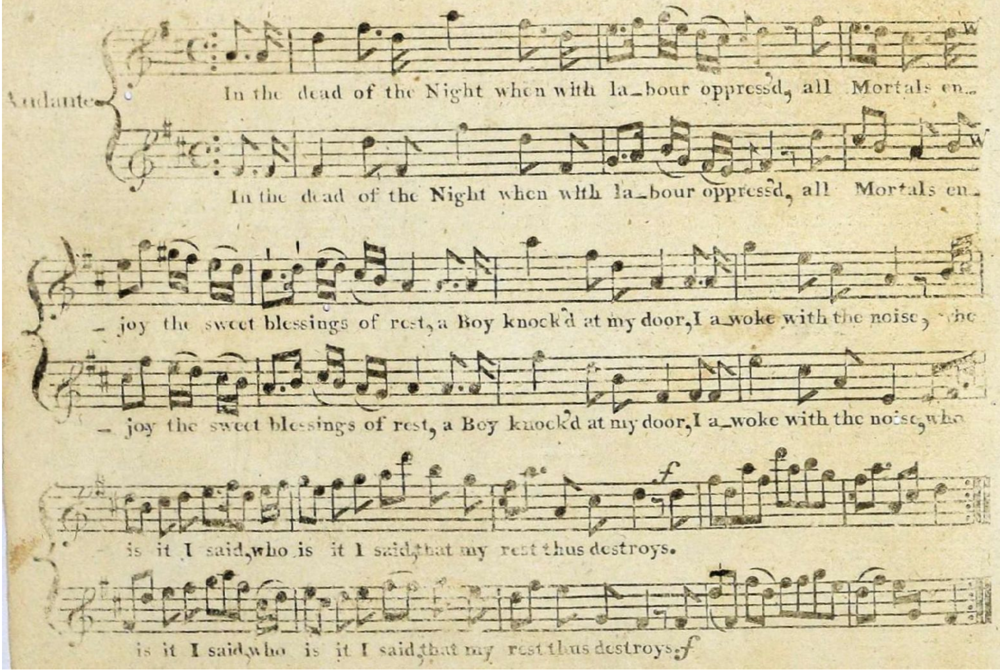
I[n] THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

A Favorite DUETT.



2

He answer'd so softly so meek and so mild,
I am a poor little unfortunate child,
It's, a cold rainy night I am wet to the skin,
And I have lost my way so pray let me in.

3

In compassion I rose and striking a light,
I open'd a door when a boy stood in sight,
He had wings at his shoulders, the rain from them dripp'd,
And with bow and with arrows the boy was equipp'd.

4

I stirr'd up my fire, set him down by my side,
And with a warm Napkin the wet from him dry'd,
I chaff'd him all o'er to keep out the cold air,
And I wrung with my hands the wet from his hair.

5

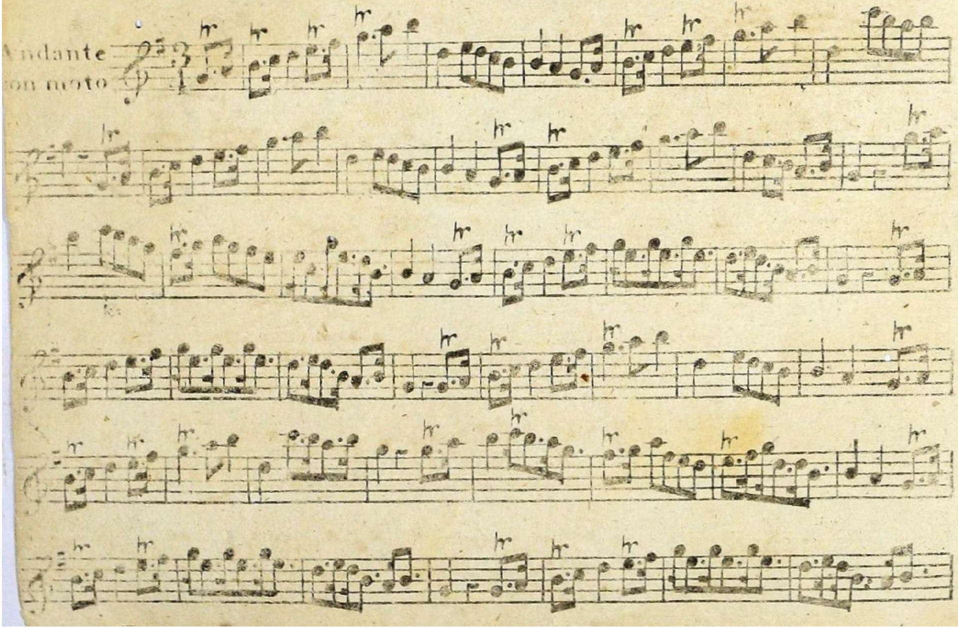
No sooner from wet & from cold he found ease,
Then he took up his Bow, & said Ma'am if you please,
I would fain by your leave by experiment know,
If the rain has not damaged the string of my Bow.

