

THE VILLAGE FLIRT.

They say I'm the prettiest lass in the vale,
Which of course makes me feel rather vain,
And they say if I but keep myself up,
O some rich man surely I shall gain.

Then oftimes I think I am a lady of rank,
When they praise and flatter me so,
And oftimes I feel in my own haughty pride
A Lord I shall have for a beau.

There's the carpenter's son next door to our cot,
Is dying I well know for me,
For he follows me withsover I go,
And sends letters and presents quite free.

But I pass him bye with a cold haughty frown,
And his letters I put on the fire,
For I feel I should be but low'ring myself
To wed any man less than a squire.

At our last village feast he came up to me
And pray'd I with him would dance,
But I gave him a look he'll not soon forget,
It pain'd him I saw at a glance.

Twas cruel well I know but then do you see,
A young gent was eyeing me keen,
And full well I knew, if I kept aloof,
I should capture him all serene.

And then all alone I watch'd the gay dance,
Till that young gent came up to my side,
And in a soft voice he asked me to dance,
And of course I at once did decide.

He whirl'd me round and round on the green,
To see us the folks did all stare,
The carpenter's son look'd on with a frown,
And I gloried in his despair.

This fine gent and I was the talk of the day,
And they wondered who he could be,
But all I would tell them he was a true gent,
And some day he would marry me.

But that day never came, I found out at last
He was a deceiver, a rake,
And bitterly for my folly I've smart,
For my heart he nearly did break.

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Now young village lasses one word of advice
If you revel in beauty's sweet smile,
By false flatters never be carried away,
Else your beauty will but you beguile.