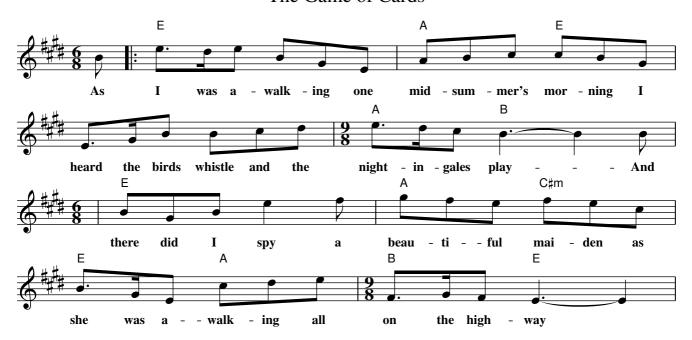
The Game of Cards



O where are you going, my fair pretty lady? O where are you going so early this morn? She said: I m going down to visit my neighbours; I m going down to Warwick, the place I was born.

It s: May I come with you, my sweet pretty darling? May I go along in your sweet company? Then she turned her head and smiling all at me Saying: You may come with me, kind sir, if you please.

We hadn t been walking but a few miles together Before this young damsel began to show free. She sat herself down, saying: Sit down beside me, And the games we shall play shall be one, two and three.

I said: My dear lady, if you re fond of the gaming There s one game I know I would like you to learn. The game it is called: The Game of All Fours. So I took out my pack and began the first turn.

She cut the cards first and I fell a-dealing. I dealt her a trump and myself the poor jack. She led off her ace and stole my jack from me, Saying: Jack is the card I like best in your pack.

Since I dealt them last time, it s your turn to shuffle And my turn to show the best card in the pack. Once more she d the ace and the deuce for to beat me, Once again I had lost when I laid down poor jack.

So I took up my hat and I bid her: Good morning, Saying: You are the best that I know at this game. She answered: Young man, if you ll come back to-morrow We ll play the game over and over again.