

As I was walk - - ing all alone, I heard a youth la - ment - ing,

Under a hol - - low bush he lay, But sore he did re - pent him. A -

cres.
-las! quoth he, my love is gone, Which caus - eth me to wan - der,

f
Yet merry will I ne - - ver be, Till I lie lull - ing be - yond her.
pp