



PHILIP THE FALCONER.

SONG WRITTEN BY

W. H. BELLAMY ESQ^{RE}.

COMPOSED BY

EDWARD J. LODER.

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PHILIP THE FALCONER,

AS SUNG BY

MR. ARTHURSON,

Composed by

EDWARD J. LODER.

VOCE

*Allegretto.
non troppo.*

p

cres

2.V. The Miller's to market to buy him some corn, For, work it should ne'er stand still, A

1.V. Young Philip, the Falconer's up with the day, with his merlin on his arm, And

Mai - den is loi - ter - ing un - der the thorn, In the mea - dow be - low the mill; The

down the mill meadows has taken his way, To hawk, and pray where's the harm,

meadow be - low the mill: And Philip, grown tired of a bache - lor's life, Think the

and pray where's the harm? Philip is stalwart, and Philip is young, And

Miller's young sis - ter would make a good wife, And so, comes a whisper, and so, comes a smile, And

Philip, they say, has a musical tongue, The Miller's young sister is fresh and is fair, And

then, a long leave taking o . . ver the stile; Oh! when he returns from market, I guess, The
 Philip he always is hawking there! For, he vows and declares, be . lieve it or not, There is

p *f*

Miller will find he's a Sis . ter the less! For, Maidens, they say, do not always say "nay" When they're
 not in the kingdom for Her'nssuch a spot, And Falcons, they say, To fly true to their prey, Are

ask'd in the morning ear . . . ly. When they're ask'd in the morning ear . . . ly.
 train'd in the morning ear . . . ly. Are train'd in the morning ear . . . ly:

ad lib *f*

Birch Eng.