

This you must allow, when I was born first
I then was incapable to give disgust

So far as to be banished for fifteen years;

The truth of this matter, good sir, let me hear.

The he shew'd a reason for what he had done.

At this news the tears from off her cheeks run.

Said she, If it be so then hard is my lot,

And in your 'scutcheon it may cast a blot.

For fear your honour I bring to disgrace,

Give me a child's part, and I'll quit the place.

With tears he embrac'd her, and for her did pray,

So with riches on horse-back she rode away.

To the North of England this Lady went,

Where in a lone cottage she liv'd with content:

Her provision was brought her by a woman, who

Brought it once a week, and away did go.

And for a diversion, this Lady bright

Play'd on the spinnet, herself to delight:

And as she was playing most sweetly one day,

A young 'Squire chanced to come that way.

Who hearing the music, vow'd he would see

Who in the cottage play'd so sweetly.

The 'Squire knock'd, and call'd o'er and o'er,

Saying, Open to me, or I'll break the door.

For to break it open he then did begin,

At which the young Lady strait let him in;

She said, Now be civil, I am a young maid,

And am, of all females, of men most afraid.

He said, I'll not hurt thee; then did her embrace.

Having sat awhile, he quitted the place.

This sweet Lady's beauty so charm'd him, we find,

That this noble 'Squire could not rest in his mind.