It's the song of a merryman moping mum, Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

Heighdy! heighdy! Misery me, lackadaydy! He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb. As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

FISIE. I have a song to sing, O!

Sing me your song, Ol ALL,

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It is sung with the ring ELSIE. Who love with a love life long, O ! It's the song of a merrymaid, peerly proud, Who loved a lord and who laughed aloud At the moan of a merryman moping mum, Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup and who craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a ladye!

mother of the second diff Heighdy! heighdy! Misery me, lackadaydy! He sipped no sup and he craved no crumb. As he sighed for the love of a ladye land

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