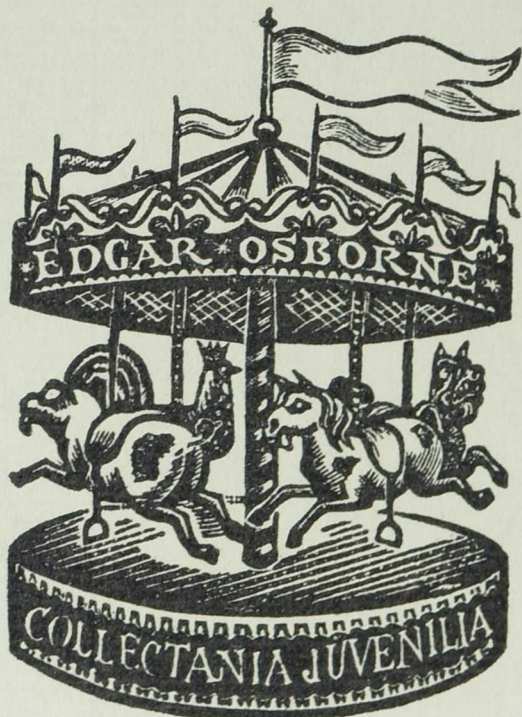




COME LASSES
and LADS.



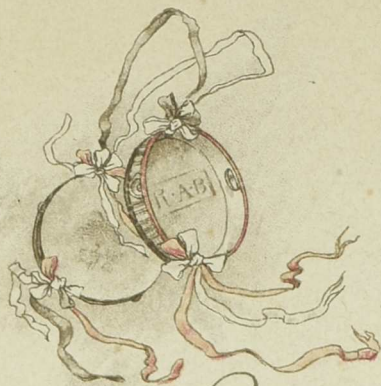
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Dr. Edgar Osborne

To Karin,

With Violet's love,

and best wishes for a Happy
Christmas, / 92



Come
Lasses and
Lads.





CASTELL BROTHERS
LONDON.
New York—E. & J. B. Young & Co
Printed in Bavaria.



Come lasses and lads,
get leave of your dads,
And away to
the May-pole hie,



For every fair has a sweetheart there
And the fiddler's standing by;



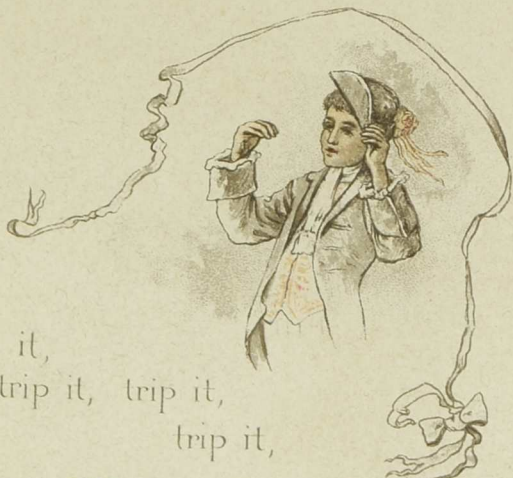




"get leave of your dads."

For Willy shall dance
with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,



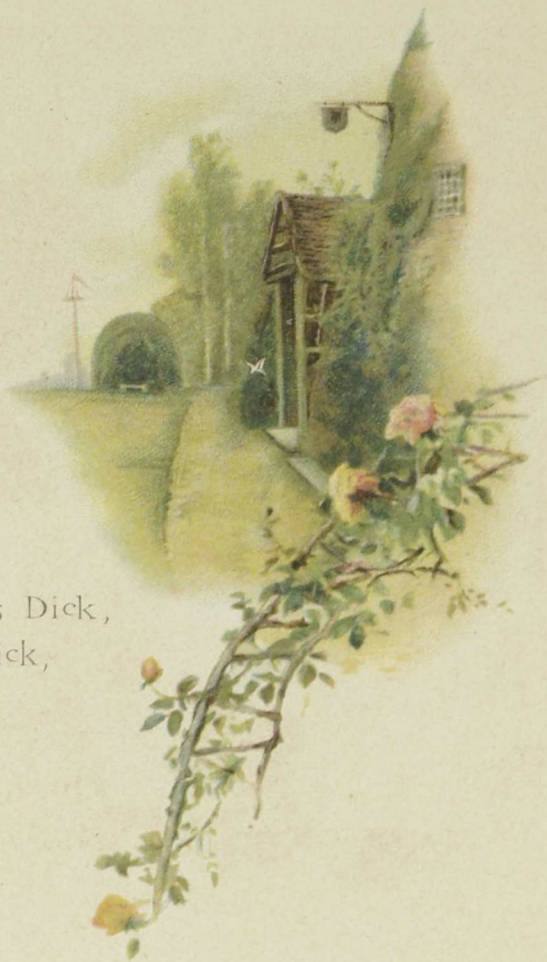


To trip it,
trip it, trip it,
trip it,



Trip it
up and down.

"You're out," says Dick,
"Not I" says Nick,





"'Twas the fiddler play'd it wrong."



"'Tis true "

says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says everyone.

The fiddler then began
to play the tune again,



And every girl did trip it, trip it,
trip it to the men
And every girl did trip it, trip it,

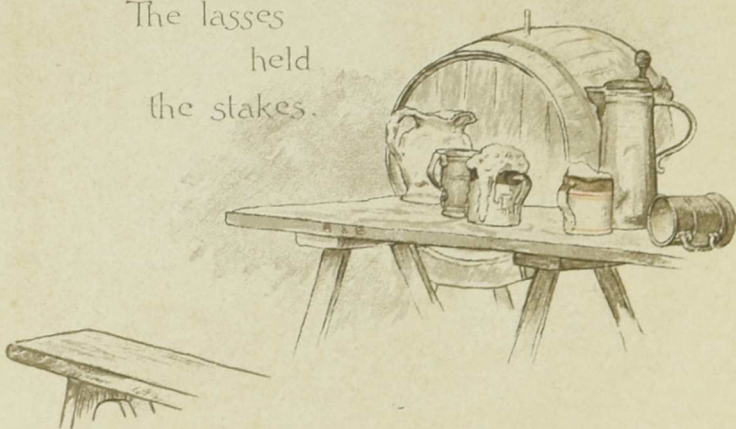


trip it to the men.





Then after an hour they went
to a bower,
And play'd for ale and cakes;
And kisses too —
until they were due,
The lasses
held
the stakes.





"they went to a bower"



The girls did then begin
To quarrel with the men,
And bade them take their
kisses back,
And give them their
own again.





And bade them take
their kisses back,
And give them
their own again.



"Good-night," says Harry,
"Good-night," says Mary,
"Good-night"
says Poll to John.

"Good-night," says Harry,
"Good night,"
says Mary,
"Good-night," says Poll to
John.



"Good-night," says Sue,
to her sweetheart
Hugh,
"Good-night," says
everyone.



"some loiter'd on the way"

Some walk'd and some
did run,
Some loiter'd
on the way,



And bound themselves by
kisses twelve,
To meet the next holiday;



And bound themselves by
kisses twelve,
To meet the next holiday.

