

Crafty squire's garland.pdf/8



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(8)

So the lord had a nurfery made for the babes;
And has put the horns in his pocket, 'tis said,

the squire sent for the babes fathers straitway;
It's very well done my boys he did say;
And for his recompence it shall be paid:
I see that you are all mafters of your trade.

the Betray'd Lover.

HOW happy were my days till now?
I ne'er did sorrow feel;
I rose with joy to milk my cow;
or take my spinning wheel.

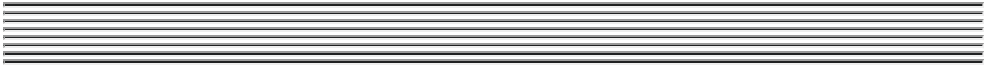
My heart was lighter than a fly;
like any bird I sung,
till he pretended love, and I
believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh! the fool the filly filly fool;
who trusts what man may be!
I wish I was a maid again;
and in my own country.

FINIS.



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