

As down in the meadows I chanc'd for to pass, O there I be-held a young
Her age, I am sure, it was scarce-ly fifteen, And she on her head wore a

beau-ti-ful lass,
gar-land of green. Her lips were like ru-bies, and as for her eyes, They

spark-led like diamonds, or stars in the skies; And then, O her voice, it was

charm-ing and clear, As sad-ly she sung for the loss of her dear.