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M^{RS} N. DUMVILLE.

COME MARY LINK THI 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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"THE DULES I' THIS BONNET O' MINE."

ALL SHEET MUSIC HALF PRICE.

COME, MARY, LINK THI ARM I' MINE.

1

WORDS BY
EDWIN WAUGH.

MUSIC BY
GEORGE EYLES.

gva

PIANO.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a piano accompaniment and a vocal melody. The piano part begins with a *gva* (grace note) on the first measure. The vocal melody starts with the lyrics 'Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine, An' lilt a-way wi' me; An' dry that lit-tle drop o' brine Fro'th' corner o' thi e'e; I've taen a cot, at th' side o'th' spring, An''. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine, An'

lilt a-way wi' me; An' dry that lit-tle drop o' brine Fro'th'

corner o' thi e'e; I've taen a cot, at th' side o'th' spring, An'

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

ad lib. *Rall:*

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

clen 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 Tum has sent a bacon-flitch;
 Eawr Jem a load o' coals;
 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.

My mother's gan me th' four-post bed,
 Wi' curtains to't an' o';
 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.