

COMPOSED FOR & SUNC WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY
M^r N. OUMVILLE.

COME MARY LINK THY ARM I' MINE,

Lancashire Ballad,

WRITTEN BY

Edwin Waugh,

AUTHOR OF "COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER", &c.

MUSIC BY

G. EYLES.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 3/-

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COME, MARY, LINK THI ARM I' MINE.

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WORDS BY
EDWIN WAUGH.

MUSIC BY
GEORGE EYLES.

gva

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in treble clef, and the left hand plays a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is two sharps (D major) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is marked *gva* (grave). The first system ends with a repeat sign.

The second system features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine, An'". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and a rhythmic pattern in the right hand.

The third system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "lilt a-way wi' me; An' dry that lit-tle drop o' brine Fro'th'". The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic accompaniment.

The fourth system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "corner o' thi e'e; I've taen a cot, at th' side o'th' spring, An'". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

ad lib. *Rall:*

if thou'll share't wi' me, I'll buy tho th' bonnist gowden ring That ever thou did

sotto voce. *Rall:*

Tempo.

see. So, Ma-ry, link th' arm i' mine, An' lilt a-way wi' me.

My feyther's gan me

for-ty peawnd, I' sil-ver an' i' gowd, An' a bon-ny bit o'

garden greawnd, O'th' mornin' side o'th' fowd; An'a honsome Bi_ble

elen an' new, To read for days to come; There's leaves for writin' names in, too, Like

th'owd un at's awhoam. So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine, An' lilt away wi'

me.

Eawr

Jenny's bin a buy-in' in An' ev'-ry day hoo brings

Knives an' forks, an pots; an' irons For smoothin' caps an' things; My

gronny's sent a chist o' drawers, Sunday cloos to keep; An'

ad lib. *Rall:* *Tempo.*
lit-tle Fan-ny's bought a glass Where thee an' me to peep. So,
sotto voce. *Rall:*

Eawr Charlie's bought some pickters, an'
He's hanged 'em upo' th' woles;
Owd Posy's white-weshed th' cottage thro';
Eawr Matty's made it sweet;
An' Jack's gan me his Jarman flute,
To play by th' fire at neet!
So, Mary, link thi arm in mine.

There's cups an' saucers, porrtch-pons,
An' tables greyt an' smo';
There's brushes, mugs, an' ladin-cans;
An eight days clock an' o';
There's a cheer for thee, an' one for me,
An' one i' every nook;
Thi mother's has a cushion on't —
It's th' nicest cheer i'th rook.
So, Mary, link thi arm in mine.

An' pillows, sheets, an' bowsters, too,
As white as driven snow;
It isn't stuffed wi' fither-deawn;
But th' flocks are clen an' new;
Hoo says there's honest folk i'th' teawn,
That's made a warse un do.
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

Aw peeped into my cot last neet;
It made me hutchin' fain;
A bonny fire were winkin' breet
I' every window-pane;
Aw marlocked upo' th' white hearth-stone,
An' drummed o'th' kettle lid;
An' sung, "My neest is snug an' sweet,
Aw'll go and fotch my brid!"
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.