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# Oxford City

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## Oxford City.

Sold at Livsey's Song Mart,  
43, Hanover-st, Shudehill  
Manchester,—Shops supplied

It's of a fair maid in Oxford city,  
Now the truth to you I'll tell,  
She by a servant man was courted,  
He oft times told her he loved her well.

She lov'd him too but at a distance,  
She did not seem to be very fond.  
He said my dear I'm sure you slight me  
I know you love another man.

Not my dear why can't we marry,  
That at once would end the strife.  
I'd work for you both late and early  
If you will be my sweet wedded wifer

She said my dear we're too young to marry  
Too young to climb the marriage bed  
For when we're married we are bound forever  
My dear and all our joys are fled.

He said my dear you've another sweet heart  
And in his company you take delight,  
But for your fondness you inconstant fair one  
I soon will end your tender life.

It was soon after this lovely creature.  
She was invited to a dance you know,  
This jealous young man he followed after,  
And soon prepared for her overthrow

As she was dancing with another,  
His jealousy then fill'd his mind,  
For to destroy his own true lover,  
This wicked young man was inclined,

Then some poison he soon prepared,  
and mix'd it with a glass of wine,  
He gave the liquor to his lover,  
and she drank it up most cheerfully.

And when she drank it quickly after,  
Take me home my dear she said,  
The glass of wine you lately gave me,  
Makes me very ill she said,