

YE QUAINȚ GUITAR.

One day there came some loving friends
To beg for holiday,
And for my Ladye got a leave
To go with them away.

Ye quaint guitar she doth request
That she may to them sing,
And Master, he is willing quite
Such music she may bring.

Ye quaint guitar she then takes down,
And, in a sheet so white,
Away beneath her sleeping-place
It safe is hidden quite.

And now her pretty low-nered gown
She takes from off ye wall,
And packs it in ye strong stout case
With fan and gloves and all.

And then my Ladye, young and fair,
Doth walk demure away,
And at ye grown-up hall that night
Doth dance till break of day.