

MY LODGING IT IS ON THE COLD GROUND

MATTHEW LOCKE (1621-1677)

FROM PLAYFORD'S 'ENGLISH DANCING MASTER' 1665

ARR. B. FARMER 01/18

MELODY

Em G Am Em Am B

MY LOD-GING IT IS ON THE COLD GROUND AND OH, VE-RY HARD IS MY FARE, BUT

UKULELE

2 0 0 2 3 2 0 | 2 0 2 | 3 0 2 2 2 0 | 3 3 2

0 0 2 3 2 0 | 2 0 2 | 3 0 2 2 2 0 | 3 3 2

6 Em G Am G D G

THAT WHICH TROU-BLES ME MOST IS THE UN - KIND-NESS OF MY DEAR. YET STILL I CRY, "OH

0 2 3 2 0 | 2 0 3 0 | 2 3 5 3 0 | 2 2 2 | 2 3 5 3 0

0 3 3 0 2 | 2 0 2 | 3 3 0 4 | 3 0 2 7 5 3

11 **B** **B7** **G** **Am** **B** **Em**

TURN, LOVE, AND PRITHEE LOVE TURN TO ME, FOR THOU ART THE MAN THAT I

15 **G** **Am** **B** **Em**

LONG FOR, AND A - LACK WHAT REM - E - DY?

'I'LL CROWN THEE WITH A GARLAND OF STRAW THEN,
 AND I'LL MARRY THEE WITH A RUSH RING,
 MY FROZEN HOPES SHALL THAW, THEN,
 AND MERRILY WILL WE SING.
 O TURN TO ME, MY DEAR LOVE,
 AND PRITHEE LOVE, TURN TO ME,
 FOR THOU ART THE MAN THAT ALONE CANST
 PROCURE MY LIBERTY'

BUT IF THOU WILT HARDEN THY HEART STILL,
 AND BE DEAF TO MY PITIFUL MOAN,
 THEN I MUST ENDURE THE SMART STILL,
 AND TUMBLE IN STRAW ALONE.
 YET STILL I CRY, 'OH TURN LOVE,
 AND PRITHEE, LOVE TURN TO ME!
 FOR THOU ART THE MAN THAT ALONE ART
 THE CAUSE OF MY MISERY.'