



*The Lass of the Brook*

*Slowly* *On a brook's grassy*

*Drink in if Willows cool shade the Primroses pressing round a fair Maid she*

*hold o'er if stream that limpidly along will flow I saw her self and thus found her soft*

*Sing will please I saw her self and thus found her soft I sing*

*The the Squire's fine Sweet heart should look in if stream  
 If the Crystal tells truly more comely I seem  
 What's it Daisy the Peach or the Strawberry Dye  
 With white & Red blooming more comely am I  
 As oft thro' the Church Yard on Sunday I tread  
 While gaping Guts grinning o'er Tombstones are spread  
 With Raptures they praise me I keep on my Way  
 And down looking seem not to hear what they say  
 Each kneeling I vain loudly protests I am fair  
 Yet none can delight me till Strophon I hear  
 Speed your Search ye shrill Songsters till Strophon ye see  
 Then tell him he's stay'd for he's stay'd for by me*