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Marriage of the Blooming Lady and the Gentleman

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MARRIAGE OF THE Blooming Lady & the Groom

There was a beauty bright,
At Woking she did dwell,
Her father had a handsome groom,
And his daughter loved him well.
They used to trot away,
Conversing on the land,
Oh! Alice Caroline dearly loved
Her father's servant man.

Alice loved her father's groom,
She longed to take his hand,
No one can separate her
From her father's servant man.

She is twenty years of age,
As blythe as e'er was seen,
And George, the groom, was a youth in
bloom,

Is aged but eighteen.
She dearly loved her George,
She by his side would stand,
She vowed no one should part her,
From her father's servant man.

George and Caroline would toy,
Each other they would please,
Each other they would kiss,
And tiddle each other's knees.
They swore by all above,
Did together fondly plan,
To dear each other, lovely
Alice and her servant man.

From Woking they set out,
Thinking 'ere theyfar had got,
A lovely chance they'd have
To tie the lovers' knot.
They disappointed was,
And they amazed did stand,
Then young Alice went to Wandsworth
With her father's servant man.

The banns they did put up,
Alice and her father's groom,
And in Love Lane, in Wandsworth,
They together took a room :
Saying they were man and wife.
As the young lady blythe 'id stand,

Vowed she would lose her life,
Or wed her father's servant man.

But mark! young men and maids,
Sad was the lovers' fate ;
They were by her father took
Before the magistrate ;
Alice boldly faced them all,
As she at the Bar did stand,
And swore she ran away
With her fathet's servant man.

Have her Georgy Smith she would
For he had gained her heart ;
No power in the world,
She and he groom should part,
Like a maiden in despair,
She would wander through the land,
If they would not let her wed,
Her father's servant man,

May they both united be,
And live a happy life,
May the pretty sweet Miss Crosse,
Be a kind and loving wife ;
And may she ne'er regret
She did at the altar staud,
By the side of Georgy Smith,
Her father's servant man.

You Weybridge pretty girls,
You Chertsey lads and lasses gay,
Can you blame me 'cause from Woking
With my love I run away
You girls of Guildford town,
Together we will trill,
To see the pleasant fair,
At the place called Catharine Hill.

This lovely pretty maid,
The parson's daughter all in bloom,
Declares she'll never have another man,
Unless she has her groom,
She loves him as her life,
and may she dance a jig,
And may she have a little boy,
Marked with a parson's wig.