

One ho - - li - day, last summer, From four to seven, by Croy - don chimes,

Three lass - - es to - ping rummers Were set a pra - - ting of the times.

A wife call'd Joan of the Mill, And a maid they call'd brown Nell: Take

off your glass, said Gillian of Croy - don, A health to our Mas - ter Will.