

He said, Love, to morrow I'll make you^r my bride.
Sir, for my oath's sake I'll not have you, the cryd
My honour is stained, which brings me to shame.
No one but myself for this I can blame.

He said, Let us marry, to prevent all strife,
Her answer was, No, I'll ne'er be your wife,
Tho' not join'd in marriage, this young 'squire he
Came three times a-week this lady to see.

And as her time drew nigh for to lie down,
He got her a lodging near to town:
When the time expired, she had a son,
The 'squire was pleas'd it was over and done.

Before this lady began to sit up,
He presented the child^r with a golden cup,
On which was his name and coat of arms at large,
Of this cup he gave the boy's mother a charge.

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, and soon you shall hear
To this babe the mother she 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 a stab I am sure it must die.
Then stole the gold cup, and away did he.

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

When the 'squire came there, and saw what was
He griev'd, but thro' mercy, preserv'd his son, [done,
Near the town of Liverpool the 'squire had a farm,
For to keep this darling free from all harm.

Unto this 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 his own mother, who did not him know.

But often she kiss'd him, and said with a smile,
I know no reason for loving this child.
At eighteen years old he was very tall,
Of a sweet complexion and comely withal.

Unto the farmer's daughter, who nurs'd him we find,
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 his wedding his school-mistress went.
Next morning before the young couple were up,
His school-mistress came, with her golden cup,

And unto the bridegroom the cup did give,
And said, Keep this as long as you live:
He said, That I will, thank you for the same.
Just after the 'squire into the room came.

The school-mistress knew him, whose heart did
Knowing herself guilty, her joints did shake. [ake,
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 'tis she finest that ever I see:

And the 'squire he 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 gold cup came.
For fear of his wrath she swooned away,
When her senses return'd, he to her did say,

Come tell me thy name, tell it with speed,
I will draw my rapier, and kill you indeed.
Then she told him her nam, 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 thee found,
Your blood after this shall be spilt on the ground.

For stabbing my darling when passion was hot,
I'll cut thee as small as herbs to 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 lifetaway,
I will give you two hours in private to pray,
Then in a dark closet she locked up were,
The 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.
He said, She's your mother, who thinks you are dead,
I'm one that won't hurt the hair of her head.

But unto the closet he goes furiously,
And said, 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, you stabb'd with a knife,
That this mournful lady might be satisfy'd,
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 thee, my dear,
My father's a knight of ten thousand a-year.

And 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 smil'd indeed,

With joy they embraced her, while tears ran down,
And gave her a portion of twelve thousand pound.
This worthy 'squire, 'tis very well known,
Enjoys five hundred a-year of his own.

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

