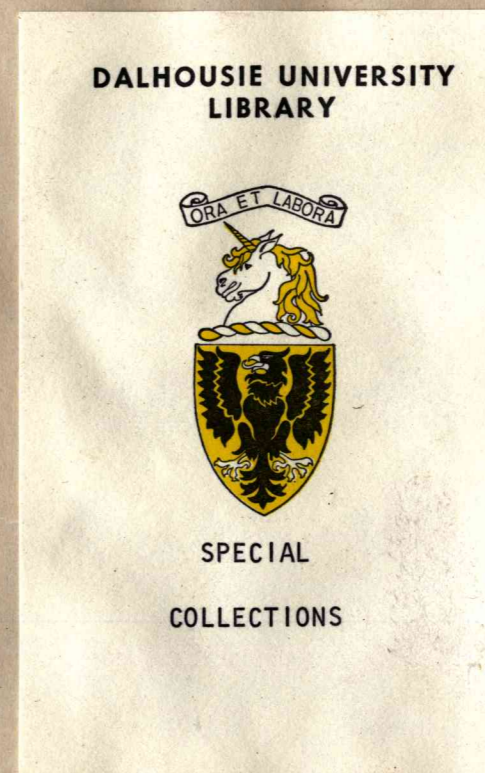
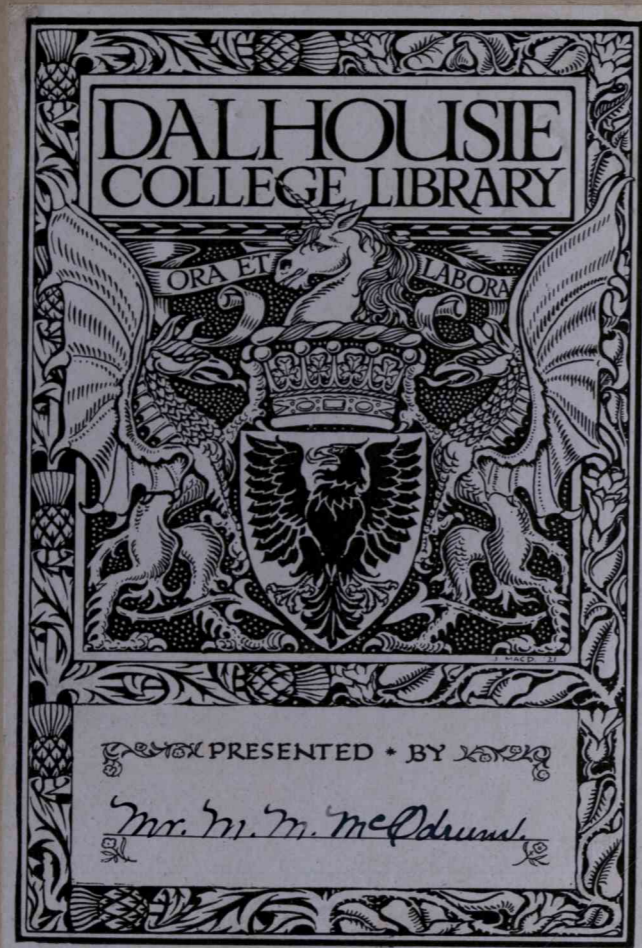


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Colonial Bond

Nova Scotia ballads.

—

M. M. MacOdram

Maxwell Murdock MacOdram

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"BABES IN THE WOOD"

(1)

Now ponder well you parents dear

These words which I do write .

A doleful story you shall hear

In time brought forth to light.

(2)

A gentleman of good account

In Norfolk lived of late,

Whose fame and credit did surmount

Most men of his estate.

(3)

So sick he was and like to die ,

No help he then could have .

His wife by him a-sick did lie .

They both possessed one grave.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

(cont.)

(4)

No love between these two was lost,
 And to his little daughter Jane,
 Each was to other kind.
 In love they lived, in love they died,
 And left two babes behind.

