O Mad - am, I will
 (She) 4. I shall not, Sir, ac -

PIANO

give to you The keys of Can - ter - bur - y, And all the bells in
 cept of you The keys of Can - ter - bur - y, Nor all the bells in
 give to you A pair of boots of cork. The one was made in
 cept of you A pair of boots of cork, Though both were made in

Lon - don Shall ring to make us mer - ry, If you will be my
 Lon - don Shall ring to make us mer - ry. I will not be your
 Lon - don The oth - er made in York, If you will be my
 Lon - don, Or both were made in York. I will not be your

joy, — my sweet and on - ly dear, — And walk a - long with
 joy, — your sweet and on - ly dear, — Nor walk a - long with
 joy, — my sweet and on - ly dear, — And walk a - long with
 joy, — your sweet and on - ly dear, — Nor walk a - long with

me, an - y - where. —
 you, an - y - where. —
 me, an - y - where. —
 you, an - y - where. —

5.

O Madam, I will give to you
 A little golden bell,
 To ring for all your servants
 And make them serve you well,
 If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
 And walk along with me, anywhere.

6.

I shall not, Sir, accept of you
 A little golden bell,
 To ring for all my servants
 And make them serve me well.
 I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
 Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

7.

O Madam, I will give to you
 A gallant silver chest,
 With a key of gold and silver
 And jewels of the best,
 If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
 And walk along with me, anywhere.

8.

I shall not, Sir, accept of you
 A gallant silver chest,
 A key of gold and silver
 Nor jewels of the best.
 I will not be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
 Nor walk along with you, anywhere.

9.

O Madam, I will give to you
 A broidered silken gownd,
 With nine yards a-drooping
 And training on the ground,
 If you will be my joy, my sweet and only dear,
 And walk along with me, anywhere.

10.

O Sir, I will accept of you
 A broidered silken gownd,
 With nine yards a-drooping
 And training on the ground:
 Then I will be your joy, your sweet and only dear,
 And walk along with you, anywhere.