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Saying, See my infant don't lose it, I pray.
So then he embrac'd her, and so rode away.
Now pray mark, good people, & soon you'll hear,
To this babe the mother proved severe.

She sent the nurse out, and then did provide
For to kill the child with a stab in the side;
And said, With this stab I am sure it must die:
Then she took the gold cup, and away did he.

In a widow's dress she went to Liverpool,
And, being well learned, she set up a school.
It happened the nurse returned with speed,
And found the babe living, whose side did bleed.

When the 'Squire came & saw what was done,
He griev'd, but thro' mercy preserved his son.
Near the town of Liverpool the 'Squire had a farm,
For to keep his darling free from all harm,

With the farmer's wife the babe he did place,
Where it was suckled and grew up apace:
When the child was able, to school it did go
Unto its own mother, who did it not know.

But often she kiss'd him, and said with a smile,
I know not the reason for my love to this child.
At eighteen years old he was very tall,
Of a sweet complexion, & comely withal. [find,

To the farmer's daughter, who nurs'd him, we
By his father's consent he in wedlock was join'd.
Cries he, My school-mistress in me took delight,
For which to my wedding I will her invite.

And being invited, as one innocent
Unto the wedding his school-mistress went.
Next morning, before the young couple were up,
His school-mistress came with her golden cup;