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# Watercresses

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# Watercresses!



I'm a jolly farmer, from Bedfordshire I came,  
To see some friends at Camberwell and Morgan  
is my name.

At a dairy farm near Dunstable, I live when  
I'm at home,  
And if I get safe back again, from there I'll  
never roam;  
But if you'll give attention, I will without  
delay,  
How a buxom little damsel my affections led-  
astray,  
And promised for to marry me upon the first of  
May,  
And left me with a bunch of watercresses.

'Twas on the first of April, when I arrived in  
town  
And being quite a stranger, I wandered up and  
down,  
Till I lost myself entirely, I cannot tell you  
where.  
But 'twas in a very quiet street, the corner of a  
square,  
A neatly-dressed young woman walking down  
the way,  
As long as I remember, I shall ne'er forget,  
She promised for to marry me upon the first of  
May,  
And she left me with a bunch of watercresses.

Politely I address'd her, and thus to her did say,  
I wish to go to Camberwell, can you direct the  
way,

Oh! yes, sir, oh! yes, sir, she speedily replied,  
Take the turning on the left then go down the  
other side

Her voice it was the sweetest I ever yet did  
hear,  
In her hands, which like the lily, were so very  
bright and clear,  
She'd a bunch of early onions, and a half-a-pint  
of beer,  
Some pickles, and a bunch of watercresses.

I bow'd and thanked her, and walked by her  
side,  
And thought how well she'd look as a dairy  
farmer's bride:  
I gather'd resolution, half in earnest, half  
joke.

I hinted matrimony, these very words I spoke—  
"I've a farm of forty acres, I've horses, cows  
and geese,  
Besides I have a dairy filled with butter milk  
and cheese.  
Will you marry me and mistress be fair lady of  
all these,  
And we'll pass our days on love and water-  
cresses."

She replied, with a smile (or a leer if you  
choose),  
You are so very generous, I cannot well  
refuse,  
So give me your direction, and will without  
delay.  
Prepare for matrimony, love, honour, and  
obey.  
I've a wedding dress to buy, and some little  
bills to pay.  
I handed her a sovereign expenses to defray,  
And she promised for to marry me upon the  
first of May,  
When she left me with a bunch of watercresses.

Next day a letter I received, and read there  
with surprise.  
Dear sir, for disappointing you, I must  
apologize,  
But when next you ask a stranger into partner-  
ship for life,  
Be sure she is a maiden, or a widow—not  
a wife,  
I've a husband of my own, and his name is  
Willie Gray,  
And when I can afford it, the sovereign I will  
pay,  
To think that I should marry you upon the first  
of May,  
Why, you must have been as green as water-  
cresses.