

Bride's burial.pdf/4



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my shoes from off my feet,
 And gentle mother be not coy,
 to bring my winding sheet.
 My wedding dinner drest,
 bestow upon the poor,
 And to the hungry, needy, maim'd,
 which do cry at the door.
 Instead of virgins young,
 my bride bed for to see,
 Go cause some curious carpenter,
 to make a chest for me.
 My bride laces and filks,
 to give to matrons meet,
 May tidy serve when I am dead,
 to tie both hands and feet.
 And thou my lover true,
 my husband and my friend,
 Let me entreat you here to stay,
 until my life doth end.
 Now leave to talk of love,
 and humbly on your knee.
 Direct your prayer unto God,
 but mourn no more for me.
 In love As we have liv'd,
 in love let us depart,

And I in token of true love
do kifs thee with my heart.
O staunch thy bootless tears,
thy weeping is in vain;
I am not loft, for we in heaven
shall meet once more again,
With that she turn'd her head,
as one dispos'd to sleep,
And like a lamb departed life,

while friends full fore did weep.

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