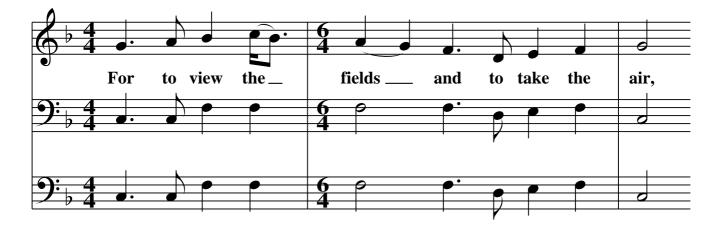
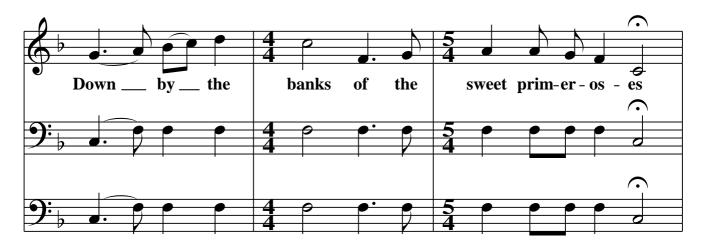
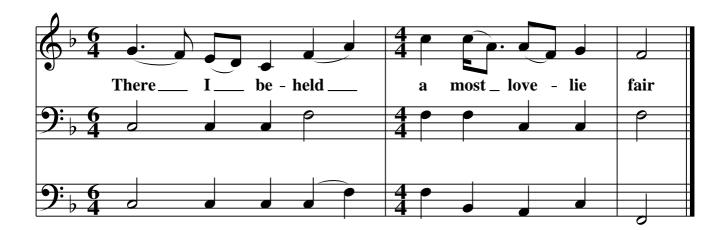
The Banks of the Sweet Primroses









As I walked out one midsummer's morning For to view the fields and to take the air, Down by the banks of the sweet primeroses There I beheld a most lovelie fair.

Three long steps I stepped up to her Not knowing her as she passed me by. I stepped up to her, thinking for to view her, She appeared to me like some virtuous bride.

I said, "Fair maid where are you going, Or what's the occasion for all your grief? I will make you as happy as any lady If you will grant me once more a leave."

She said "Stand off, you are deceitful, You are deceitful and a false young man. It is you that's caused my poor heart to wander, And to give me comfort lies all in vain."

"I'll go down in some lonesome valley, Where no man on earth shall me never find. Where the pretty little small birds do change their voices, And every moment blows blusterous wind."

Come all young men that go a-courting, Pray pay attention to what I say There is many a dark and a cloudy morning Turns out to be a sun-shiny day.