



Once, twice, thrice, I met Young Lubin on the green, Once, twice, thrice, Young Lubin, he met me. And when we met again, he fhew'd his Cot with woodbine bound, He pointed out his Flocks and Fields, where Plenty fmild around, He told me all the Joys of life, awaited me within, I took a peep, and furely thought, it cou'd not be a Sin. Now coud I anfwer no,

No, no, oh! no,

I cou'd not answer no .

Once, twice, thrice, I met Young Lubin on the green, Once, twice, thrice, Young Lubin, he met me.

The third time, when we met again, he ftrove confent to gain, To make him happy was his Theme, and eafe his heart of pain, He vow'd his wealth fhou'd all be mine, if I to Church wou'd go, He prefs'd my hand, and nam'd the day, now cou'd I anfwer no.

I cou'd not answer no,

No, no, oh! no, I cou'd not anfwer no.

Vauxhall Songs

<sup>3</sup>