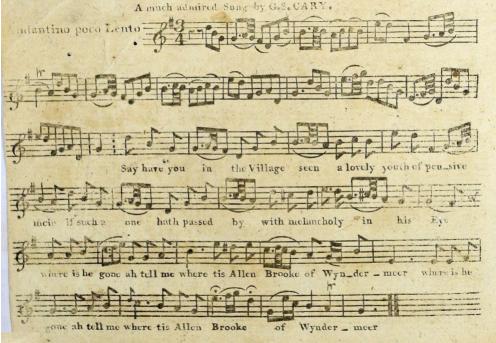
ALLEN BROOKE.



Last night he sighing took his leave,
Which caused me all the night to grieve,
And many maids I know there be,
Who try to wean his love from me,
But Heaven knows my heaves sincere
To Allen Brooke &cc.

My throbing heart is full of use.
To think that he should leave me so,
But if my love should angerd be,
And try to hide himself from me,
Then Death shall bear me on a Bier
To Allen Brooke &cc.

SHORT TROOP.

