

- 8 She stept to him, as red as any rose,
And took him by the bridle-ring: 30
'I pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,
To ease my weary limb.'
- 9 'I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me
Where that thou wast born?' 35
'At Islington, kind sir,' said she,
'Where I have had many a scorn.'
- 10 'I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me
Whether thou dost know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?'
'She 's dead, sir, long ago.' 40
- 11 'Then will I sell my goodly steed,
My saddle and my bow;
I will into some far countrey,
Where no man doth me know.'
- 12 'O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth! 45
She 's alive, she is not dead;
Here she standeth by thy side,
And is ready to be thy bride.'
- 13 'O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times and more! 50
For now I have seen my own true-love,
That I thought I should have seen no more.'