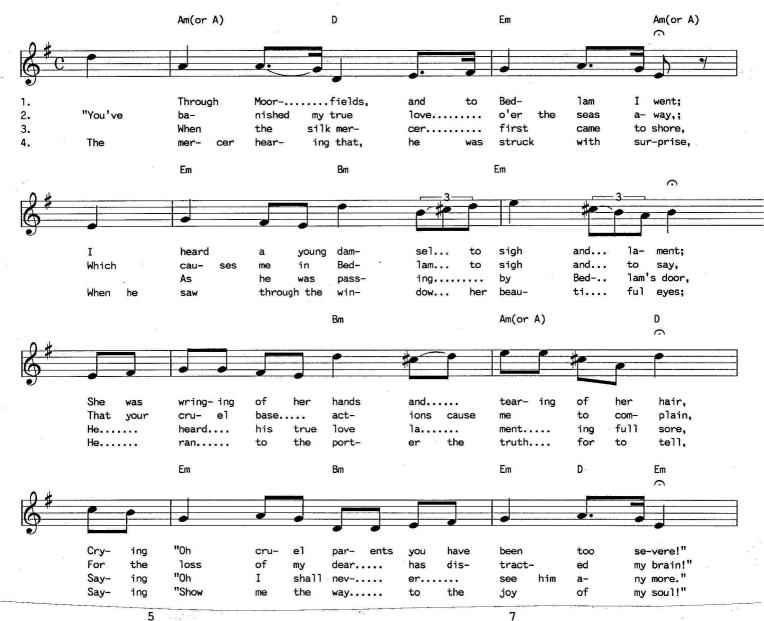
Slowly with feeling



The porter on the mercer began for to stare,

To see how he was for the loss of his dear;

He gave to the porter a broad piece of gold,

Saying "Show me the way to the joy of my soul!"

And when that his darling jewel he did see
He took her, and sat her all on his knee,
Says she "Are you the young man my father
sent to sea,

My own dearest jewel, for loving of me?"

Your own dearest jewel, for loving of thee!"

"Then adieu to my sorrows, for they now are all fled,

Adieu to these chains, and likewise this straw bed!"

8

They sent for their parents, who came then with speed;

They went to the church, and were married indeed.

So all you wealthy parents, do a warning take,

And never strive true lovers their promises to break.