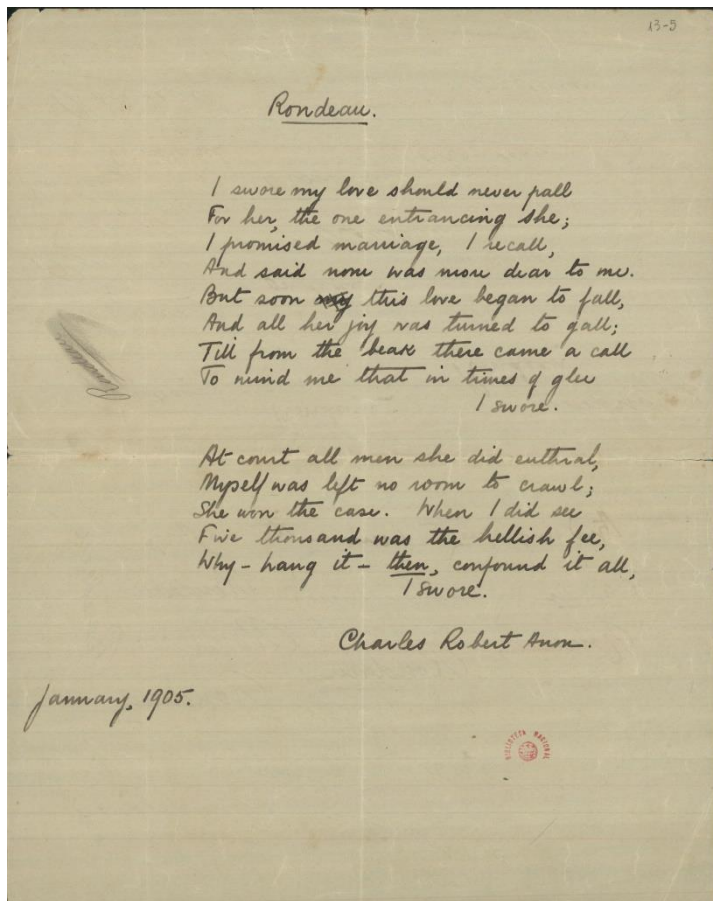


BNP/E3, 13 - 5^o



Transcrição

Rondeau.

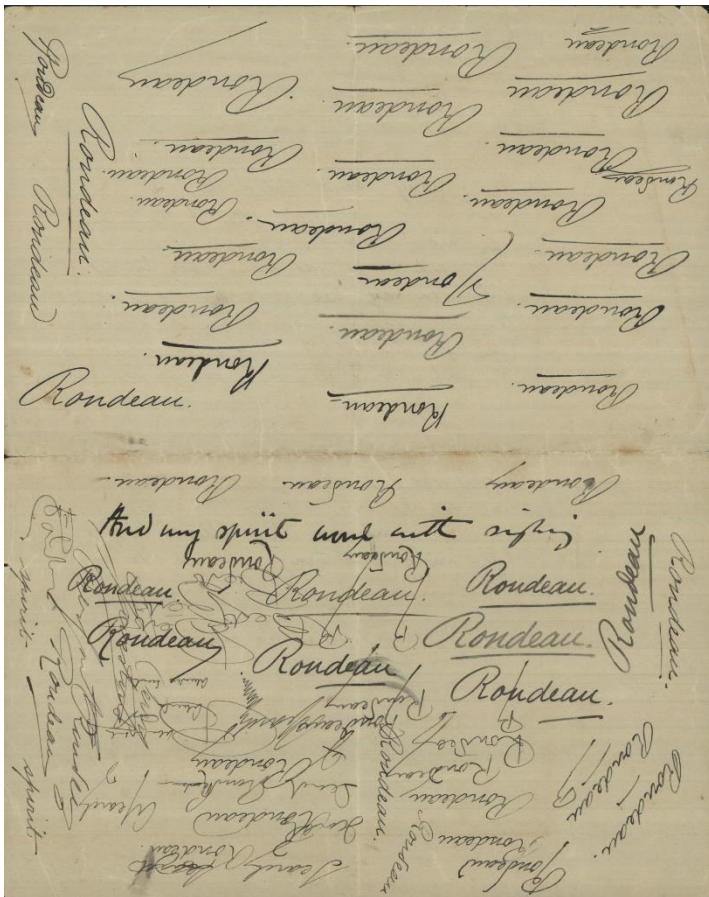
I swore my love should never pall
For her, the one entrancing she;
I promised marriage, I recall,
And said none was more dear to me.
But soon ~~my~~ this love began to fall,
And all her joy was turned to gall;
Till from the beak there came a call
To mind me that in times of glee
I swore.

At court all men she did enthral,
Myself was left no room to crawl;
She won the case. When I did see
Five thousand was the hellish fee,
Why - hang it - then, confound it all,
I swore.

Charles Robert Anon.

January, 1905.

BNP/E3, 13 - 5º



Transcrição

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