

## WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE

Collected and arranged by  
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegro e semplice

VOICE

PIANO

1. Moth-er, I long to get mar-ried, I
2. Daugh-ter, I was twen-ty Be-
3. Whis-tle, daugh-ter, whis-tle, And
4. Whis-tle, daugh-ter, whis-tle, And

long to be a bride; I long to be with that young man, For  
fore that I was wo'd, And man-ya long and lone-some mile I  
you shall have a sheep. I can-not whis-tle, moth-er, But  
you shall have a cow. I can-not whis-tle, moth-er, In-

ev-er by his side; For ev-er by his side, O how  
car-ried my maid-en-hood. O moth-er, that may be, But it's  
I can sad-ly weep. My maid-en-hood does grieve me, It  
deed I know not how. My maid-en-hood does grieve me, It

hap - py I — should be; For I'm young and mer - ry and al - most wear - y Of  
 not the case with me; For I'm young and mer - ry and al - most wear - y Of  
 fills my heart with fear; For it is a bur - den, a heav - y bur - den, It's  
 fills my heart with fear. For it is a bur - den, a heav - y bur - den, It's

*f* *dim.*

my vir - gin - i - ty. —  
 my vir - gin - i - ty. —  
 more than I can bear. —  
 more than I can bear. —

*D.S.* *D.S.*

## 5.

Whistle, daughter, whistle,  
 And you shall have a man.

(Whistles)

You see how well I can.

You nasty, impudent jade,

What makes you whistle now?

O, I'd rather whistle for a man

Than either sheep or cow.

or { I cannot whistle, mother,  
 But I'll do the best I can.

## 6.

You nasty, impudent jade,  
 I will pull your courage down;  
 Take off your silks and satins,  
 Put on your working-gown.  
 I'll send you to the fields  
 A-tossing of the hay,  
 With your fork and rake the hay to make,  
 And then hear what you say.

## 7.

Mother, don't be so cruel  
 To send me to the field,  
 Where young men will entice me  
 And to them I may yield.  
 Fa, mother it's quite well known  
 I am not too young grown,  
 And it is a pity a maid so pretty  
 As I should live alone.