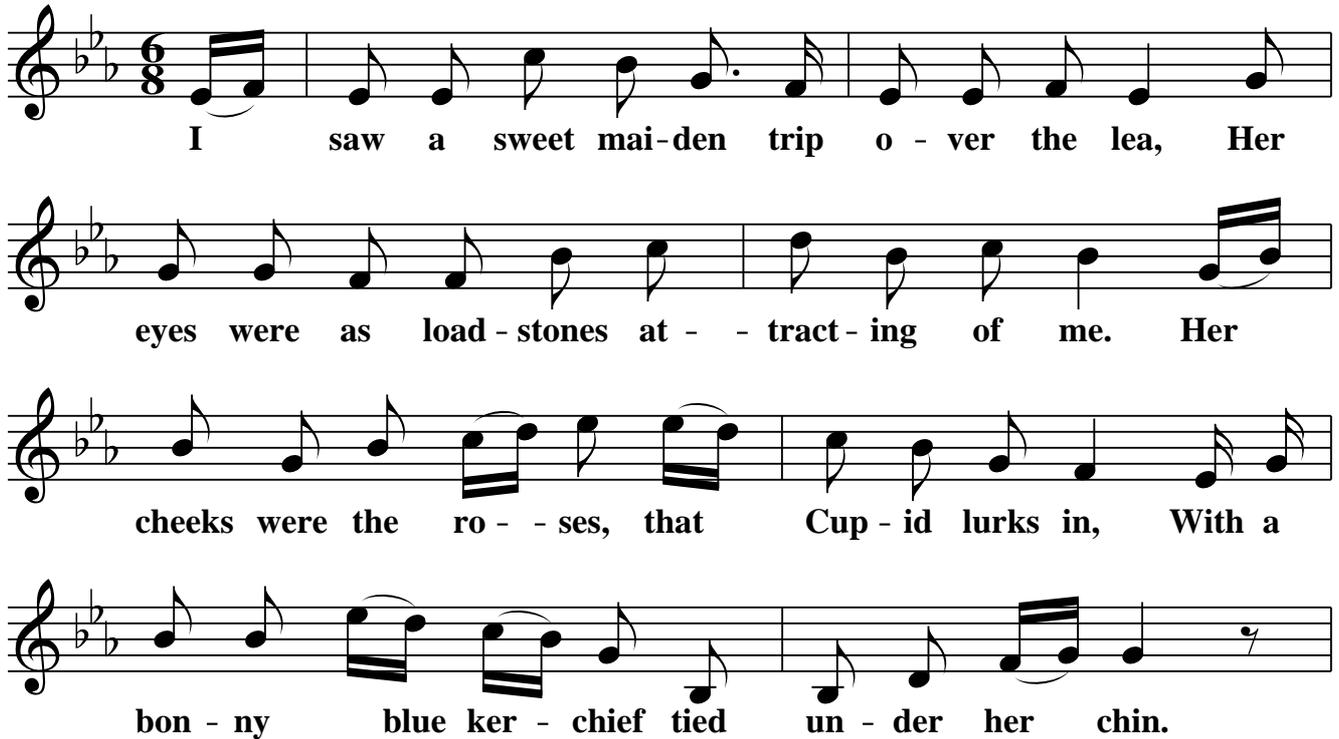


## The Blue Kerchief.



I saw a sweet maiden trip o - ver the lea, Her  
eyes were as load - stones at - - tract - ing of me. Her  
cheeks were the ro - - ses, that Cup - id lurks in, With a  
bon - ny blue ker - chief tied un - der her chin.

I saw a sweet maiden trip over the lea,  
Her eyes were as loadstones attracting of me.  
Her cheeks were the roses, that Cupid lurks in,  
With a bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin.

O where are you going my fair pretty maid?  
O whither so swift through the dewdrops? I said,  
I go to my mother, kind sir, for to spin.  
O the bonny blue kerchief tied under her chin.

Why wear you that kerchief tied over your head?  
'Tis the country girl's fashion, kind sir, then she said.  
And the fashion young maidens will always be in  
So I wear the blue kerchief tied under my chin.

To kiss her sweet lips then I sought to begin,  
O nay Sir! she said, 'ere a kiss you would win,  
Pray show me a ring, of gold most thin,  
O slyest blue kerchief tied under the chin!

Why wear a blue kerchief, sweet maiden, I said,  
Because the blue colour is one not to fade,  
As a sailor's blue jacket who fights for the king.  
So's my bonny blue kerchief tied under the chin.

The love that I value is certain to last,  
Not fading and changing, but ever set fast,  
That only the colour, my love sir to win,  
So goodbye from the kerchief tied under the chin.