



As a noble lady walked down a narrow lane,
She met with Mr. Woodburn, the keeper of the game;
Said he unto his servant-man, now only for the law,
I'd have that maid within my bed, and she lie next the wall.

Go away, young man, says she, and do not me perplex,
Before that I lie in your bed, you must answer me questions six,
Six questions you must answer me, and I'll set them forth all,
Before that I lie in your bed at either stock or wall.

What is rounder than a ring? what's higher than a tree?
What is worse than woman kind? what deeper than the sea?
What bird sings best? what tree buds first? or where doth the
dew first fall?

Before that I lie in your bed at either stock or wall.

The globe is rounder than a ring, heaven's higher than a tree,
The devil is worse than woman-kind, hell's deeper than the sea,
The thrush sings best, the heath buds first, on it the dew first
falls.

So you and I lie in one bed and you next the wall.

Go away, young man, says she, and do not trouble me,
Before that I lie in your bed, you must dress me dishes three
Three dishes you must dress for me, suppose I eat them all,
Before that I lie in your bed at either stock or wall.

You must get for my breakfast a bird without a bone,
And get me for my dinner a cherry without a stone,
And get for my supper a fowl without a gall,
Before that I lie in your bed at either steak or wall.

When the bird is in the egg it really has no bone,
And when the cherry is in bloom it really has no stone.
The dove is a gentle bird, and flies without a gall,
So you and I in bed must lie and you lie next the wall.

You must get for me some winter fruit that in September grew,
And get for me a silk mantle that weft has ne'er gone through,
A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn, to join us both in one,
Before that I lie in your bed at either stock or wall.

My father has some winter fruit that in September grew,
My mother has a silk mantle that woft never went through,
A sparrow's horn is easily got, there's one in every claw,
Machinadeoh was a wisest unborn, so you lie at the wall.

Now to conclude and finish, I mean to end my theme,
This couple they got married and happy does remain,
Because he was so clever, her heart he did enthrall,
So he took her in his arms and rolled her from the wall.

LOW
BLIND

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
 'Twas on a market day,
 A low back'd car she drove, and sat
 Upon a tuft of hay.
 But when that hay was blooming green,
 And decked with flowers of spring,
 No flowers were there that could compare
 With the lovely girl I sing,—
 As she sat in her low back'd car,
 The man at the turnukike bar,
 Good natur'd old soul, never asked for the toll,
 But looked after the low back'd one.

In battles wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demand his tithes,
Of death in warlike scars ;
But Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market town,
As right and left they fly—
As she sits in her low back'd car,
The battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art cannot heal the stings,
That's hit from the low back'd car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sirs,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far out number these ;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth, a cage I do engage,
With the blooming god of love—
As she sits in her low back'd car
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chickens that Peggy is picking—
As she sits in her low back'd car.

I'd rather own that car, sira,
 With Peggy by my side,
 Than a coach and four, and gold galera,
 With a lady for my bride ;
 For a lady would sit fornist me,
 On a cushion made with taste,
 While Peggy would sit beside me,
 With my arm around her waist,
 As we rode in the low back'd car,
 To be married by father Mugar ;
 Oh me heart would beat high,
 At each glance of her eye—
 As we rode in her ~~low~~ back'd car.

