The Stuttering Lovers.

(OLD IRISH AIR.)

Words
TRADITIONAL.

Arranged by
HERBERT HUGHES.

Allegro.

Piano.

Lively.

A wee bit o-ver the lea, my lads, A wee bit o-ver the

green The birds went in-to the poor man's corn I fear they'll ne-ver be

s - s - s - seen, my lads, I fear they'll ne-ver be
seen.  
So out comes the bon-ny wee  

lass  
And she was one so fair  
And she went in-to the  

leggiero.  

poor man's corn  
To see if the birds were  
-th-th-th-th-th-there my lads,  
To  

see if the birds were  
there.  

So
out comes the bon-ny wee lad. And he was a fish-er-man's

son. And he went in-to the poor man's corn. To

put his arms around her waist, And kiss'd her cheek and chin.

Out spoke the bonny wee lass, I fear it is a sin my lad, I fear it is a sin.

He
kissed her once and he kissed her twice; He kissed her ten times o'er. Oh it's nice to be kissing the bonny wee lass. That's never been kissed before my lads, That's cresc. Then
out comes the poor... old man... And. he was tattered and torn...

If that's the way you're mind-ing the birds... I'll mind them myself in the m-m-m-morn my lads, I'll

mind them myself in the morn.