

67 MY MAN JOHN

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

(He)
Moderato

VOICE
My man John, what can the mat-ter be, That I should love the la - dy fair and

PIANO
mf marcato

she should not love me? She_ will not be my bride, my joy nor my dear, And

mf marcato

(John)
nei-ther will she walk with me an - y - where. Court her, dear - est Mas - ter, you

p legato

court her with-out fear, And you will win the la - dy in the space of half a year; And

cresc. mf

she will be your bride, your joy and your dear, And she will take a walk with you an - y -

cresc. *più rall. f*

(He)

where.

1. O	Mad-am, I will give to you a	lit-tle grey - hound, And
2. O	Mad-am, I will give to you a	fine— i - vry comb, To
3. O	Mad-am, I will give to you a	cush-ion full of pins, To
4. O	Mad-am, I will give to you the	keys_ of my heart, To

a tempo p *p*

ev - 'ry hair up - on its back shall cost a thou-sand pound, If— you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And
 fas - ten up your sil-ver locks when I am not at home, If— you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And
 pin — up your lit-tle ba - by's white mus - e - lins, If— you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And
 lock it up for ev - er that we nev - er more shall part, If— you will be my bride, my joy and my dear, And

mf

(She)

you will take a walk with me an - y - where.
 you will take a walk with me an - y - where.
 you will take a walk with me an - y - where.
 you will take a walk with me an - y - where.

O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
 O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
 O Sir, I won't ac-cept of you a
 O Sir, I will ac-cept of you the

lit-tle grey-hound, Though ev-'ry hair up-on its back did cost a thou-sand pound. I ___ will not be your bride, your
 fine__ i-vry comb, To fas-ten up my sil-ver locks when you are not at home. I ___ will not be your bride, your
 cush-ion full of pins, To pin ___ up my lit-tle ba - by's white mus - e - lins. I ___ will not be your bride, your
 keys of your heart, To lock it up for ev-er that we nev-er more shall part. And ___ I will be your bride, your

joy nor your dear, And nei-ther will I walk with you an - y - where.
 joy nor your dear, And nei-ther will I walk with you an - y - where.
 joy nor your dear, And nei-ther will I walk with you an - y - where.
 joy and your dear, And I will take a walk with you an - y - where.

D.C.

Last verse
(He)

My man John, here's fifty pounds for thee! I'd never have won this lady fair if it

f marcato *mf*

had - n't a - been for thee; For — now she'll be my bride, my

marcato

joy and my dear, And now she'll take a walk with me a - ny - where.

rall.
cresc. *f rall.*