(5)

The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing five years old,
 The other a girl more young than he,
 And cast in beauteous mould.

(6)

The father left his little son,
 As plainly doth appear,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 Five thousand pounds a year.

"BABES IN THE WOOD."

(cont.)

(7)

And to his little daughter Jane ,
Six thousand pounds in gold ,
For to be paid on marriage day,
Which might not be controlled.

(8)

But if these children chanced to die ,
Ere they to age should come ,
Their uncle should possess their wealth ,
For so the will did run.

(9)

With this bespoke the Father dear:
"O brother kind" quoth he ,
"You are the man must bring my babes
To wealth or misery."

"BABES IN THE WOOD."

(cont.)

(10)

"If you do keep them carefully

Then God will you reward;

If otherwise you seem to deal,

God will your deeds regard."

(11)

With this bespoke the mother dear ,

"O brother kind" said she ,

"Be good unto my boy and girl ,

No friend else have I here.

(12)

"To you and God I do commend

My children night and day,

For little while be sure we have

Within this world to stay."

"BABES IN THE WOOD."

(cont.)

(13)

"You must be father, mother both
With lips as cold as any clay,

And uncle all in one.
She kissed her children small,

God knows what will become of them
"God bless you both, my children dear,"

When we are dead and gone."
With that the tears did fall.

(14)

These speeches then the uncle spake
The parvies being dead and gone,

To the sick couple there,
The children now he takes,

"The keeping of your children dear,
He brings them home unto his house,

Sweet sister never fear."
And much of that he saies.

(15)

"God never prosper me or mine,
No had not been those pretty babes

Or anything else I have,
A twelve month and a day,

If I do wrong your children dear,
When for their health he did advise

When you're laid in the grave."
To have them both away.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

(cont.)

(16)

With lips as cold as any clay,

She kissed her children small,

"God bless you both, my children dear."

With that the tears did fall.

(17)

The parents being dead and gone,

The children home he takes.

He brings them home unto his house,

And much of them he makes.

(18)

He had not kept those pretty babes

A twelve month and a day,

When for their wealth he did advise

To take them both away.

"BABES IN THE WOOD."

(cont.)

(19)

He bargained with two ruffians rude,
 Who were of furious mode,
 That they should take these children young,
 And slay them in the wood.

(20)

He told his wife and all he had,
 He did those children send
 To be brought up in fair London,
 By one who was his friend.

(21)

Away they went those pretty babes,
 Rejoicing at the tide,
 And smiling with a merry mind
 They on coach horse should ride.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

(cont.)

(22)

They prated and prattled pleasantly,

As they rode on their way

To them, that should their butcher be,

Or work their lives' decay.

(23)

So that the pretty speech they had,

Made murderers' hearts relent,

And they that took the deed to do,

Full sore then did repent.

(24)

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,

Did vow to do his charge,

Because the wretch that hired him,

Had paid him very large.

"BABES IN THE WOOD."

(cont.)

(25)

The other would not agree thereto,

So here they fell to strife.

With one another they did fight

About the children's life.

(26)

But he that was of mildest mood

Did slay the other there,

Within an unfrequented wood,

Where babes do quake with fear.

(27)

He took the children by the hand,

While tears stood in their eyes,

And bade them come and go with him,

And see they did not cry.

"BABES IN THE WOOD."

(cont.)

(28)

Full two long miles he led them thus,
 When they for bread complained.
 "Stay here" quoth he "I'll bring you bread
 When I do come again."

(29)

Then hand in hand these pretty babes
 Went wandering up and down ,
 But never more they saw the man
 Approaching from the town.

(30)

Their little lips with blackberries ,
 Were all besmeared and dyed;
 And when they saw the darksome night,
 They sat them down and cried.

BABES IN THE WOOD

(cont.)

(31)

Thus wandered these two pretty babes

Till death did end their grief.

In one another's arms they died

As babes wanting relief.

