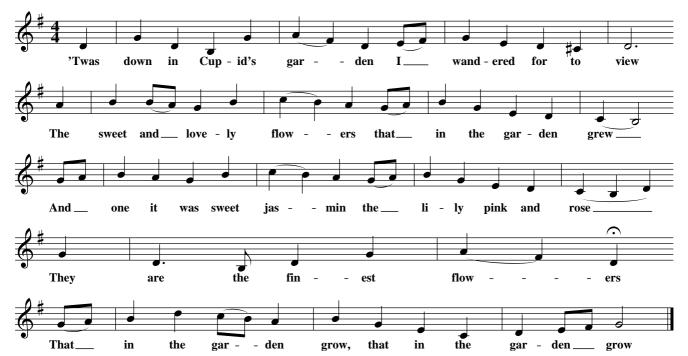
## Cupid's Garden



'Twas down in Cupid's Garden I wandered for the view The sweet and lovely flowers that in the garden grew And one it was sweet jasmin, the lily, pink and rose, They are the finest flowers that in the garden grow, That in the garden grow.

I had not been in the garden but scarcely half an hour When I held two maidens sat under a shady bower, And one was lovely Nancy so beautiful and fair The other was a virgin and did the laurels wear, And did the laurels wear.

I boldley stepp-ed up to them and unto them did say, Are you engaged to any young man, come tell to me, I pray, No, I'm not engaged to any young man I solemnly declare I mean to stay a virgin and still the laurels wear And still the laurels wear.

So hand in hand together this loving couple went, To view the secrets of her heart was the sailor's full intent, Or whether she would slight him while he to the wars did go. Her answer was, "Not I, my love, for I love a sailor bold, I love a sailor bold."

It's down in Portmouth harbour there's a ship lies waiting there, Tomorrow to the seas I go, let the wind blow high or fair, And if I should live to return again how happy I shall be With you, my love, my own true-love, sitting smiling on my knee Sit smiling on my knee.