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Sarah Wilson

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SARAH WILSON

Printed by J. Catnach, 2, Monmouth-
court, 7 Dials.

ITS Sarah Wilson is my name,
I have brought myself to grief and
shame,
By loving one that never lov'd me,
So now my sorrows I plainly see.

Its true I was his servant maid,
When first by him I was betray'd,
With a kiss like Judas did me betray,
But soon his love all fled away.

Hark, all my joys are fled,
To morrow my love is to be wed,
To a farmer's daughter people did say,
And that shall be my funeral day.

Upon my parents I have brought disgrace
I hope no one will throw in their face,
For if they do they are to blame,
I hope that I might bear the shame.

Six pretty maidens let me have,
To bear me to the silent grave,
All clothed in white and comely shew,
To bear me to the shades below.

Let this be wrote on my tomb,
Here lies a fair maid in her bloom,
Like a rose in June I was cut down,
Though once a maid as well as you.

In this dark tomb a bed of clay,
Here must I lay till the Judgment day
At that dreadful day he will surely rue,
And wish to me he had been true.