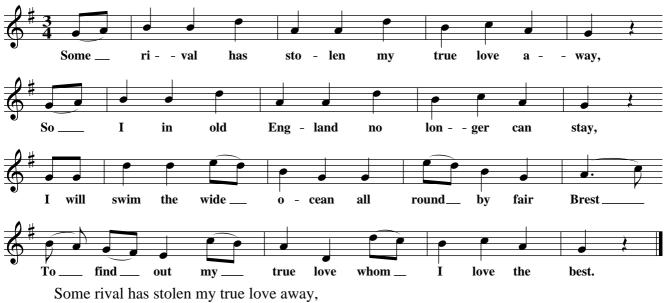
Some Rival has Stolen my True Love away



So I in Old England no longer can stay;

I will swim the wide ocean all round by fair Brest, (or: all round my fair breast,) To find out my true love whom I love the best.

When I have found out my true love and delight, I'll welcome her kindly by day or by night; For the bells shall be a-ringing, and the drums make a noise, To welcome my true love with ten thousand joys.

Here's a health to all overs that are loyal and just; Here's confusion to the rival that lives in distrust! But it's I'll be as constant as a true turtle dove, For I never will, at no time, prove false to my love.