

He said, She's your mother, who think's you are dead;
I am one that won't hurt the hair of her head.

But unto the closet he goes furiously,
Saying, Wicked woman, prepare for to die.
To see him with glittering sword in his hand,
With sighs and groans she before him did stand,
And said, Kill me the first stroke be sure,
That I may not be tormented long in my gore.
To hear these expressions a groan he did bring,
And no longer could bear love's piercing sting.

He said, be not troubled, thou joy of my life,
The bridegroom's your son whom you stabb'd with a
That this mournful Lady might be satisfy'd, [knife.
They shew'd her the place she stabb'd in his side.

For joy to the bridegroom she gave kisses store,
And said, Now I hope all my sorrows are o'er.
The 'Squire said to her, Now since it is so
That our son is alive, will you have me or no?

To-morrow let's marry to finish the strife.
To this she consented; he made her his wife.
She said to the 'Squire, I'll tell you, my dear,
My father's a Knight of ten thousand a year;
But whether he's living I cannot well tell,
For to ride and see I hold it right well.

To her father's house they both rid with speed;
When her parents saw her, they both smiled indeed.

With joy they embrac'd her, while tears run down,
And gave her a portion of twelve thousand pounds.
This worthy 'Squire it is very well known
Enjoys five thousand a year of his own.

He gave an estate to his son, and behold
Three thousand pieces of bright shining gold.
So now I will leave them in joy all to live,
Great comfort and joy in this world to receive.

F I N I S.