

The Wooing

A youth went faring up and down,

Alack and well-a-day.

He fared him to the market town,

Alack and well-a-day.

And there he met a maiden fair,

With hazel eyes and auburn hair—

His heart went from him then and there

Alack and well-a-day.

She posies sold right merrily,

Alack and well-a-day;

But not a flower was fair as she,

Alack and well-a-day.

He bought a rose and sighed a sigh

"Ah, dearest maiden, would that I

Might dare the seller too to buy,"

Alack and well-a-day.

She tossed her head--the coy coquette,

Alack and well-a-day.

"I'm not sir in the market yet"

Alack and well-a-day.

Your love must cool upon a shelf;

Tho' much I sell for gold and pelf

I'm yet too young to sell myself

Alack and well-a-day.

The youth was filled with sorrow sore

Alack and well-a-day;

And looked he at the maid once more

Alack and well-a-day.

Then loud he cried, "Fair maiden, if

Too young to sell, now as I live,

You're not too young yourself to give"

Alack and well-a-day.

The little maid cast down her eyes

Alack and well-a-day,

And many a flush began to rise

Alack and well-a-day.

"Why, since you are so bold," she said,

"I doubt not you are highly bred,

So take me!" and the twain were wed.

Alack and well-a-day.