no 36

THE WOODMAN

— Composed by —

T. LINLEY.

Pr. 1s

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Moderato

Stay Traveller, tarry here to night, The rain yet beats, the wind is loud, The Moon has too with drawn her light, and gone to sleep behind a cloud, 'Tis seven long miles a-crofs the moor, And should you chance to go a ftray, You'll meet I fear no friend-ly door, Nor Soul to tell the rea-dy way: Come dearest Kate, our meal prepare, This Stranger fhall partake our best, A Cake and Rasher be his fare, With Ale that makes the wea-ry blest; Approach the hearth, there take a place, And till the hour of

rest draws nigh, Of Ro_bin Hood and Che_vy Chace, We'll sing, then to our

Sy

Pall_ets hie.

Vivace

Had I the means I'd

use you well, 'Tis lit_tle I have got to boast, Yet should you of this Cot_tage

tell, Say Hal the Woodman was your Host, Say Hal the Woodman was your Host.

For the German Flute.