



- 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.'