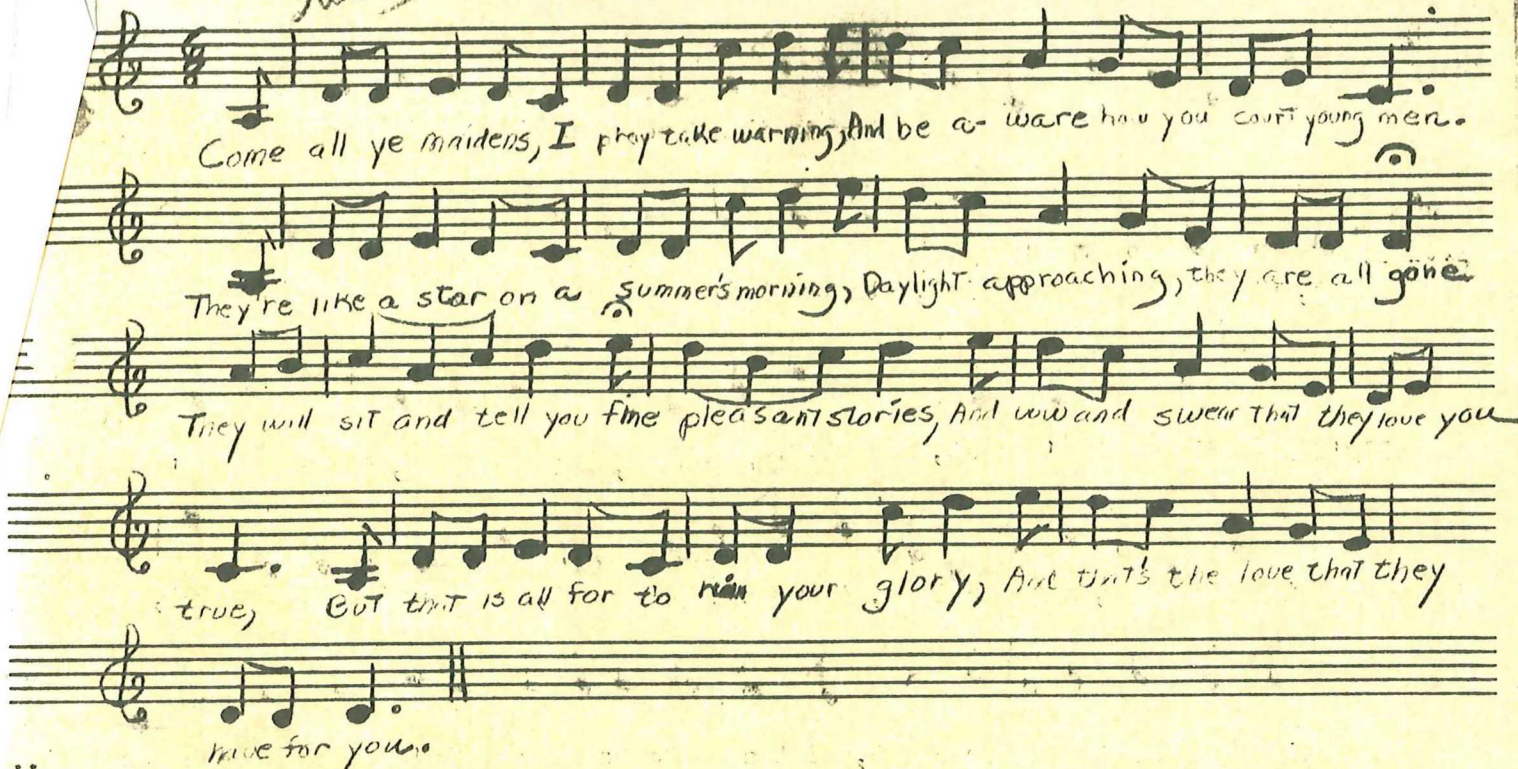


59
Come All.. You Maidens

on the
Maid



Come all ye maidens, I pray take warning, And be a-ware how you court young men.
They're like a star on a summer's morning, Daylight approaching, they are all gone
They will sit and tell you fine pleasant stories, And vow and swear that they love you
true, But that is all for to win your glory, And that's the love that they
have for you.

2) I myself, I once had a sweetheart,
He vowed he loved me as he loved his life.
And many's a time he did vow unto me
That he would make me his lawful wife.
But now my darling's become a rover,
And of his company I can't obtain.
While he is courting some other maiden,
My sighs and tears, they are all in vain.

3) If I had wings like the morning swallow,
I would mount up to the air and fly.
I would search out that unconstant young man,
And where he would be, I would be nigh.
And where he would be, I would be with him,
And on his bosom, I'd fledge my wings.
And I would ask him why did he flatter,
And tell so many deluding things?