



The Blush

Moderately slow

On a sunny bank by a murmuring streamlet
 I was sat singing & I wash'd them with my hand till her eyes were behind a green bush I began to
 hear her sweet tale with a blush
 Of all the young shepherds I like on the Reed to
 Dandle alone I am jany & indeed I tell him I value him
 not of a blush yet surely I love him or why do I blush by jany's love him or why do I blush

When I went to the Grove at top of a Hill
 It was the first May I remember it still
 He brought me a nest of young linnets to sing
 And the land presented round with a blush
 Whenever he meets me he'll sing for a smile
 As if I had not observ'd him the while
 He's offer'd to kiss me I gave him a push
 Why can't you be easy I cry'd with a blush
 Why can't you be . . .

One Sunday he came to visit me to walk
 And as down in a meadow of love was our talk
 He said I had darrest thing I can see
 There's somebody coming for a with a blush
 My mother she smiles which I'm not doing
 For she bids me to go to the Meadow again
 But sure for his sake I'll venture a blush
 For love him I do I confess with a blush
 For love him be . . .

That's married the fair and my heart kept for joy
 She little she thought that her Damsel was night
 But chancing to spy me behind a green bush
 She cry'd for joy and awok with a blush
 The last I've to be sung twice over.