

In the virgin forest green,  
Not one fair maiden to be seen.  
In the evening after tea,  
What monarch can so happy be,  
With one exception, only one,  
Man's choice of fancy there is none,  
Here's lots of men and not one maid,  
God's first commandment disobeyed,  
Let every maid that wants a man,  
Come and see our caravan,  
Princess, heiress, roses fair,  
Your beauty's strong as Sampson's hair,  
Please send your portraits under seal,  
Swap love for love, as lovers deal.

