



HENRY'S

Cottage Maid.

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AH! where can fly my soul's true-
love,
Sad I wander this lone grove,
Sighs and tears for him I fled,
Henry is from Laura fled ;
Thy love to me thou didst impart,
Thy love soon won my virgin heart,
But, dearest Henry, thou'st betray'd
Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad with pearly tears,
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green ;
See from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's sweet hope within me dies,
For, oh ! dear Henry thou'st betray'd
Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

