

## VII

Doll's boy 's asleep  
under a stile  
he sees eight and twenty  
ladies in a line

the first lady  
says to nine ladies  
his lips drink water  
but his heart drinks wine

the tenth lady  
says to nine ladies  
they must chain his foot  
for his wrist 's too fine

the nineteenth  
says to nine ladies  
you take his mouth  
for his eyes are mine.

Doll's boy 's asleep  
under the stile  
for every mile the feet go  
the heart goes nine