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# Sheffield Park

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## Sheffield Park,

Printed by T. BIRT, 39, Great St. Andrew  
Street, Seven Dials.

IN SHEFFIELD Park, O there did dwell,  
A buxom young lad I loved him well,  
He courted me my heart to gain,  
He is gone and left me full of pain.

I went up stairs to make my bed,  
I laid me down and nothing said,  
My mistress came and to me said,  
What is the matter with you, my maid,

O mistress, mistress you little know,  
The pain and sorrow I undergo,  
It's put your hand on my left breast  
My panting heart can take no rest.

My mistress away from me did go.  
Some help, some help, I will have for you,  
No help, no help, no help I crave,  
Sweet William brought me to the grave.

Go take this letter to him with speed,  
And give it him if he can read.  
And bring me an answer without delay  
For he has stole my heart away.

She took the letter immediately,  
He read the letter while she stood by,  
And soon he did the letter burn,  
Leaving this fair maid to make her mourn.

How can she think how fond I'd be,  
That I could fancy none but she,  
Man was not made for one alone,  
I take delight to hear her mourn.

Then she returned immediately,  
And found her maid as cold as clay,  
Beware young girls don't love in vain,  
For love has broke her heart in twain.

She gathered the green grass for her bed,  
And a flow'ry pillow for her head,  
The leaves that blow from tree to tree,  
Shall be a covering over me.

O cruel man I find thou art,  
For breaking of my own child's heart,  
Now she in Abraham's bosom sleep,  
While thy tormented soul shall weep.