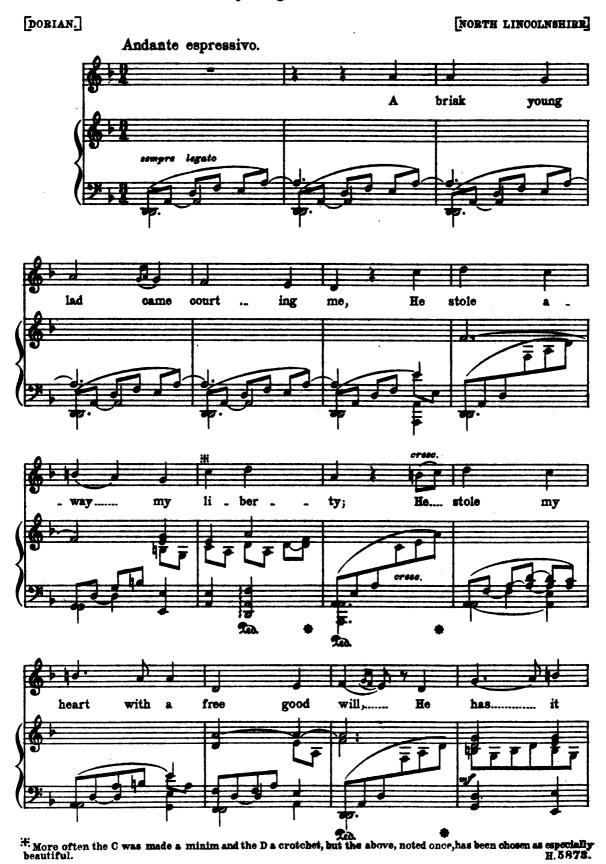
Died of Love

A brisk young Lad he courted me.







1

A brisk young lad came courting me, He stole away my liberty; He stole my heart with a free good will, He has it now, and he'll keep it still.

2

There is a flower, I've heard them say,
Would ease my heart both night and day;
I would, to God, that flower I could find
That would ease my heart, and my troubling mind!

2

Dig me my grave both wide and deep; Set a marble stone at my head and feet; And a turtle-white dove carve over above, To let the world know that I died of love.

[Sung by MY Joseph Taylor, of Saxby-All-Saints, 1906.]