


TH' SWEETHEART GATE.


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TRADITIONAL AIR
"THE MANCHESTER ANGEL"
ARRANGED BY
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VOICE.  There's

PIANO. 

 mony a gate eawt of eawr teawn-end, But nob-but one for me; It



 winds by a rind - lin' way - ter side, An' o'er a po - sied lea; It



wan-ders into a sha-dy dell; An' when I've done for th'day,— I

never can saddle this heart o' mine, Beawt wal-kin' deawn that way.—

2.

It's noather garden, nor posied lea,
Nor wayter rindlin clear;
But deawn i'th vale there's a rosy nook,
An' my true love lives theer:
It's olez summer where th' heart's content,
Tho' wintry winds may blow;
An' there's never a gate so kind to th' fuut,
As th' gate one likes to go.

3.

When I set off o' sweetheartin', I've
A theawsan' things to say;
But th' very ffirst glent o' yon chimbley-top,
It drives 'em o' away;
An' when I meet wi' my bonny lass,
It sets my heart a-jee;
There's summut i'th leet o' yon two blue e'en
That plays the dule wi' me.

4.

When th' layrock's finished his wark aboon,
An' laid his music by,
He flutters deawn to his mate, an' stops
Till dayleet stirs i'th sky.
Though Matty sends me away at dark,
I know that hoo's reet full well;
An' it's how I love a true-hearted lass,
No mortal tung can tell.

5.

I wish that Michaelmas Day were past,
When wakin' time comes on;
An' I wish that Candlemas Day were here,
An' Matty an' me were one:
I wish this wanderin' wark were o'er,—
This maunderin' to an' fro;
That I could go whoam to my own true love,
An' stop at neet an' o'.