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The Maid of Lodi

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The MAID of LODI.

Printed and Sold by T. Evans, 79, Long-lane.

I SING the Maid of Lodi,
Who sweetly sung to me,
Whose brows are never cloudy,
Nor e'er distort with glee,
She values not the wealthy,
Unless they are great and good,
For she is strong and healthy,
And by labour earns her food.

And when her day's works over,
Around the cheerful fire,
She sings or rests contented,
What more can man desire,
Let those who squander millions,
Review her happy lot,
They'll find their proud pavillions,
Inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma,
Some villains seiz'd my coach,
And dragg'd me to a cavern,
Most dreadful to approach ;
Near which the maid of Lodi,
Came trotting from the fair ;
She paus'd to hear my wailing,
And to see me tear my hair.

Then to her market basket,
She tied her poney's reins,
I thus by female courage,
Was brought to life again,
She took me to her dwelling,
And cheer'd my heart with wine,
And then she deck'd a table,
At which a God might dine.

Among the mild Madonas,
Her features you may find,
But not the fam'd Boregios,
Could ever paint her mind,
Then sing the maid of Lodi,
Who sweetly sung to me :
And when this maid is married,
The happier may she be.