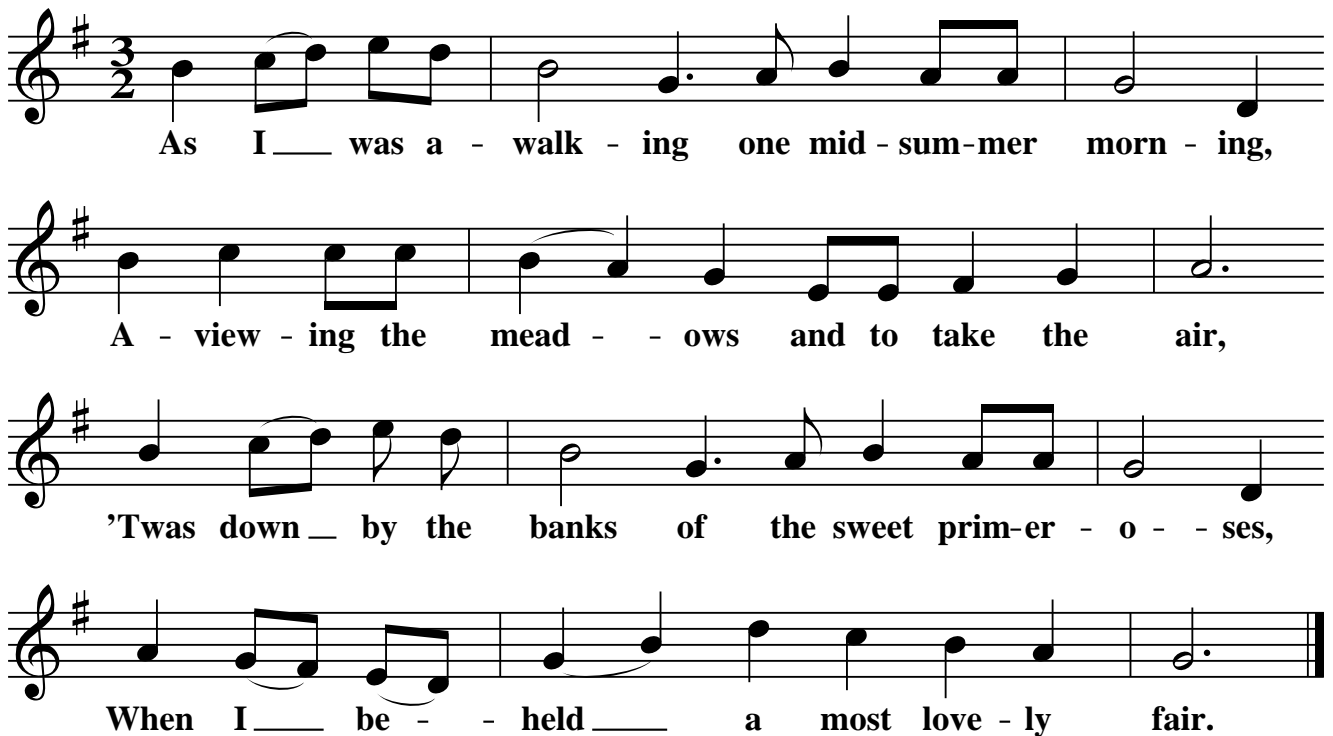


The Sweet Primeroses



As I__ was a - walk - ing one mid - sum - mer morn - ing,
A - view - ing the mead - - ows and to take the air,
'Twas down _ by the banks of the sweet prim - er - o - - ses,
When I __ be - - held __ a most love - ly fair.

As I was a-walking one midsummer morning,
A-viewing the meadows and to take the air,
'Twas down by the banks of the sweet primeroses,
When I beheld a most lovely Fair.

With three long steps I stepp'd up to her,
Not knowing her as she pass'd me by;
I stepp'd up to her, thinking to view her,
She appear'd to me like some virgin bride.

I said: Pretty maid, how far are you going?
And what's the occasion of all your grief?
I'll make you as happy as any lady,
If you will grant me one small relief.

Stand off, stand off, you are deceitful;
You are deceitful, young man, 'tis plain -
'Tis you that have caused my poor heart to wander,
To give me comfort 'tis all in vain;

I'll take thee down to some lonesome valley,
Where no man nor mortal shall ever me tell;
Where the pretty little small birds do change their voices
And every moment their notes do swell.

Come all you young men than go a-courting,
Pray give attention to what I say,
There's many a dark and a cloudy morning
Turns out to be a sunshiny day.