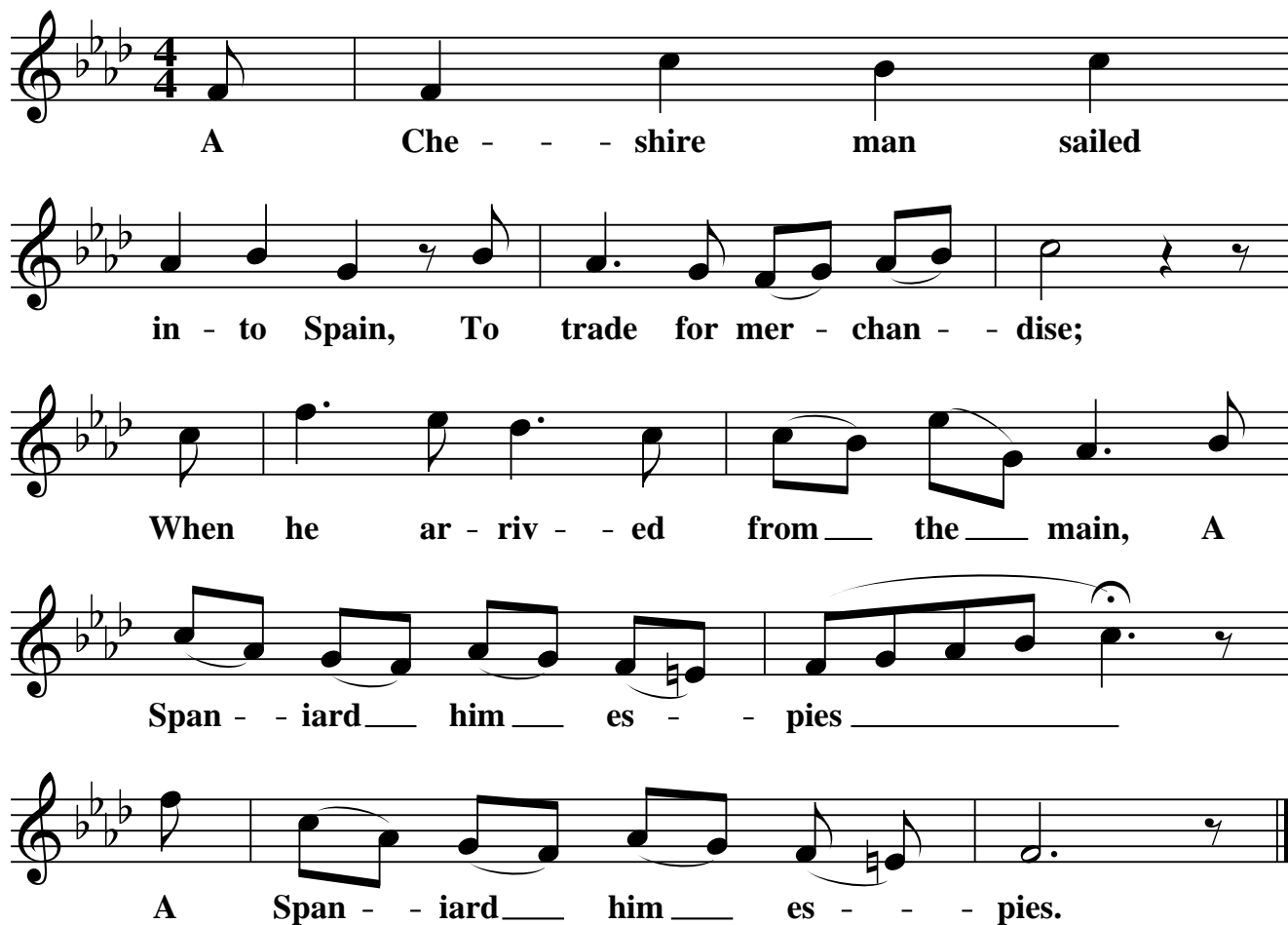


Souling Song (Cheshire)



A Cheshire man sailed
in to Spain, To trade for merchandise;
When he arrived from the main, A
Spaniard him espies
A Spaniard him espies.

A Cheshire man sailed into Spain,
To trade for merchandise;
When he arrived from the main,
A Spaniard him espies.

Who said "You English rogue, look here!
What fruit and spices fine
Our land produces twice a year!
Thou hast not such in thine."

The Cheshire man ran to his hoard,
And fetched a Cheshire cheese;
And said, "Look here, you dog! behold!
We have such fruits as these.

"Your fruits are ripe but twice a year,
As you yourself do say;
But such as I present you here,
Our land brings twice a day."

The Sapniard in a passion flew,
And his rapier took in hand;
The Cheshire man kick'd up his heels,
Saying "Thou'rt at my command."

So never let the Sapniard boast
While Cheshire men abound;
Lest they should teach him to his cost
To dance a Cheshire round.