Once I saw my true love
Come live with me and be my love
And we will some new pleasures gauge
Of golden sands and crystal brooks
With silken lines and silver hooks.
There will still whispering wann
Warm by some evermore than the sun
And there, the enamored fish will play
Begging himself, he may belong
When they shall be in that line both
Each fish which every chanell hath
Will amorously to thee sojourn
Glad to be, that then than him
Let other fish, shall another hold.
and cut theire legs with shelle and rodeur
and trecherously poyse fiske berett
with stanglyngs snared at window net
yet couthe bald hand from shyness lest
the breed fiske from banka out earest
and curious traytors with silke shus
bewitch some fiske wandeinge eyes
for the there needs noe such accept
for than the sege act byne none saige.
The fiske that is not caught thereby
Alas it's wiser to kee the f.