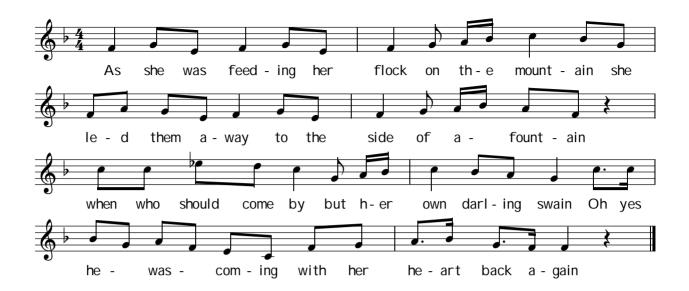
The Maid and her Swain



- 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