

THE MAID THAT SUNG TO ME.

Fair is the maid that sung to me,
 And bright blue is her eye,
This maid O ne'er shall I forget,
 Till I lay down to die.

Sweet is the maid that sang to me,
 And O how sweet is her song,
How oft I've listened, wrapt in bliss,
 To her the whole day long.

Loving the maid that sang to me,
 Her song a tale of love,
True love tears glistened in the eyes
 Of that sweet charming dove.

I love to hear the mavis sing,
 The lark and linnet sweet,
But O, much dearer is the voice,
 Of her so fair and neat.

An this fair lass that sang to me,
 Is now my charming bride,
She still doth sing those lovely songs,
 When sitting by my side.