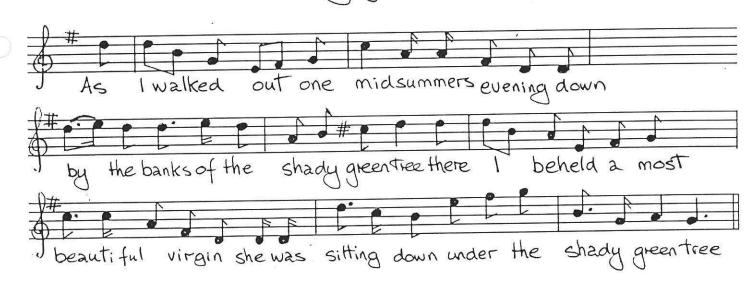
THE SHADY GREEN TREE

As I walked out one midsummers evening Down by the banks of the shady green tree There I beheld a most beautiful virgin She was sitting down under the shady green tree

The shady green tree



This version was found by Philip in some old papers in the Essex Records Office belonging to the White family of Bulphan near Upminster on a handwritten sheet in an Old Moore's Almanac of 1781.

As I was walking one midsummer morn Down by a shady green tree There did I behold a beautiful virgin Sitting all under the shady green tree

I stepped up to her and said my dear jewel You are the first girl that ever wounded me You shall not want for gold nor silver If you will set your mind on me

She said kind sir you are better deserving I am a poor girl of low degree Besides your parents will always be scolding So in my station contented I'll be

Talk not of friends nor any relations They have no portion at all to give me As I am a young man and you are a virgin Married tomorrow to you I will be

She sat herself down I sat myself by her There did I rifle her beautiful charms With sweet melting kisses and fond embraces We slept together in each other's arms

The space of three hours all in the green grove All under the shady green tree And when I waked I found her no virgin Married to you I never will be

She said kind sir you are my undoing Can you oh can you so cruel be How can I pass any more for a virgin Since you have had your will of me

Come all pretty maidens now take warning Never trust a man in any degree For when they'd enjoyed the fruits of your garden Then they will leave you as he has done me

See also The Wanton Seed F Purslow