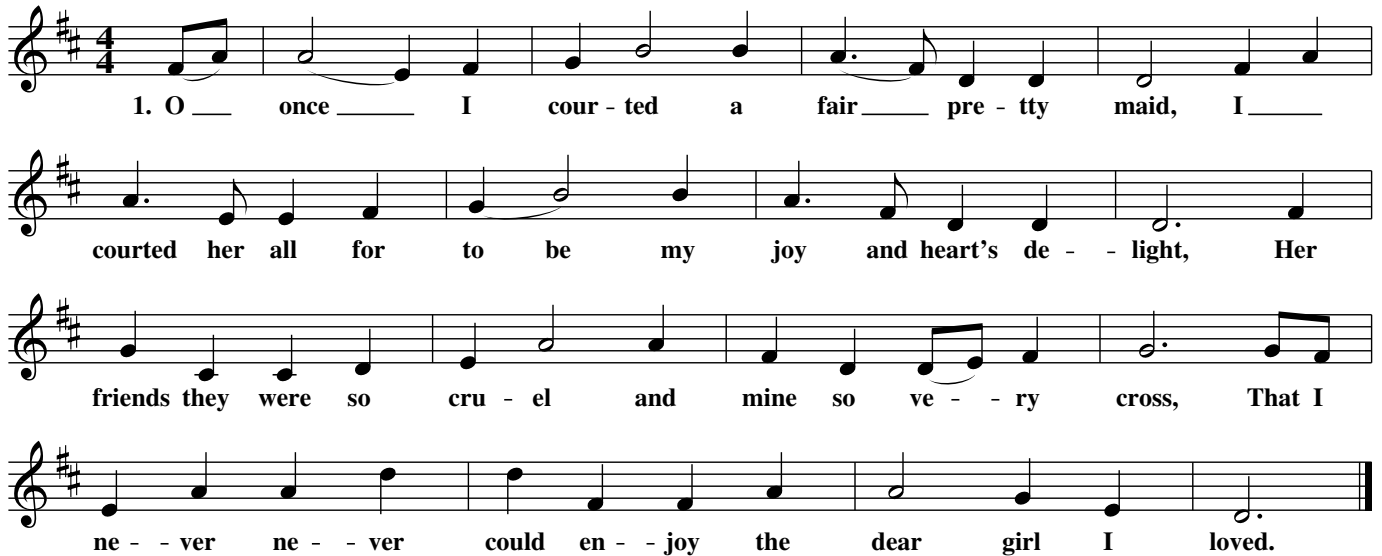


# O Once I Courted a Fair Pretty Maid

(The Lover's Lament)



1. O — once — I cour - ted a fair — pre - tty maid, I —  
courted her all for to be my joy and heart's de - - light, Her  
friends they were so cru - el and mine so ve - - ry cross, That I  
ne - - ver ne - - ver could en - - joy the dear girl I loved.

2. So I thought to myself a soldier I would go  
To see if I could once forget my own true love or no,  
But when I did get there she run so in my mind  
That all day long and night too I thought of the girl I left behind.

3. I thought to myself I'd return home again  
To see if I could get released from my pain;  
But when I did come there her mother did reply  
That her daughter she had broke her heart and for me she had died.

4. Don't tell me, don't tell me, for it's more than I can bear,  
If she sleeps in her silent grave I wish that I was there.  
And then I should be free from all sorrow, grief and woe,  
For I don't know where to wander or which way to go.

Source: Mrs Elizabeth Smitherd (Smithers) (65) at Tewkesbury. Collected by Cecil J. Sharp on 10 April 1908.