(32)

No burial these two pretty babes

Of any man received,

Till Robin Red-breast painfully

Did cover them with leaves.

(33)

And now the heavy wrath of God

Upon the uncle fell.

The fearful fiends did haunt his house,

His conscience felt an hell.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

(cont.)

(33)

(34)

The village that did have in hand
 His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
 These children for to kill,
 His lands were barren made,
 Was for a robbery judged to die,
 His cattle died within his fields,
 As was God's blessed will,
 And nothing with him stayed;

(34)

(35)

Who did confess the very truth,
 And in a voyage to Portugal,
 That here lies in express,
 Two of his sons did die,
 The uncle died where he for debt
 And to conclude, himself was brought
 Did in the prison rest,
 Unto much misery.

(35)

(36)

Ways, who the sinners made,
 He pawned and mortgaged all his lands,
 Or evermore did,
 Ere seven years came about,
 Of children that he foundless,
 And now at length this wicked act,
 Of infants wild and weak -
 By this means did come out.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

(cont.)

(37)

The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judged to die,
 As was God's blessed will.

(38)

Who did confess the very truth,
 That here lies in express,
 The uncle died where he for debt
 Did in the prison rest.

(39)

Now ye, who be executors made,
 Or overseers eke,
 Of children that be fatherless,
 Or infants mild and meek -

"BABES IN THE WOOD."

ROBERT ALLEN Fred Brinkman

(cont.)

(1)

(40)

In New York city where I was born,

Take you example by this thing,

And Cambridge was my dweller;

And yield to each his right.

'Twas there I courted a pretty fair maid,

Lest God by such like misery,

And how some was Deborah Allen,

Your wicked deeds requite.

(2)

Finis.

I courted her for six long months,

And hoping still to win her,

Just wait a while and you will see,

How sudden hearts can alter.

(3)

I took sick and very sick,

I sent for her to see me,

But all she said when she came in,

"O poor young man, you're dying."

BARBARY ALLEN Fred Brimicombe.

(1)

In New York city where I was born ,
 And Cambridge was my dwellin';
 'Twas there I courted a pretty fair maid,
 And her name was Barbary Allen.

(2)

I courted her for six long months ,
 And hoping still to win her.
 Just wait a while and you will see ,
 How maidens' hearts doth waver.

(3)

I took sick and very sick ,
 I sent for her to see me ,
 But all she said when she came in ,
 "I fear young man, you're dying."

BARBARY ALLEN (F.B.)

(cont.)

(4)

"Look down, look down to my bedside,
"O dying, love! that never can be!

And there's a basin standing,
One kiss from you will cure me."

And it is filled with my heart's blood,
"One kiss from me you never shall get ,

"'Twas asked for Barbary Allen."
Though your fond heart was breaking."

(5)

He turned his eyes round to the wall,
"Do you remember the other night

"aying" Allen, when to all went
When in your tavern drinking,

And to all wished,
You drank a health to many fair maids ,

Like mine to Barbary Allen."
But you slighted Barbary Allen."

(6)

Slowly, slowly she turned away,
"Look up, look up unto the wall ,

She surely left me dying,
And there's a satchel hanging ,

She had not gone more than half a mile,
With my gold watch and silver chain ,

When she heard the death bell tolling.
Give them to Barbary Allen.

BARBARY ALLEN

(cont.)

(7)

And "Look down! look down to my bedside ,
 And there's a bason standing ,
 And it is filled with my heart's blood.
 'Twas shed for Barbary Allen."

(8)

He turned his eyes round to the wall,
 Saying " Adieu, adieu to all men!
 Adieu! adieu to all mankind,
 Likewise to Barbary Allen."

(9)

Now Slowly, slowly she turned away,
 And She surely left him dying,
 She had not gone more than half a mile,
 When she heard the death bell tolling.

BARBARY ALLEN

(cent.)

(10)

And every toll that the death bell gave,

Gave woe to Barbary Allen,

And every toll that the death bell gave,

Gave woe to Barbary Allen.

