

- First line: The winds they did blow,
- Last line: To rest my little back.

The Squirrel

The winds they did blow,
The leaves they did wag;
Along came a beggar boy,
And put me in his bag.



He took me up to London,
A lady did me buy,
Put me in a silver cage,
And hung me up on high.



With apples by the fire,
And nuts for to crack,
Besides a little feather bed
To rest my little back.



Anonymous