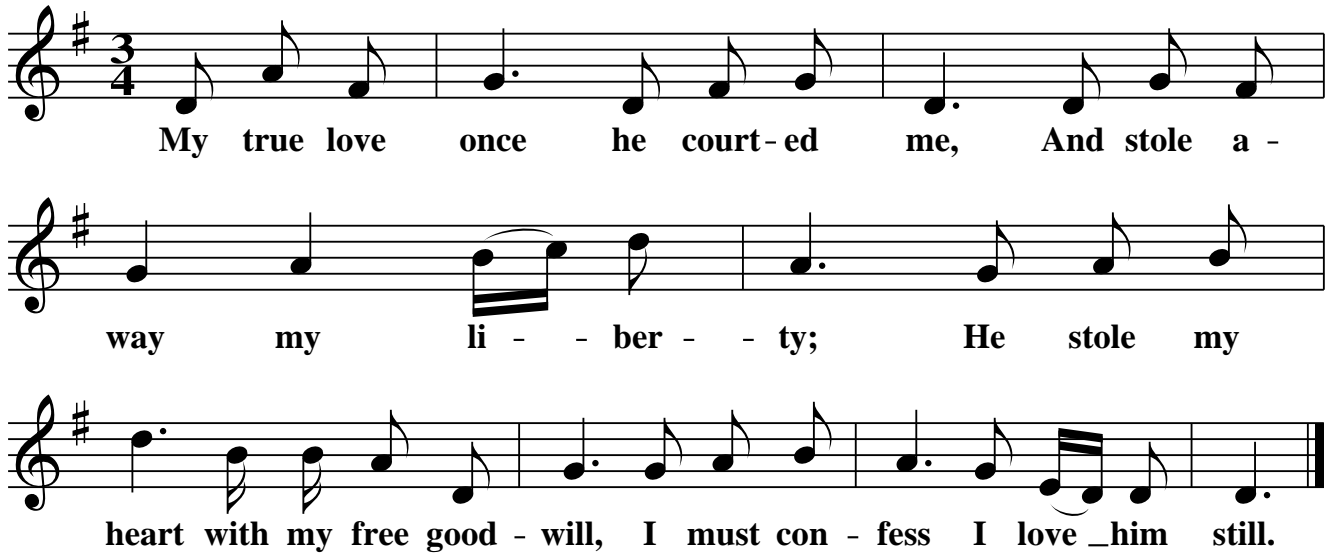


My True Love Once He Courted Me



My true love once he court-ed me, And stole a -
way my li - - ber - - ty; He stole my
heart with my free good - will, I must con - fess I love _him still.

My true love once he courted me,
And stole away my liberty;
He stole my heart with my free good will,
I must confess I love him still.

There is an alehouse in this town,
Where my love goes and sits him down;
He takes another girl on his knee -
O! isn't that a grief to me.

A grief to me, I'll tell you why -
Because she has more gold than I;
Her gold will waste, her beauty blast,
Poor girl, she'll come like me at last.

O once I [had no cause for woe],
My love followed me through frost and snow;
But [ah! the changes time doth bring] -
My love passes by and he says nothing.

I wish my baby it was born,
Set smiling on its nurse's knee;
And I myself was in my grave,
And the green grass growing over me.

I wish, I wish, but it's all in vain,
I wish I were [but free again;
But free again I'll never be],
Till an apple grows on an orange tree.

There is a bird in yon churchyard,
They say it's blind and cannot see;
I wish it had been the same with me,
Ere I joined by true love's company.