



THE RIVER ROE.

As I went out one evening, all in the month
of June,
The primroses and daisies and violets were in
bloom,
I spied a lovely fair one, and her I did not
know,
I took her for an angel that was bathing in
the Roe.
Her teeth were like the ivory, her skin a lilly
white.
Her cheeks as red as roses, her eyes like
diamonds bright,
Her surname I'll not tell, lest you might her
know
But her master's habitation is on the River
Roe.
I quickly stepped up to her, and this to her
did say,
Are you a goddess or what brought you this
way,
She answered me right modestly, and said I
am not so,
I'm but a servant maid that was bathing in
the Roe.
I said, my pretty fair maid if with me you'll
agree,
We'll join our hands in wedlock, and wedded
we will be,
My father he's a nobleman, the country wel-
does know,
And his dwelling lies convenient to the River
Roe.
She quickly made me answer, and this to me
did say,
My mistress she is waiting, I have no time
to stay,
I'll meet you to-morrow and my mistress
wont know
We've had some conversation on the River
Roe.
They both shook hands and parted, from each
other did go,
In hopes to meet next morning along the River
Roe.
She dressed herself in private, away when she
did go,
Her true love he was waiting along the River
Roe.
When she came up to him he this to her did
say,
I'm glad to meet you here my love upon this
very day,
I'm glad to meet you here, love, the way that
I will know
If you're going to wed with me, and dwell
beside the River Roe.
She modestly modestly made answer, and said
she was content,
I kissed and embraced her, and then away
both went
As we were married next evening, as you shall
shortly know,
She has servants to attend her, and she dwells
beside the Roe.



The Robber outwitted.

Come listen awhile and a story I will tell,
Concerning a farmer in Yorkshire did dwell,
He had a youthful boy he hired as his man,
All for to do his business, his name it was John
Fal de ral de ri.

It was early one morning he called to his man
John to his master he instantly ran,
John, said his master, drive this cow to the
For she's in good order and her I can spare.

Then John drove the cow out of the bawn,
And off to the fair he straightway did run,
He did not go far when he met with three men
And he sold them the cow for five pound ten.

As was into an alehouse they went for to drink,
They three men they paid him down in a chink
Oh, what shall I do with this money he did say
Oh, where will I put it, andiady, I pray?

In the lining of your coat I will sow it says he
For fear on the road that robb'd you might be
The robber in the room sat drinking his wine,
He said to himself this money shall be mine.

Then John took his leave and he started home,
The robber he followed him out of the room,
He soon overtook him all on the high way, —
I am glad of your company young man he did
say.

Now, said the robber, you had better ride,
How far do you travel then, John he replied?
Three or four miles, as far as I know,
He jumped up behind him and off they did go.

They rode till they came to a narrow lane,
Now, said the robber, I tell you quite plain,
Deliver up your money without any strife,
Or this very moment I'll take away your life.

Here, then, said John, there's no time to dis-
pute,
He jumped off the horse without fear or doubt
From the lining of his coat he pulled the mo-
ney out,

And 'midst the green grass threw it all about,
The robber he alighted down from his horse,
But little thought that it was to his loss;
While gathering the money that was strewed
on the grass,

John jumped to the saddle and rode off with
the horse.

Then one of the servants saw John come
home,
And into his master he straightway did run
Oh, John, said his master, did you make a
swop,

O how did my cow turn into horse.

Oh, no, my dear master, the truth I'll unfold
I was stoop on the way by a highway man bold
As he gathered the money that was strewed on
the grass,

To make you amends I brought home his horse.

When the taddle bags were opened, in them up
was rolled,

Five hundred bright guineas in silver and gold
A bright pair of pistols, the farmer did vow,
Saying, John, my dear fellow, you have well
outwitted the robber.