



THE MISTRESS OF THE MASTER



SONG

WORDS BY
DOROTHY DICKINSON



MUSIC BY

o

H. LYALL PHILLIPS

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#2.7.

The Mistress of the Master.

Squire's the master at the Hall,
He's often told me so:
I've garden'd there, both man an' boy,
Since forty years ago;
Forty years come Michaelmas,
An' this I always says,
I know the Master thro' and thro',
An' all his little ways.

For he knows, an' I knows,
An' Missus knows as well,
But what we knows we never says,
It doesn't do to tell;
The Squire's the master of the house,
On that we all agree,
But how the Missus gets her way,
It do *beat* me!

Missus is the Squire's wife,
She's little an' she's sweet;
But she's a way of doing things,
That sweeps you off your feet.
An' if she says she wants a thing,
That thing is sure to be;
Yet how it comes about like this,
Fair seems a mystery

For he knows, an' I knows,
An' Missus knows as well,
An' what we knows we never says,
It doesn't do to tell;
The Squire's the master of the house,
On that we all agree,
But Missus knows a thing or two,-
And may-be three!

If Master orders cabbages
Put in a certain row,
An' Missus says "It's flow'rs I want!"
'Tis flow'rs is sure to grow.
An' when they're all a-bloomin'
An' me all feelin' scared,
The Squire 'e turns an' looks at me,
An' we never says a word!

For he knows, an' I knows,
An' Missus knows as well,
But what we knows we never says,
It doesn't do to tell;
The Squire's the master of the house,
And ev'rywhere he goes,
But who's the master of the Squire?
Why, ev'rybody knows!

DOROTHY DICKINSON.

THE MISTRESS OF THE MASTER.

Song.

Words by
DOROTHY DICKINSON.

Music by
H. LYALL PHILLIPS.

Allegro pomposo.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

ten.

Squire's the mas - ter at the Hall, He's of - ten told me

so. I've gar - den'd there, both man an' boy, Since

ten.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking 'Allegro pomposo.' and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 2/4. The voice part starts with a whole rest, followed by a melody that begins with the lyrics 'Squire's the mas - ter at the Hall, He's of - ten told me'. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords and single notes, marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The score continues with two more lines of music, including the lyrics 'so. I've gar - den'd there, both man an' boy, Since' and a final line marked 'ten.'.

for - ty years a - go; For - ty years come

Mich - ael - mas, An' this I al - ways says,

know the Mas - ter thro' and thro', I know the Mas - ter

thro' and thro', An' all his lit - tle ways. For

REFRAIN.

he knows, an' I knows, An' Mis-sus knows as well, But

artfully
what we knows we nev-er says, It does-n't do to tell; The

Squire's the mas-ter of the house, On that we all a - gree, But

Broader. *p confidentially*
how the Mis - sus gets her way, It do beat me!

Broader. *p*

Mis - sus is the Squire's wife, She's lit - tle .an' she's sweet; But

she's a way of do - ing things, That sweeps you off your feet. An'

slight pause

colla voce

if she says she wants a thing, That thing is sure to be; Yet

how it comes a - bout like this, Tho' how it comes a - bout like this,

cresc. poco *rit.*

staccato *cresc. poco* *rit.* *ff*

Lento *a tempo* **REFRAIN.**

Fair seems a mys-ter - y, For he knows, an' I knows, An'

Lento *a tempo*

Mis-sus knows as well, An' what we knows we nev - er says, It

pomposo

does - n't do to tell; The Squire's the mas - ter of the house, On

ff

that we all a - gree, But Mis - sus knows a thing or two; And

Broader.

may - be three!

pp confidentially.

pp

ff

rit.

Più lento.
rit. ad lib.

If Mas - ter or - ders cab - ba - ges Put in a cer - tain

pp

row, An' Mis - sus says "It's flow'r's I want!" 'Tis flow'r's is sure to grow, 'Tis

ten.

L.H.

Tempo I.

flow'rs is sure to grow. An' when they're all a -

- bloom - in' An' me all feel - in' scared, The Squire 'e turns an'

p

p staccato

looks at me, The Squire 'e turns an' looks at me, An' we nev - er says_ a

rit. *V* *Lento*

rit. *Lento*

8

a tempo

REFRAIN. *pp*

word! For he knows, an' I knows, An'

a tempo *pp*

Mis-sus knows as well, But what we knows we nev-er says, It

does-n't do to tell; The Squire's the mas-ter of the house, And

f pomposo

ev - 'ry-where he goes, But who's the mas-ter of the Squire? Why

Broader.

rit.

Broader.

ev - 'ry - bo - dy knows!

Broader.

Red.

*