(11)

"Mother! Mother! make my bed,

Make it both soft and narrow.

My true love died for me today,

BARBARY ALLEN - Mrs. B.

I'll die for him tomorrow."

(12)

It was in and about the Martins' place,

Now they are dead, those two are dead,

When the green leaves were a fallin'.

And in one grave together.

That Sir John Glynne in the West Country,

Out of his heart grew a red, red rose,

Fell in love wi' Barbary Allen.

And out of hers a brier.

BARBARY ALLEN

(cont.)

(13)

They grew, they grew to the church steeple top,

Till they could not grow no higher,

And there they tied a true lover's knot

The red rose and the brier.

Finis.

But it fall out upon one day,

When he set in the tavern,

He drank the ladies' health around

BARBARA ALLEN - Mrs. D.

and afflicted Barbara Allen.

(1)

(4)

It was in and about the Mart'mas time ,

He sent his son down through the town,

When the green leaves were a fallin',

To the place where she was dwellin',

That Sir John Graham in the West Countrie,

Got for all the letters he did send,

Fell in love wi' Barbara Allen.

His sworn should never leave him.

BARBARA ALLEN Mrs. D.

(cont.)

(2)

"O see you not those seven ships,
 So bonny as they're sailin',
 I'll make you mistress of them all,
 My bonny Barbara Allen."

(3)

But it fell out upon one day,
 When he set in the tavern,
 He drank the ladies' health around,
 And slichted Barbara Allen.

(4)

He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where she was dwellin',
 But for all the letters he did send,
 She swore she'd never have him.

BARBARA ALLEN.

(cont.)

(5)

Then he took sick and very sick,

He sent for her to see him.

"Oh haste, and come to my master dear,

Gin ye be Barbara Allen."

(6)

Now he is off with all his speed,

To the place where she was dwellin'

"Here is a letter from my master

Gin ye be Barbara Allen."

(7)

She took the letter in her hand,

..... smiling,

But ere she'd read the letter through,

With tears her eyes were blinding.

BARBARA ALLEN

(cont.)

(8)

He turned his face unto the wall,
 Now she is gone with all her speed,
 And death was with him dwellin',
 She's nigh unto his dwellin',
 "Alas, alas, my dear friends all,
 She slightly drew the curtains by,
 And be kind to Barbara Allen."
 "Young man, I think you're dying."

(12)

(9)

Then slowly, slowly rose she up,
 "It's oh I'm sick! I'm very sick,
 And slowly, slowly left him,
 My heart is at the breaking.
 And sipping said she could not stay,
 One kiss or two from your sweet lips,
 Since death of life had raft him,
 Would keep me from a dying!"

(15)

(10)

She had not gone a mile from town,
 "Remember not, young man" said she,
 When she heard the death bell tolling,
 "When you sat in the tavern,
 And every well the death bell gave,
 You drank the ladies' healths around,
 Was "Wee to Barbara Allen."
 And slichted Barbara Allen."

BARBARA ALLEN.

(cont.)

(11)

He turned his face unto the wall,
"Oh mother, mother, make my bed,

And death was with him dealin',
And make it soft and narrow,

"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
As my love died for me today,

And be kind to Barbara Allen."
I'll die for him tomorrow."

(12)

Exit.
 Then slowly, slowly rose she up,

And slowly, slowly left him,

And sighing said she could not stay,

Since death of life had reft him.

(13)

She had not gone a mile from town,

When she heard the death bell knelling,

And every knell the death bell gave,

Was "Wee to Barbara Allen."

BARBARA ALLEN.

(cont.)

(14)

It happened on a high holiday,

"Oh mother, mother, make my bed,

The very best day of the year,

And make it soft and narrow,

When little Maths comes to church,

As my love died for me today,

The holy word for to bear,

I'll die for him tomorrow."

