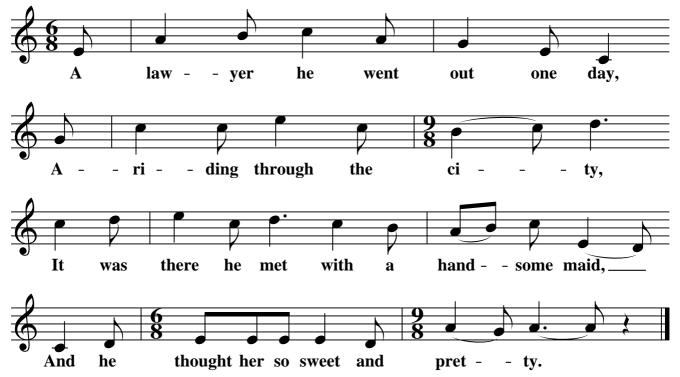
A Lawyer He Went out



A lawyer he went out one day, A-riding through the city, It was there he met with a handsome maid, And he thought her so sweet and pretty.

"Good morning to you, pretty maid, O whiter are you going?" "I am going a-down yonder meadow," she said, "Where my father he is a-mowing."

"I'll take you up to London town, And all such lovely places, I will busk you into a silken gown, Gold rings and gold chains and laces."

"I'll have none of your London town, Nor any such lovely places, I will not be busked into a silken gown, Gold rings and gold chains and laces."

And now she is a poor man's wife, Her husband dearly loves her, And she lives a sweet and contented life, There's no lady in town above her.