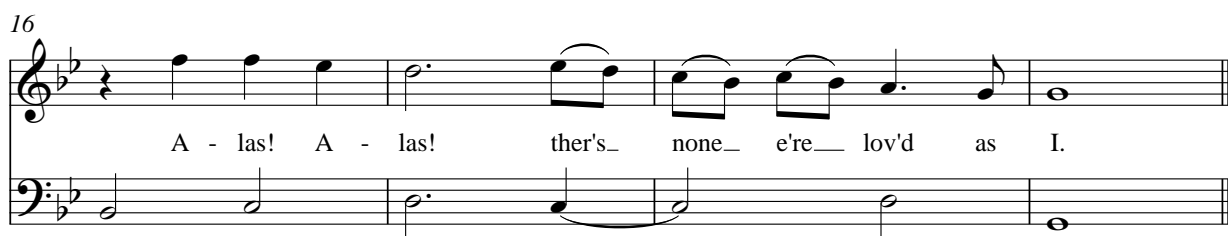
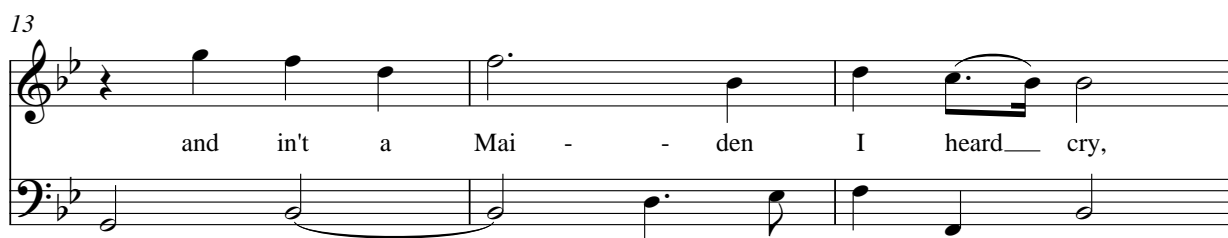
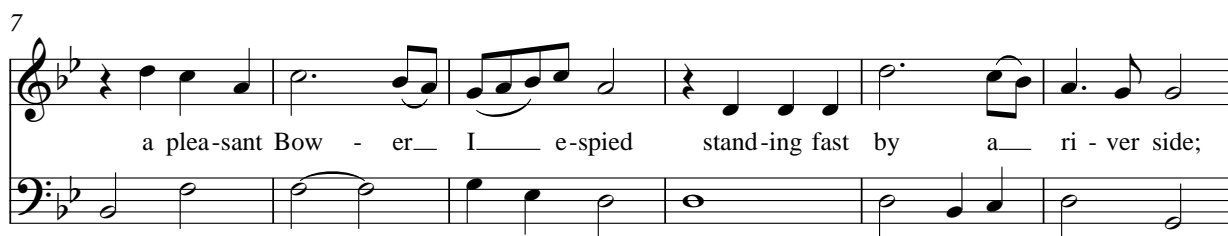
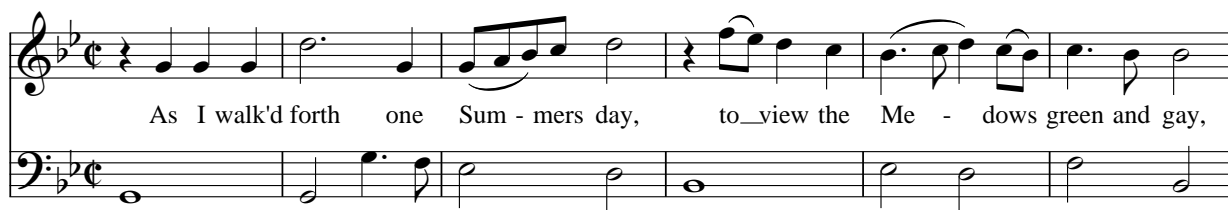


A Melancholy Lover's Complaint

Robert Johnson



Then round the medow did she walk;
Catching each flower by the stalk;
Such flowers as in the medow grew,
The Dead-mans Thumb, an Hearb all blew,
And as she pull'd them, still cry'd she,
Alas! Alas! none e're lov'd like me.

The Flowers of the sweetest sents
She bound about with knotty Bents,
And as she bound them up in Bands
She wept, she sigh'd and wrung her hands,
Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,
Alas! none was e're lov'd like me.

When she had fill'd her Apron full
of such green things as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed,
The Flowers a Pillow for her head:
Then down she laid, ne'r more did speak;
Alas! Alas! with Lover her heart did break.