

The Silk Weaver's Daughter

As down through Moore's field one eve - ning I went, I heard a fair
6 dam - sel a - mak - ing sad lam - ent. By the wring - ing of her hands and the
11 tear - ing of her hair, Cry - ing, "Oh, cru - el par - ents, you've been too sev - ere."

“You banished my true love quite away from me
Which causes me in Bedlam to weep bitterly.
May all tortures and torments attend in your breast
And partake of my sorrow and never find rest.

“Was it because he a 'prentice boy were
You banished my true love and left me in despair?
But while my jolly sailor goes plowing o'er the main
I'll go picking my straws and a-rattling my chains.”

As up to Bedlam this sailor drew nigh
He saw through the window a dark rolling eye.
He went unto the porter and to him he did say,
“Can you show me the place where my true love doth lay?”

“A silk weaver's daughter in Bedlam doth lie,
And all for the love that she bore unto me.”
He gave unto the porter a broad piece of gold
For to show him the way to the joy of his soul.

It's when in Bedlam his true love he did see,
He kissed her and embraced her and took her on his knee.
“Here's adieu to my sorrows; away from me they've fled.
Here's adieu to my chains and my cold strawy bed.”