

And unto the bridegroom the cup she did give,
Saying, Keep this as long as you live.

He said, That I will; thank you for the same.
Just then the 'Squire into the room came.

The school-mistress knew him, whose heart did ache,
Knowing herself guilty, her joints did shake.

At first sight, the gold cup the 'Squire he knew,
And said to the bridegroom, Who gave it to you?

He said, Sir, that woman gave it to me;
I think it is the finest I ever did see.

And the 'Squire said, A rich cup, I declare,
Here's my name and coat of arms I can swear.

The Squire said, Woman, tell me thy name,
And how you at first by this golden cup came.

For fear of his wrath she swooned away,
When her senses returned, he to her did say:

Come tell me thy name, or else with speed
I will draw my rapier, and stab you indeed.
Then she told him her name, which being done,
Said he, If it be so, where is your son?

Whom I gave this cup to? She said, He is dead,
I stabb'd him, and for fear of hanging I fled.

He said, Wicked woman, as I have you found,
Your blood after his shall be spilt on the ground.

For stabbing my darling when passion was hot,
I'll cut thee as small as herbs for the pot.

With trembling joints on her knees she did cry,
For stabbing your infant I deserve to die.

He said, Before I take thy life away,
I will give you two hours in private to pray.
Then in a dark closet she was locked up, where
This sorrowful Lady for death did prepare.

Mean time to the bridegroom away he did go,
And gave him the truth of the matter to know.

