

Squire and Milkmaid;

Or, BLACKBERRY FOLD.



IT'S of a rich squire in Bristol doth dwell,
There are ladies of honour that love him well,
But all was in vain, in vain was said,
For he was in love with a charming milkmaid.

As the squire and his sister did sit in the hall,
And as they were talking to one and to all,
And as they were singing each other a song,
Pretty Betsy, the milkmaid, came tripping along

Do you want any milk? pretty Betsy did say,
O yes, said the squire; step in, pretty maid.
It is you, fair body, that I do adore,
Was there ever a body so wounded before?

O, hold your tongue, squire, and let me go free,
Do not make your game on my poverty;
There are ladies of honour more fitter for you,
Then I, a poor milkmaid, brought up from the
cows.

A ring from his finger he instantly drew,
And right in the middle he broke it in two;
And half he gave to her, as I have been told,
And they both went a walking to Blackberry
Fold.

O Betsy, O Betsy, let me have my will,
So constant a squire I'll prove to you still;
And if you deny me, in this open field,
Why, the first time I'll force, and make you to
yield.

With hugging and struggling, poor Betsy got
free,
Saying, you never shall have your will of me;
I'll protect my own virtue, as I would my life,
And drew from her bosom a large dagger knife.

Then with her own weapon she run him quite
through,
And home to her master like lightning she flew,
Saying, O, my dear master, with tears in her
eyes,
I have wounded the squire, and I'm afraid dead
he lies.

The coach was got ready, the squire brought
home,
The doctor was sent for to heal up the wound,
Poor Betsy was sent for—the gay maiden fair—
Who wounded the squire, drove his heart in a
snare.

The parson was sent for, this couple to wed,
And she did enjoy the sweet marriage bed;
It's better to be honest if ever so poor,
For he's made her his lady instead of his whore.

OH! CHARMING MAY!

OH, charming May, oh, charming May!
Fresh, fair, fair, and gay,
That com'st from thy bow'rs 'mid perfume and
flow'rs.

Charming, charming, charming May!
Thou art spring with it's wintry days gone by,
And summer without it's scorching sky;
The sun may be bright, the storm may be free,
But the tranquil beauty of May for me.
Oh, charming May, &c.

Oh, charming May, oh, charming May!
Fresh, fair, fair, and gay,
Thou com'st from the bowers, 'mid perfume and
flow'rs,

Charming, charming, charming May!
There is gladness and joy, in thy genial face,
Fit emblem of innocence, freshness, and grace
There is peaceful delight to me ever dear,
In the charming May, the green month of
the year.

Oh, charming May, &c.

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