The first came Finis... dressed in satin,

The next was dressed in silk,

The next came down was Lord Darnell's wife,

With her skin as white as milk,

She stepped up to little Maths Croves

And unto him she said,

"I must invite you little Maths Croves

This night with me to stay."

LITTLE MATHA GROVES

(1)

It happened on a high holiday,

The very best day of the year,

When little Matha Groves he went to church,

The holy word for to hear.

(2)

The first came down was dressed in satin,

The next was dressed in silk,

The next came down was Lord Darnel's wife,

With her skin as white as milk.

(3)

She stepped up to little Matha Groves

And unto him did say,

"I must invite you little Matha Groves

This night with me to stay."

LITTLE MATHA GROVES.

(cont.)

(4)

"I cannot, I will not" said little Matha Groves,
 And when he came to the other side,
 I dare not for my life,
 For I know by the rings you have on your fingers,
 You are Lord Darnel's wife."

(5)

"Well, what if I am Lord Darnel's wife,
 As you suppose me to be?
 Lord Darnel's to Newcastle gone,
 King Henry for to see."

(6)

The little foot page was standing by.
 He's to Newcastle gone,
 And when he came to the broad river side,
 He bended his breast and swum.

LITTLE MATHA GROVES.

(cont.)

(7)

And when he came to the other side,

He took to his heels and run.

.....

.....

(8)

"What news, what news, my little foot page,

Do you bring unto me?"

"Little Matha Groves this very night

Lies with your fair lady."

(9)

"If this be true, be true unto me,

That you do tell to me,

I have an only daughter,

And your wedded wife she shall be.

LITTLE MATHA GROVES.

(cont.)

(10)

"If this be a lie, a lie unto me,

A lie you tell to me,

I'll cause a gallows to be built,

And hanged you shall be."

(11)

"If this be a lie, a lie, a lie,

A lie I tell to thee,

You need not cause a gallows to be built,

For I'll hang on a tree."

(12)

He called all of his merry men,

And marched them in a row.

He ordered not a whistle to sound,

Nor yet a horn to blow.

LITTLE MATHA GROVES

(cont.)

(13)

But there was one among the rest,

Who wished little Matha Groves well.

He put his whistle to his mouth,

And he blew it loud and shrill.

(14)

And as he blew both loud and shrill,

He seemed for to say,

He that's in bed with another man's wife,

'Tis time to be going away.

(15)

"I must get up", said little Matha Groves,

"'Tis time for me to be gone,

For I know by the sound of it,

It is Lord Darnel's horn."

LITTLE MATHA GROVES.

(cont.) (cont.)

(15) (16)

"Well "Lie still, lie still, you little Matha Groves,

And keep me from the cold.

But It is my father's shepherd boy,

That Driving his sheep to the fold."

(16) (17)

"Hiss So there they lie in one another's arms,

"and Till they fell fast asleep.

It no They never spoke another word,

That Till Lord Darnel stood at their feet.

(17) (18)

"Hiss "How do you like my bed" he said,

And "And how do you like my sheet,

When "And how do you like my false lady,

and "That lies in your arms and sleeps!"

LITTLE MATHA GROVES

(cont.) ~~LITTLE MATHA GROVES~~

(cont.)

(19)

(18)

"Well do I like your bed" said he,

"If I have two good swords by my side,

And well do I like your sheets,

They cost us gold from my purse,

But better do I like your false lady,

You shall have the best of them,

That lies in my arms and sleeps.

And I will take the worst,"

(20)

(17)

"Rise up! rise up!" Lord Darnel said,

The first good stroke little Matha Groves made,

"And some of your clothes put on.

He wounded Lord Darnel sore;

It never shall be said, when you are dead,

But the first good stroke Lord Darnel made,

That I slew you a naked man."

Matha Groves could strike no more.

(21)

(16)

"Must I get up" said little Matha Groves ,

"Owl scarce took up sorry man,

And fight you for my life?

That did not stay my hand,

When you have two good swords by your side,

For I have slain the handsomest man,

And I not even a knife?"

