

The Broken Pitcher - song lyrics

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THE BROKEN PITCHER

Words by "Nemo." Music by Henry Pontet.

Trip, trip over the grass,
Merrily went a laughing lass;
The daisies peeped to see her pass,
All on a Summer morning.
Her pitcher she bore unto the well
That lay in the lap of a mossy dell;
And her voice rang clear as a silver bell,
The rival song birds scorning.

But as she turned a hawthorn bush,
A youth rushed forth with speed so rash;
That down came pitcher with a crash,
And left her all a mourning.
Oh, sir, what have you done?
Ah, me, where shall I run?
My pitcher's gone, I had but one!
What will my mother say?
Oh, sir, what have you done?
Ah, me, where shall I run?
My pitcher's gone, I had but one!
Oh, what will my mother say?

"Stay, stay, my pretty maid!
Soon your pitcher shall be paid;"
A golden piece in her hand he laid,
Bright as the Summer morning.
But as he looked upon her face,
He saw her simple, winsome grace;
Nor gold, nor pearls, nor priceless lace,
Her slender form adorning.

He saw the blush, the drooping lash,
And gazed, tho' gazing there was rash;
When snip, and snap, his heart went crash,
And left him all a mourning.
"Oh, maid, what have you done?
Snick! quick! home let us run!
My heart is gone, I had but one,
What will your own heart say?"
"Oh, sir, what have I done?
Quick! quick! homeward we'll run,
What's fairly done can't be undone,
And that's all my heart can say."