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## A Courting I Went; I had Naught Else to Do

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**A COURTING I WENT ;  
I had  
Naught else to do.**

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer and Publisher,  
177, Union-street, Borough, S. E.

**T**HE summer was over, my flocks were all shorn,  
The meadows were mowed, I had housed all my  
corn,  
Fair Phillida's cottage was just in my view,  
A courting I went—I had naught else to do.

On Flora's soft carpet together we sat,  
And spent several long hours in amorous chat,  
I told her I loved and I hoped she loved too,  
I kissed her sweet lips—I had naught else to do.

She hung down her head and with blushes replied,  
I love you, but first you must make me your bride ;  
Without hesitation I made her a vow,  
To make her my wife—I had naught else to do.

To the village in quest of a priest we did roam,  
As fortune would have it the Don was at home,  
Then I gave him a fee to make one of us two,  
He married us then—he had naught else to do.

Ever since we've been happy, with peace and content,  
Nor tasted the sorrows of those who repent ;  
Our neighbours around us we love, and 'tis true,  
Each other besides—when we've naught else to do.

With Phoebus the toils of the day we begin,  
I shepherd my flocks, while she sits down to spin,  
With cares thus domestic with ardour pursue  
And then we will love—when we've naught else to do.