That ever trod England's land."

LITTLE MATHA GROVES.

(cont.)

(22)

"If I have two good swords by my side,
 And set her on his knee,

They cost me gold from my purse.

You shall have the best of them,

And I will take the worst."

(23)

The first good stroke little Matha Groves made,

He wounded Lord Darnel sore;

But the first good stroke Lord Darnel made,

Matha Groves could strike no more.

(24)

"Oh! curse upon my merry men,

That did not stay my hand,

For I have slain the handsomest man,

That ever trod England's land."

LITTLE MATHA GROVES

(cont.)

(25)

He took his lady by the hand,
 And set her on his knee,
 Saying, "Which of us do you love best,
 Little Matha Groves or me?"

(26)

"Well did I like his cheeks" she said,
 "Well did I like his chin,
 Better did I like his palavering tongue,
 Than Lord Darnel and all his kin."

(27)

He took his lady by the hand,
 He led her to yonder plain.
 He never spoke another word,
 Till he split her head in twain.

LITTLE MATHA GROVES

A knight on (cont.) reading from a Fate Book. As he
 passed a poor (28) child, he read that a child to be born in
 the Loudly sings the nightingale, was swayed. He rode by
 the Merrily sings the sparrow. of the child and bought it
 to Lord Darnel and killed his wife today, by a blacksmith
 out And he's to be hung tomorrow. child, took it home to her.
 She grew up. Finis. came. heard story from smith, took her
 away and sent her to his brother with note to kill her. Thief
 got hold of note, changed contents to read "Take best care of
 her." When, years after, knight found out, he was going to
 throw her into river but she pleaded for mercy; he took a ring
 off his finger and passed into sea, said if he ever saw her
 again and she had not that ring he would kill her. She got
 work in an inn. Long after the knight came along. That morning
 while blessing a fish she found the ring. When he accepted her
 she showed the ring. He married her then.

THE CRUEL KNIGHT.

A knight on horse-back reading from a Fate Book. As he passed a poor cottage, he read that a child to be born in that house was to be his wife. He was enraged. He rode by then returned when he had heard of the child and bought it to murder it. Threw it in river. Picked up by a blacksmith out fishing and as his wife had no child, took it home to her. She grew up. Knight came, heard story from smith, took her away and sent her to his brother with note to kill her. Thief got hold of note, changed contents to read "Take best care of her." When, years after, knight found out, he was going to throw her into river but she pleaded for mercy; he took a ring off his finger and tossed into sea. Said if he ever saw her again and she had not that ring he would kill her. She got work in an inn. Long after the knight came along. That morning while cleaning a fish she found the ring. When he accosted her she showed the ring. He married her then.

CRUEL KNIGHT

(Lady (cont.) and the Elf Knight)

(1)

When he saw the ring

He flew to her arms

And kissed her and swore

She had thousands of charms.

(2)

We'll go right away

And I'll make you my bride

you

(3)

She gathered up her father's gold

And part of her father's fee,

They mounted two of the fairest steeds,

And merrily rode away.

THE FALSE KNIGHT

(Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight)

(1)

There was a lord in Ambertown

He courted a lady gay,

And all he wanted of this pretty maid,

Was to take her life away.

(2)

"Go gather up your father's gold

And some of your mother's fee,

And two of the choicest of the steeds,

And we'll ride away to the sea."

(3)

She gathered up her father's gold

And part of her mother's fee,

They mounted two of the fairest steeds,

And merrily rode away.

THE FALSE KNIGHT.

(cont.)

(4)

She mounted on the milk white steed

And he on the rambling gray,

And they rode till they came to the fair riverside,

Three hours before it was day.

(5)

"Light off, light off thy milk white steed

And deliver it unto me,

For six fair maids I have drowned here,

And you the seventh shall be.

(6)

"Strip off, strip off your silken robes,

Likewise thy golden stays,

Methinks they are too rich and too gay

To rot in the salt, salt sea."

