

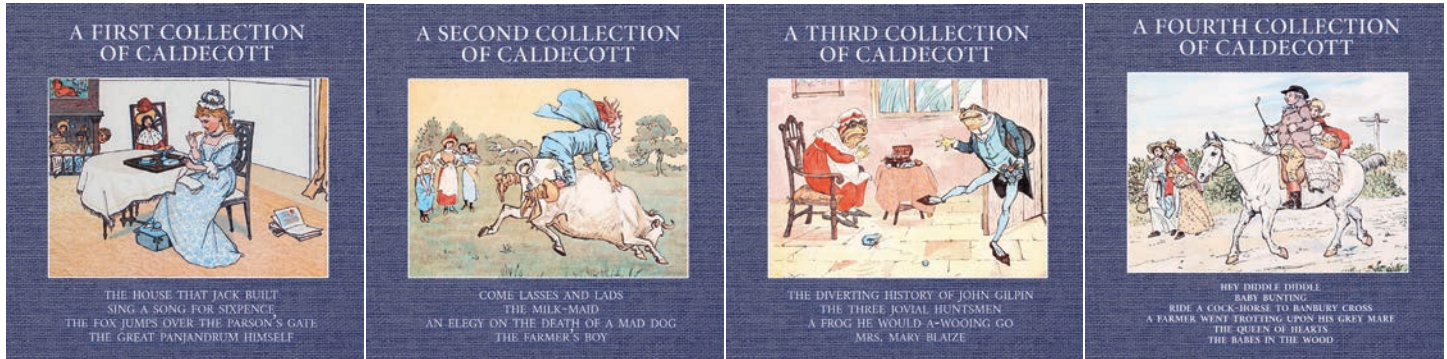
# A SECOND COLLECTION OF CALDECOTT



COME LASSES AND LADS  
THE MILK-MAID  
AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG  
THE FARMER'S BOY



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COME LASSES AND LADS







Come Lasses and Lads, get leave of your Dads,



And away to the May-pole hey:



For every he  
Has got him a she,  
With a Minstrel standing by.





For WILLY has gotten his JILL,  
And JOHNNY has got his JONE,  
To jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it,  
Jig it up and down.









“Strike up,” says WATT; “Agreed,” says KATE,  
“And I prithee, Fiddler, play;”

“Content,” says HODGE, and so says MADGE,  
For this is a Holiday!

Then every man did put his hat off to his lass.  
And every girl did curchy, curchy, curchy on the grass.



“Begin,” says HALL; “Ay, ay,” says MALL,  
“We’ll lead up Pockington’s pound;”  
“No, no,” says NOLL, and so says DOLL,  
“We’ll first have Sellenger’s round.”



Then every man began  
to foot it round about.  
And every girl did jet it,  
Jet it, jet it in and out.









“You’re out,” says DICK; “Not I,” says NICK,  
“The Fiddler played it false;”  
“’Tis true,” says HUGH, and so says SUE,  
And so says nimble ALICE.



The Fiddler then began to play the tune again,  
And every girl did trip it,  
Trip it, trip it to the men.







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













