

R: Some takened him by his golden beautiful curls
Some taken him by his feet
And threw him in Aunt Jane's well
Where the water was cold and deep

(laughter)

P: It's really pretty.

N: That's as bad as _____

P: That is really pretty.

R: She got rid of him, though didn't she?

P: Yeah.

R: _____

P: Don't fool around.

R: He ought nought to told her that she loved somebody else the best; she killed him.

P: Yep. My mom said that that's a pretty ballad.

N: It is a pretty ballad. That's an old one, too. And I used to know one that they'd sing about, but I don't know it and I can't remember, it's

Oh, don't you see that pretty little dove

A sitting in yonder pine

She's mourning for her own true love

Just like I morn for mine

Oh, who oh who, will be your friend

And who will glove your lilly white hand

And who will kiss your rosey lips

When I am in a foreign land

My father he will my friend

My sister will glove my lilly white hand

My mother'll kiss my rosey lips

When you are in a foreign land

And I don't know the outcome of that. See, I don't even know what it's called.

P: I love that.

** You might try the
"Glove me on the
arm" these lines
are in lots of songs*