

MILLY, AN THA SQUIRE

Tha Squire, a went out var a ride
One evenin in tha month a May,
Tha hills an dales wur vull a pride,
Tha birds did zing on every spray.

Aloane, he jog'd on droo tha hood
A whistlin we tha joyous birds,
Till ael at wonce, a quiet stood,
He yeard a lass zing lovin wirts.

An there beneath a girt woak tree,
Tha vairest maid as ere wur zeed,
Wur zingin love zongs artlessly,
Tha listnin Squire, she did not heed.

She zung, come Robin leave thy wirk,
An to thy Milly quick now come,
Why dwost behind, ta night zo lurk?
I waits var you ta teak I wom.

An tho her's wur a zimple lay,
Her voice it wur rich melody,
Tha Squire's heart she car'd away,
A list'ned to her rapturously.

Then he draa'd nier to tha maid
An in zoft tones he to her zed,
“My lovely lass, dwoant be avraid,”
While blushin Milly hung her yead.

“I've yeard yer zong, me lassie sweet,
An ah, it charms me to thease place.
Bit now yer beauteous feace I meet
I hood die var your vond embrace.

“O happy swain, who claims yer hand,
Nooan happier in tha wordle than he.
Zay lassie, what wilt thou command?
Let me but gie a kiss to thee.”

Then Milly blush'd, an blush'd again
An to tha Squire she did zay
“My love is won, yer wish is vain,
Zoo kind Zur now, goo on yer way.”

“Know you not lass,” then he did zay,
“Riches, an splendor, I command
An I cood meak ee rich an gay,

Tha happiest bride in ael tha land.”

“An za ye med, but I know well,
A Peasant lass yeant fit for you,
An Robin zee, comes up tha dell,
Zo, you had best bid me adieu.”

Tha Squire, he vound, it wur no good
Zoo off he trotted on his mare,
An left tha maiden in tha hood
To enjoy her Robin's greetins there.

Tho Milly wur a beauteous lass,
Tho paltry wealth she med command,
Her Robin's love none cood zurpass,
An zo ta he, she gied her hand.