

The Distressed Damsel (The Trappan'd Maiden)

Traditional, arranged by Matthew Sabatella

♩. = 80



D A D A D

Give ear un-to a maid that late-ly was be-trayed and se-nt i-n

6 A D G

t - o Vi - r - gin - ny O. In bried I shall de - clare what I have suf - fered

12 D A G D

there, when that I was wea - ry, wea - ry, wea - ry, wea - ry - O.

When that first I came
To this land of fame
Which is called Virginny O
The axe and the hoe
Have wrought my overthrow
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O

Five years served I
Under Master Guy
In the land of Virginny O
Which made me for to know
Sorrow, grief, and woe
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O
In the land of Virginny O

When my Dame says "Go"
Then I must do so
In the land of Virginny O
When she sits at meat
Then I have none to eat
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O

The clothes that I brought in
They are worn very thin
In the land of Virginny O
Which makes me for to say
Alas and well-a-day
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O

Instead of beds of ease
To lie down when I please
In the land of Virginny O
Upon a bed of straw
I lay down full of woe
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O

Then the spider, she
Daily waits on me
In the land of Virginny O
Round about my bed
She spins her tender web
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O

So soon as it is day
To work I must away
In the land of Virginny O
Then my Dame she knocks
With her tinderbox
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O

I have played my part
Both at plow and at cart
In the land of Virginny O
Billets from the wood
Upon my back they load
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O

Instead of drinking beer
I drink the water clear
In the land of Virginny O
Which makes me pale and wan
Do all that e'r I can
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O

If my Dame says "Go"
I dare not say no
In the land of Virginny O
The water from the spring
Upon my head I bring
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O

When the mill doth stand
I'm ready at command
In the land of Virginny O
The mortar for to make
Which made my heart to ache
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O

When the child doth cry
I must sing, by-a-by
In the land of Virginny O
No rest that I can have
Whilst I am here a slave
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O

A thousand woes beside
That I do here abide
In the land of Virginny O
In misery I spend
My time that hath no end
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O

Then let Maids beware
All by my ill-fare
In the land of Virginny O
Be sure you stay at home
For if you do here come
You will all be weary, weary, weary, weary O

But if it be my chance
Homewards to advance
From the land of Virginny O
If that I once more
Land on English shore
I'll no more be weary, weary, weary O