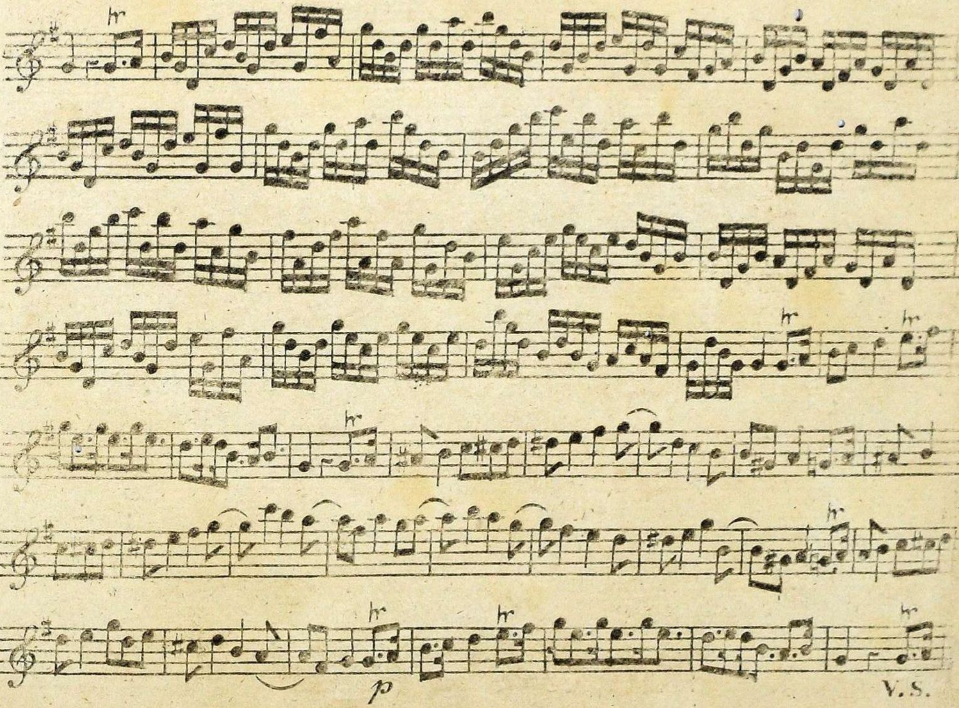
6

Then straight from his Quiver an Arrow he drew,
Which he aim'd at my heart, & twang went the Yew,
My Bow is undamaged & so is my Dart,
But you will find trouble in bearing the smart.

The YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

With Variations.

