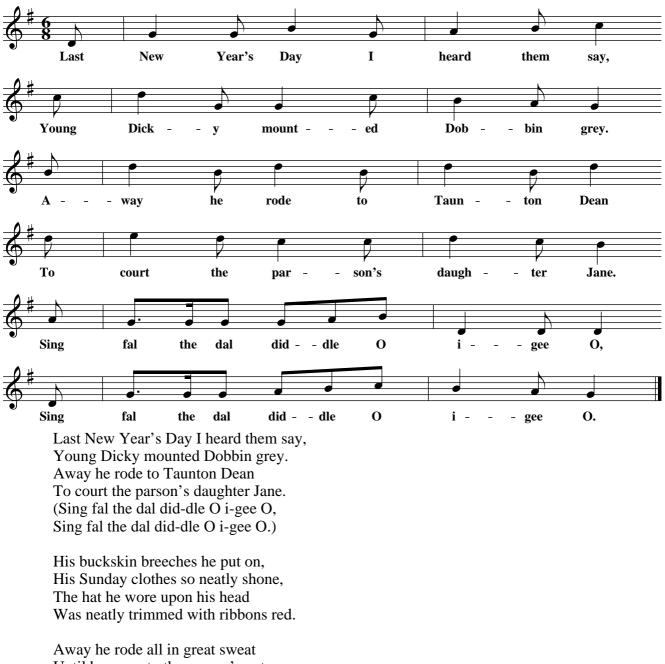
Dicky of Tauton Dene



Until he came to the parson's gate, And there he cried: Hullo, hullo, What! are the good people at home or no?

O the trusty servant let him in And then the courtship did begin. Straightway he went into the hall And aloud for Parson's Jane did call.

Miss Jane walked down all in great sway To hear what Dicky had got to say. I am a good fellow although I am poor, I never did fall in love before. If I consent to be your bride, What will you for me provide? For I can neither card nor spin Nor neither help your harvest in.

Sometime I reap, I plough, I sow, And sometimes I to the market go. The old mare's keep be corn and hay And she earn me sixpence every day.

Sixpence a day that will not do To gird me in silks and satins too, Besides the coach when I take the air. The devil, says Dicky, you make me stare.

Sixpence a day that won't find meat, Nor faith, say Dick, nor sacks of wheat, But if you'll consent to marry me now I'll make you as fat as father's old cow.

His complements were so polite Which made the good people laugh outright. And when young Dick hd no more to say He mounted Dobbin and rode away.