

Barlando

Voice $\frac{2}{4}$ We lived one-and-twenty years as man and wife together; I could no longer

Piano $\frac{2}{4}$

Keep her here; she's gone I know not whither.

Her body is bestowed well,
 A decent grave doth hide her;
 I'm sure her soul is not in here,
 For the De'il could not abide her.

I rather think she's up aloft,
 For in the last great thunder,
 Methought I heard her very voice
 Rending the clouds asunder.