

sent me by Lady Lethbridge



1. As she was feeding her flock on the mountain
She led them away to the side of a fountain,
When who should come by but her own darling swain,
Oh! yes he was coming with her heart back again.
2. Now what made my love for to fly in such a passion
And what made her flout without any occasion?
Oh! if it was my fault, Love, it was not my design,
If I stole away your heart, Love, in its place I left mine.

sent me by Lady Lethbridge, Sept 1. 1905

1st verse probably missing, & present 1st verse should be 2nd.