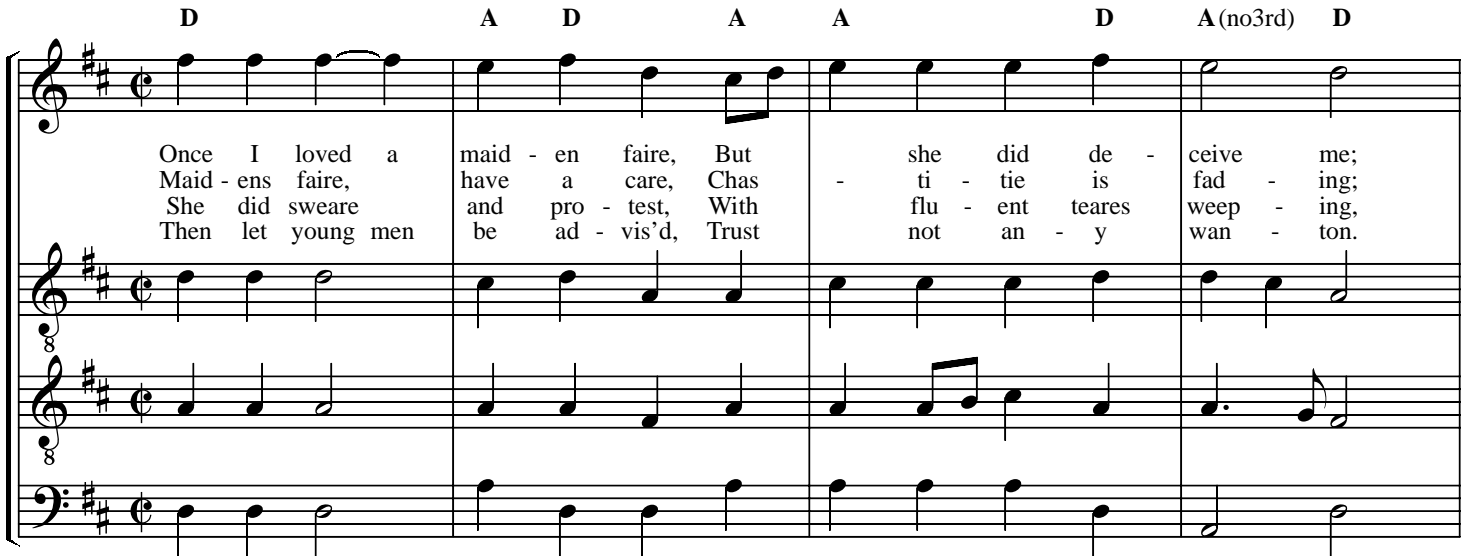


Once I loved a maiden fair

from the English Dancing Master, 1651

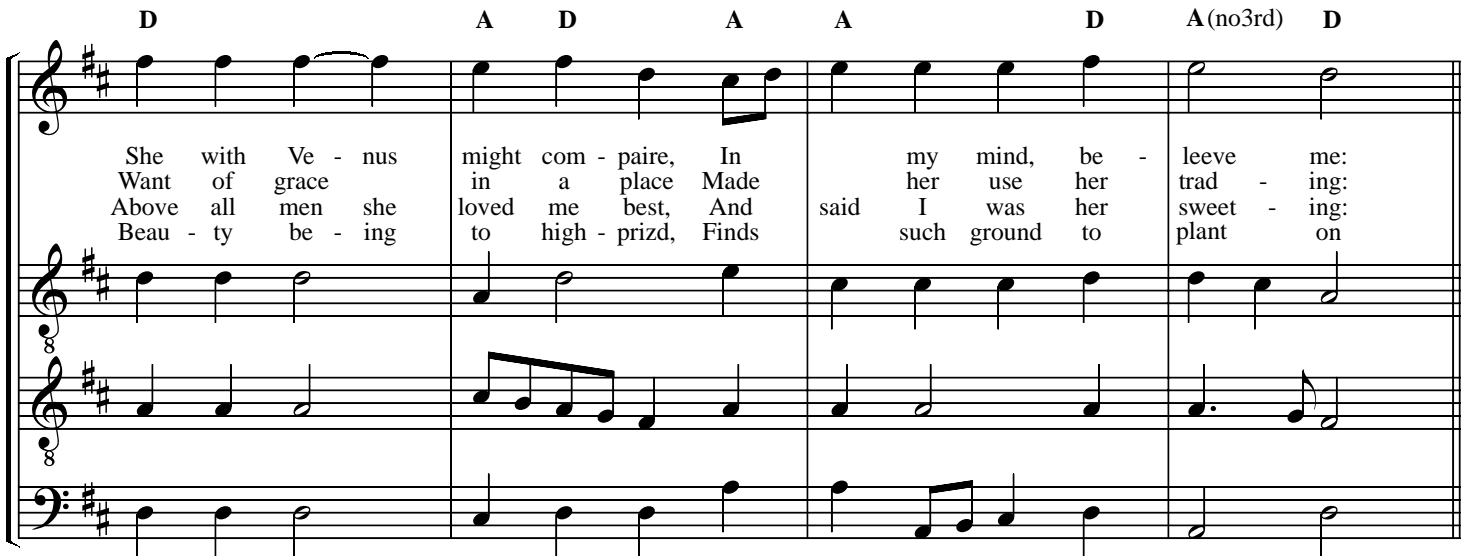
Thomas Symcock
From the Roxburghe Ballads

D A D A A D A(no3rd) D



Once I loved a maiden faire, But she did deceive me;
Maid - ens faire, have a care, Chas - ti - tie is fad - ing;
She did sweare and pro - test, With flu - ent teares weep - ing;
Then let young men be ad - vis'd, Trust not an - y wan - ton.

D A D D A A D A(no3rd) D



She with Ve - nus might com - paire, In my mind, be - leeve me:
Want of grace in a place Made her use her trad - ing:
Above all men she loved me best, And said I was her sweet - ing:
Beau - ty be - ing to high - prizd, Finds such ground to plant on

Em A D A D A A D A(no3rd) D

She was young, and a - mong Crea - tures of temp - ta - tion,
 I did think her for to be Chast - er than Di - a - na;
 But, a - las! False it was, Chas - ti - tie was fad - ing;
 That no man, do what he can, Shall con - fine their du - ties;

Em A D A D A A D A(no3rd) D

Who will say but maid - ens may Kisse for re - cre - a - tion?
 But the boy hath blind - ed me More than ev - er an - y.
 Ev - ery one may free - ly chuse Her beau - ty that loves trad - ing.
 They will gad, and be mad To shew forth their beau - ties.

Happy he who never knew
 What to love belongèd
 Maidens wavering and untrue
 Many a man have wrongèd!
 So hath she wrongèd me
 By her false love dissembling;
 For to heare her to swear
 Oft my heart was trembling.