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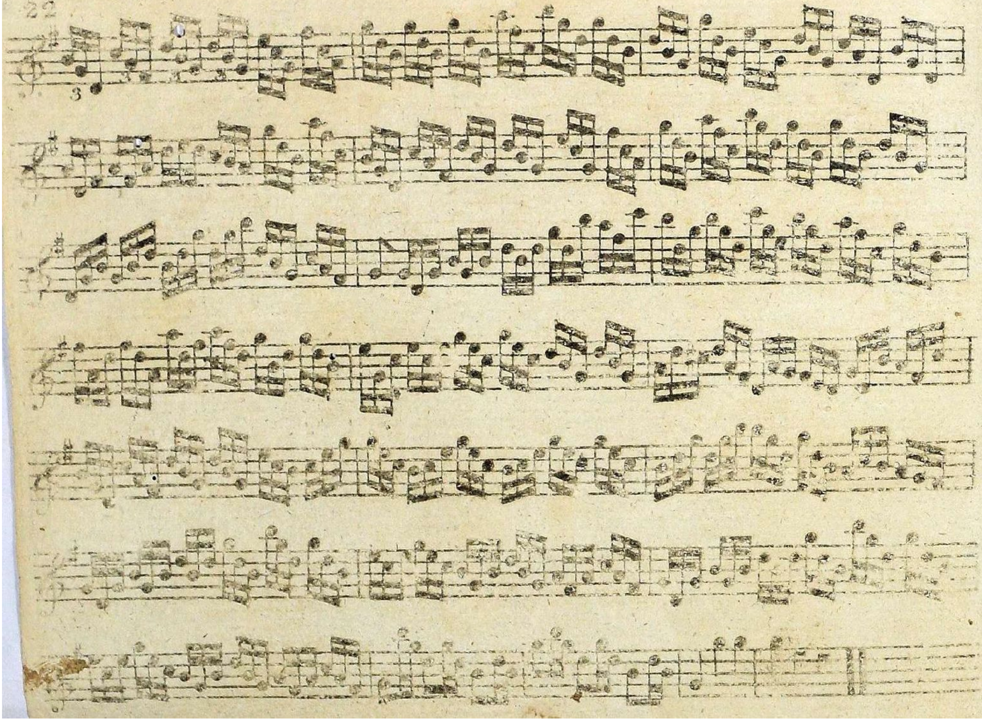
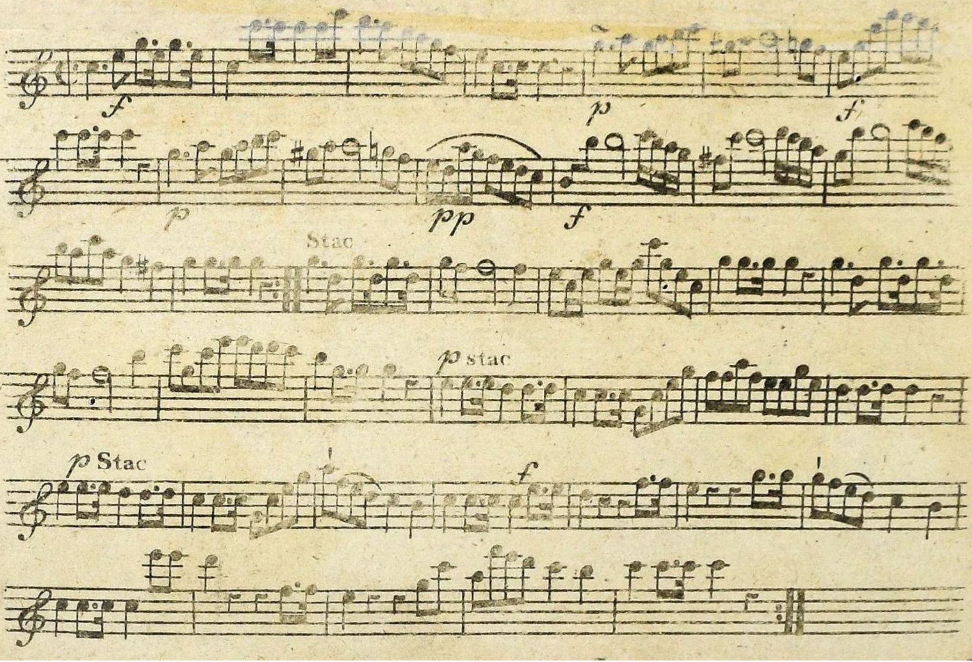
The MARQUIS of ABERCORN's SLOW MARCH