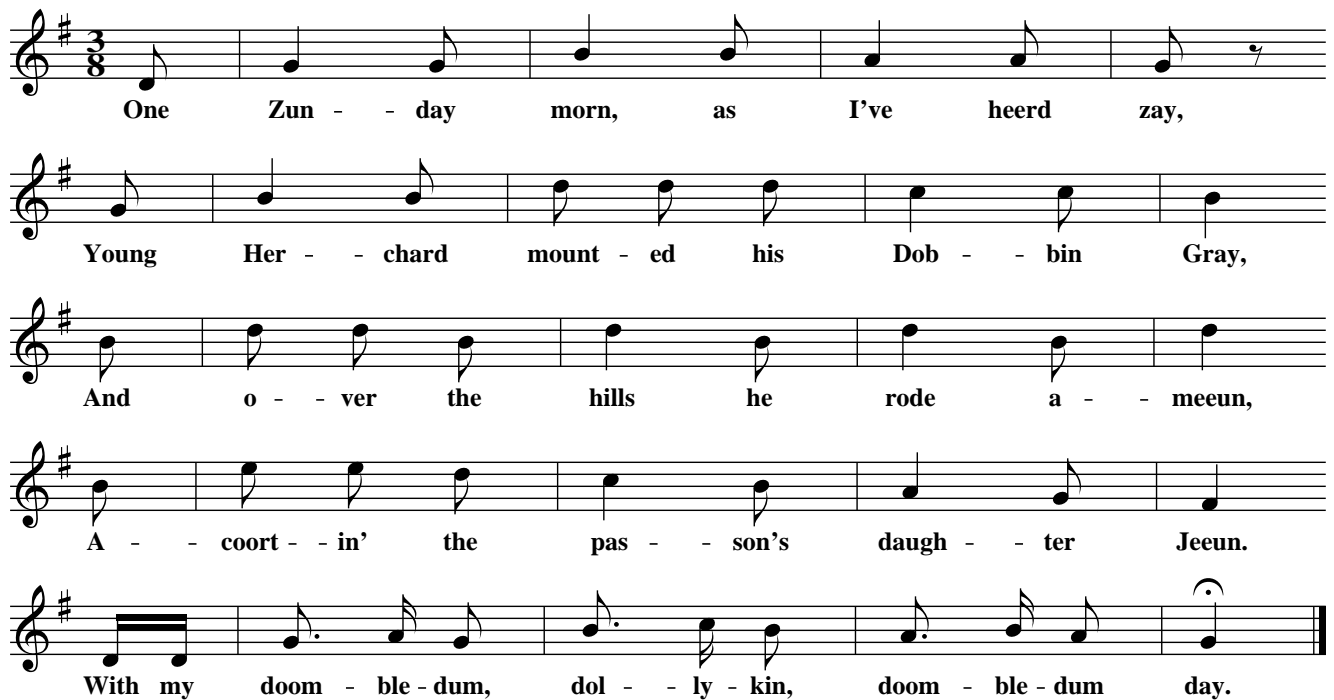


Young Herchard



One Zunday morn, as I've heerd zay,
Young Herchard mounted his Dobbin Gray,
And over the hills he rode ameeun,
A-coortin' the pason's daughter Jeeun.
With my dooble-dum, dolly-kin, dooble-dum day.

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Young Herchard mounted his Dobbin Gray,
And over the hills he rode ameeun,
A-coortin' the pason's daughter Jeeun.

Chorus:
With my dooble-dum, dolly-kin, dooble-dum day.

Young Herchard has on his Zunday claws,
His buckskin breeches and silken hose,
A brand-new hat upon his head,
As were bedecked wi' ribbon so red.

Young Herchard, he rode without any fear,
Till he came to the whoam of his own sweet dear;
He up and shouted "Hullo, hullo!
Be the volks at whoam? zay ess or noo."

The servants quickly let let Dick in,
So that his coortin' might begin;
And when he got inside the hall,
He loudly for Meess Jeeun did bawl.

Meess Jeunn came down without delay,
To see what Herchard had got for to zay,
He says, "Ah suppose ye do know, Meess Jeeun,
That Oi be Herchard o' Taunton Deun?"

"Oi'm an honest lad though Oi be poor,
And Oi never was in love avoor;
But feyhter he've sent Oi out for to woo,
And Oi can't fancy noan bu you."

"If I consent to be your bride,
Pray how for me will you provide?"
"Oi'll give you all Oi have, Oi'm zure,
What can a poor vellow do fur ye more?"

"For Oi cap reap and Oi can zow,
And Oi can plough and Oi can hoe;
Oi goes to market wi' vather's hay,
And earns me ninepence every day."

"Ninepence a day would never do,
For I must have silks and satins too;
Twill ne'er be enough for you and I,"
"Oh coom," says Herchard, "Us can but ry."

"Fur Oi've a pig poked up in a stoi,
As'll coom to us when Granny do doi;
And if you'll consent fur to marry me now,
Whoi feyther he'll give us his voin vat zow."

Dick's complements were zo polite,
He won Meess Jeeun avoor it were night;
An' when her'd got no moor fur to zay,
Whoi he gee'd here a kiss, and her coom'd away.