

MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND

John Gay (1685–1732), based on a song from 1665 or earlier

English Folk Song, 17th or 18th Century

1. My lodg - ing is on the cold-ground, And hard, ver - y hard is my fare, But
 2. I'll twine thee a gar-land of straw, love, I'll mar - ry thee with a rush ring; My

that which grieves me more is The cold - ness of my dear. Yet
 froz - en hopes will thaw, love, And mer - ri - ly we will sing. Then

still I cry, oh! turn, love, I pri - thee, love, turn to me; For
 turn to me, my own love, I pri - thee, love, turn to me; For

13
 thou art the on - ly one, love, That art a - dor'd by me.
 thou art the on - ly one, love, That art a - dor'd by me.