# Game of Cards

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As I was a-walking one midsummer's morning,
I heard the birds whistle and the nightingales play.
'Twas there I espied a most beautiful maiden,
As she was a'tripping all on the highway.

``Oh, where are you going, my fair pretty lady?
Oh, where are you going, so early this morn?"
She said, ``I go down to visit my neighbors.
I'm going to Warwick, the place I was born."

It's ``May I come with you, my sweet pretty darling.
May I walk on in your sweet company?"
She turned herself round and smiling so sweetly
Said, ``You may come with me, kind sir, if you please."

We hadn't been walking but a few miles together
Before acquainted, acquainted we came.
I said, ``Fair young maid, pray, sit down beside me
And I shall show you a sweet pleasant game."

She said, ``Kind sir, I'm not given to gaming
And yet I am willing, I'm willing to learn
But the game we shall play, it must be All Fours
And I shall beat you by three to your one."

She cut the cards first, and I fell o' dealing.
I dealt myself one trump, it was only poor Jack;
But she had the Ace and the Deuce for to follow
And those were the very best cards in the pack.

She played her Ace and she stole my Jack from me
Which made her High, Low, and Jack\(emand the Game
She said, ``Kind sir, I freely did beat you
Unless you can play the game over again."

So I took up my hat and I bid her Good Morning.
I said, ``You're the best that I know at this game."
She answered, ``Young man, if you'll come back tomorrow,
We'll play that game over and over and over again."

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