

All things are quite silent

Sussex, England



1. All things are quite si - lent, each mor - tal at
 2. I begged hard for my sail - or as though I begged for
 3. Through green fields and mea - dow we oft - times did
 4. Al - though my love's gone I will not be cast



rest, When me and my love got snug in one
 life. They'd not lis - ten to me al - though a fond
 walk, And sweet con - ver - sa - tion of love we have
 down, Who knows but my sail - or may once more re -



nest, When a bold set of ruff - ians they en - tered our
 wife, Say - ing 'The King he wants sail - ors, to the sea he must
 talked, With the birds in the wood - land so sweet - ly did
 - turn? And will make me a - mends for all trou - ble and



cave, And they forced my dear jew - el to plough the salt wave.
 go', And they've left me la - ment - ing in sor - row and woe.
 sing, And the love - ly thrush - es' voi - ces made the val - leys to ring.
 strife, And my true - love and I might live hap - py for life.

This song was notated by Vaughan Williams in Lower Beeding, Sussex, in 1904, but its subject matter obviously refers to the press-gangs which (before around 1835) terrorized coastal areas, forcing men to serve in the Navy.