



## Sarah Wilson,

Fitts, Printer Wholesale Toy Marble Ware-  
house 6, Great st Andrew street 7 Diats

**I**TS Sarah Wilson is my name,  
I've brought myself to grief and  
shame,

By loving one that never loved me,  
so now my sorrows I plainly see,

Its true I was his fervant maid,  
When first by him I was betray'd,  
With a kifs like Judas he did me betray  
But soon his love all fled away,

Hark ! alas all my joys are fled,  
To morrow my love is to be wed,  
to a farmer's daughter people did say,  
and that shall be my funeral day,

Upon my parents I have brought dis-  
grace, (face  
I hope no one will throw it in their  
For if they do they are to blame.  
I hope that I might bear the blame

Six pretty maidens let me have,  
To bear me to my silent grave,  
All cloathed in white & comely shew  
To bear me to the shades below,

Let this be wrote on my tomb,  
Here lies a fair maid in her bloom  
Like a Rose in June I was cut down,  
Tho' once a maid as well as you,

In this dark tomb the bed of clay  
Here must I lie till the judgment day  
At that dreadful hour he will surely rue  
and wish to me he had been true.

