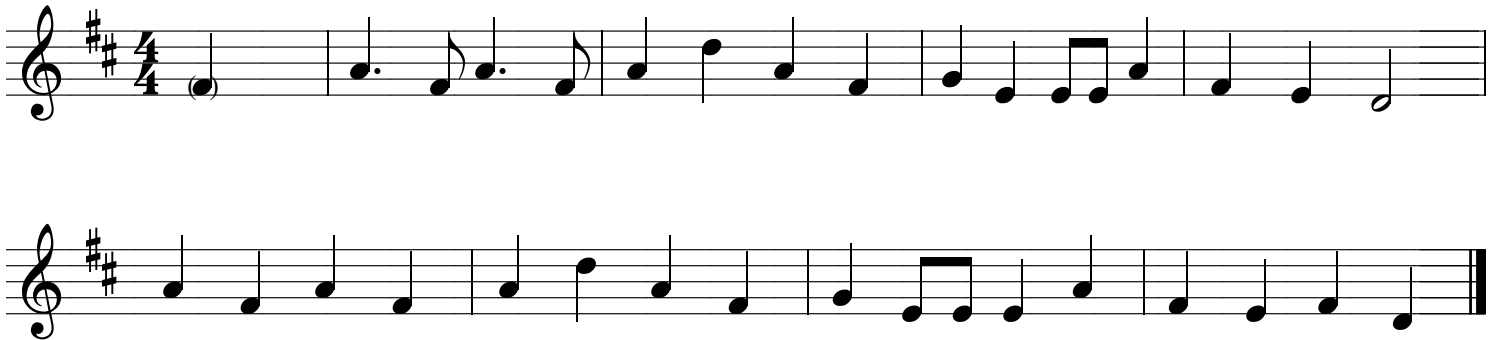


# The Wind Blows High

♩ = 188



The wind, the wind, the wind blows high.  
The rain comes scattering down the sky.

She is handsome, she is pretty.  
She is the flower of London city.

She goes a-courting one, two, three.  
Oh pray will you tell us who will it be?  
Tommy Jones he says he loves her.  
All the boys are fighting for her.

Let the boys say what they will,  
But Tommy Jones he loves her still.

He knocks at the door and he picks up a pin.  
And says 'Mrs Brown is your daughter within'.

She's neither within and she's neither without,  
But she's in the back parlour walking about.

Sweetheart, sweetheart will you marry me.  
Yes sir, yes sir at half past three.

Half past three will be too late.  
We can't have the party 'til half past eight