



him a po- sy. sy. She straight her

light green silk- en coats up tuck- ed And

may for Mill, and thyme for Thy- sis pluck- ed, Which when she

brought he clasp'd her by the mid- dle, And kiss'd her sweet,

and kiss'd her sweet, but could not read her rid- dle. Ah, fool! Ah, fool! With

that the nymph set up a laugh- ter And blush'd and

ran and ran a- way, and ran and ran a- way, and ran and ran a- way, and

70

ran and ran a- way; and he ran af- ter, and he ran af- ter, af- ter,

75

and he ran af- ter, af- ter,

and he ran af- ter, af- ter.