

HEY, TROLY LOLY LO



Poem anon. XVI. cent.

Peter Warlock

VOICE

"Hey, tro-ly lo-ly lo, maid, whi-ther go you?"

PIANO

f

con Ped.

"I go to the mea-dow to milk my cow."

con Ped.

"Then at the mea-dow I— will you meet, To ga-ther the flow-ers both rare and

sweet." "Nay, God for-bid, that may not be! I—

wis my mo-ther then shall us see!"

"Now in this mea-dow fair and green— We may us sport— and not be

seen; Sith I love you, love me a - gain;



Let us make one, though we be twain."



"Nay, in good faith, I'll not mell with you! I



pray you. Sir, let me go milk— my cow."



Then for this once I shall you

spare; But the next time ye must be -

ware, How in the mea-dow ye milk your cow. A -

rapido

dieu, fare-well, and kiss me now!" "Nay, God for-bid, that may not bel I

wis my mo-ther then shall us see?"

8 L.H. *f p*