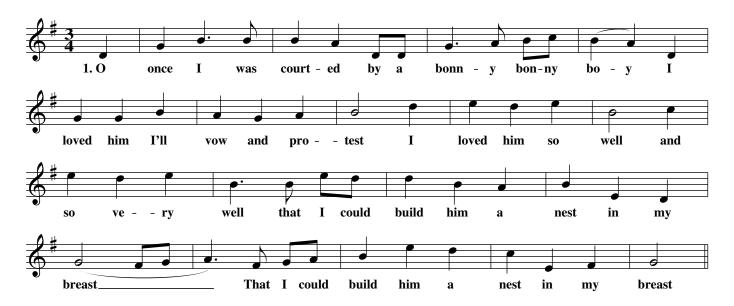
My Bonny Bonny Boy



- 2. Its up the green meadows and down the steep valleys Like one that was troubled in mind I hollered and hooped and I played on my flute But no bonny bonny boy could I find
- 3. I set myself down on the green mossy bank Where the sun it shone wonderful warm and who did I spy but my own bonny boy Fast locked in some other girl's arms
- 4. Some say my bonny boy he has gone oer the main God send hom good luck to return But if he has another girl better than me Let him love her and why should I mourn.

Source: Mrs Elizabeth Smithers at Tewkesbury. Collected by Cecil J. Sharp April 10 1908.

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