

The Maid of Red Curls

On a cold winter's night to gain delight,
Good friends did gather true
In a cottage found outside the town
The tay and the porter drew.

With treacle cakes we did partake
And the music did a swirl.
It was then I first did think to court
The maid with the bright red curls.

A story so kind she need me in time,
The hearts of those did listen
Her smile it shown as bright as the sun,
Her cheeks like ambers glisten.

Her lovely blue eyes did rival the skies
And even the brightest of pearls
And casting a light over those who that night
Were enthralled by the maid of red curls.

All through the night long while into the dawn
I was ensnared by her charms
I longed for the chance to engage in romance
And embrace her all in my arms.

But I was not bold - my desires untold
Were given no chance to unfurl.
So sadly that night my love went unrequited
By this maid with the hair of red curls.

The truth I will tell, I was under her spell
My thoughts could be of no others.
But were they in vain, could I ere hope to gain her
I was compelled to discover.

For if my affection should meet with rejection,
Tis great the pain I'd endure.
But my feeling was strong, with my heart it be gone to
The bonnie maid with red curls

Well now I have learned that my love is returned
All by the soft maiden so fair.
It's now I will mention it is my intention
On her my full love to declare.

May god bless my plans to exchange wedding bands
With this soft and beautiful girl.
And may never we know a minute of woe
Myself and the maid of red curls.