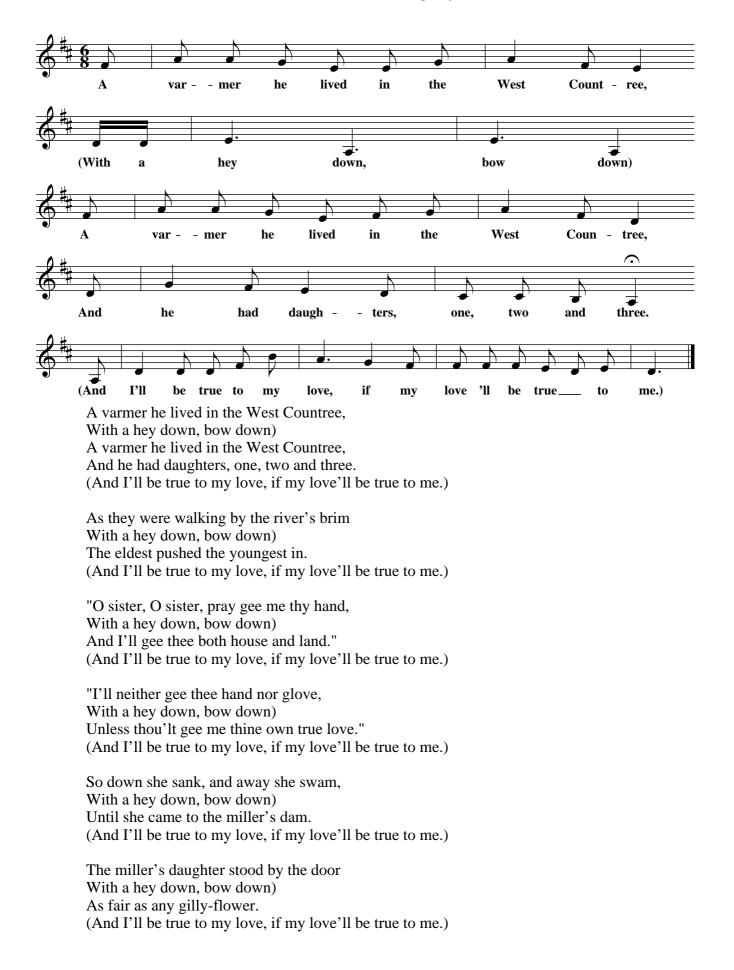
The Barkshire Tragedy



"O vather, O vather, here swims a swan With a hey down, bow down) Very much like a drownded gentlewoman" (And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

The miller he fot his pole and hook With a hey down, bow down) And he fished the fair maid out of the brook. (And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

"O miller, I'll gee thee guineas ten, With a hey down, bow down) If thou'lt fetch me back to my vather again." (And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

The miller he took her guineas ten With a hey down, bow down) And he pushed the fair maid in again. (And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

But the Crowner he came, and the Justice too, With a hey down, bow down) With a hue and a cry and a hullabaloo. (And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

The hanged the miller beside his own gate With a hey down, bow down) For drowning the varmer's daughter Kate. (And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

The sister she fled beyond the seas With a hey down, bow down) And died an old maid among black savagees. (And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)

So I've ended my tale of the West Countree With a hey down, bow down) And they calls it the Barkshire Tragedee. (And I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me.)