

# Why tarries my Love? or The Pidgeon

William Leeves

Musical notation for the first system, measures 1-5. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody in the treble clef consists of quarter notes: C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5. The bass line in the bass clef consists of quarter notes: C3, F#3, C4, G3, C4, F#3, C4.

Musical notation for the second system, measures 6-11. Measure 6 begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 3/4 time signature. A trill (*tr*) is indicated over the first note. The lyrics are: "Why tar - ries my love? - Ah where does he rove? - My -". The melody continues with quarter notes: C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5. The bass line continues with quarter notes: C3, F#3, C4, G3, C4, F#3, C4.

Musical notation for the third system, measures 12-17. The lyrics are: "love is long ab - sent from me - - - Come hi - ther my dove, - I'll". The melody in the treble clef features a long slur over measures 13-14. The notes are: C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5. The bass line continues with quarter notes: C3, F#3, C4, G3, C4, F#3, C4.

Musical notation for the fourth system, measures 18-23. The lyrics are: "write to - my - love, - And send him a - let - ter by thee, - - - And". The melody in the treble clef features a long slur over measures 19-21. The notes are: C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5. The bass line continues with quarter notes: C3, F#3, C4, G3, C4, F#3, C4.

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send him a let - ter by thee.

II  
 To find him swift fly,  
 The letter I'll tye  
 Secure to thy leg with a string;  
 Ah! not to my leg,  
 Fair lady I beg,  
 But fasten it under my wing.

III,  
 Her dove she did deck,  
 She drew o'er his neck,  
 A bell and a collar so gay;  
 She ty'd to his wing,  
 The scroll with a string,  
 Then kiss'd him and sent him away.

IV.  
 It blew and it rain'd,  
 The pidgeon disdain'd  
 To seek shelter, undaunted he flew;  
 'Till wet was his wing,  
 And painful the string,  
 So heavy the letter it grew.

V.  
 He flew all around,  
 'Till Colin he found,  
 Then perch'd on his hand with the prize;  
 Whose heart while he reads,  
 With tenderness bleeds  
 For the pidgeon that flutters and dies.

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