THE FALSE KNIGHT.

(cont.)

(7)

"If I must take off my silken robes,

Pray turn your back to me,

For it is not fit such a ruffian as you

An undressed lady should see."

(8)

He turned his back around about

To face yon willow tree.

With all the strength this fair maiden had,

She tumbled him into the sea.

(9)

"Lie there! lie there! you false young knight!

Lie there instead of me!

For six fair maidens thou hast drowned here,

But the seventh hath drowned thee."

THE FALSE KNIGHT

(cont.)

(10)

The parrot was up in the window high,
So he rolled high and he rolled low,
And to his young mistress did say,
Till' he rolled to the sea side.

"O, where have you been, my young mistress,
"Stretch forth your hand, my pretty Polly,
That you're not so long before day?"
And I'll make you my bride."

(11)

(11)

"Don't prattle, don't prattle, my pretty Polly,
"Lie there! lie there! you false young knight!
For tell us tales on me,
Lie there instead of me!

Your cage shall be made of the finest of gold,
For I don't think your clothing too good,
Although it was made from the tree."
To rot in the salt, salt sea."

(12)

(12)

The old man on his willow did lie,
She mounted on her milk white steed,
He unto the parrot did say,
And she led her rambling gray,

"What wills you, what wills you, my pretty Polly parrot,
And she rode forward to her father's door
You prattle so long before day!"
Two hours before it was day.

THE FALSE KNIGHT

(cont.)

(13)

The parrot was up in the window high,

And to his young mistress did say,

"O, where have you been, my young mistress,

That you're out so long before day?"

(14)

"Don't prittle, dont prattle, my pretty Polly,

Nor tell no tales on me.

Your cage shall be made of the finest of gold,

Although it was made from the tree."

(15)

The old man on his pillow did lie,

He unto the parrot did say,

"What ails you, what ails you, my pretty Poll parrot,

You prattle so long before day!"

THE FALSE KNIGHT

(cont.) GOLDEN VALETTE

(16)

(2)

"There was a cat came to my cage,
 A cat I have I got in the North country;
 And she did frighten me,
 And she goes by the name of the "Golden Vallette".
 And I was a-calling my young mistress
 O, I fear she'll be taken by a French Gallic,
 To drive the cat away."
 As she sails by the Lowlands law.

(17)

Refrain:

"Well done it, well done it, my pretty Poll parrot,
 By the Lowlands law, by the Lowlands law,
 Well done it, well done it," said she
 "Your cage it shall be of the glittering gold,
 And the doors of ivory." says the little Robin boy.

He said "What is my fee if the galley I destroy,

The French Gallic, if he were to take away

As you sail by the Lowlands law?"

Refrain:

By the Lowlands law, etc.

THE GOLDEN VANITTEE

(1)

A ship have I got in the north country,
 'Till give you gold and I'll give you fee,
 And she goes by the name of the "Golden Vanittee".
 O, I fear she'll be taken by a French Galalie,
 As she sails by the Lowlands low.

Refrain:

By the Lowlands low, by the Lowlands low,
 As she sails by the Lowlands low.

(2)

To the Captain then upspoke the little cabin boy,
 He said "What is my fee if the galley I destroy,
 The French Galalie, if no more it doth annoy,

As you sail by the Lowlands low!"

Refrain:

By the Lowlands low, etc.

THE GOLDEN VANTEE.

(cont.)

(3)

"I'll give you gold and I'll give you fee ,
 And my eldest daughter your wife shall be .
 Of treasures and of fee galore I'll give to thee ,
 As we sail by the Lowlands low!"

Refrain:

(4)

The boy bended his breast and away swam he ,
 Until he came up to the French Galalie .
 He swam until he came to that French Galalie ,
 As she lay in the Lowlands low.

Refrain:

(5)

He took an auger with him that weighed but one ounce ,
 And with it he bore 24 holes at once
 In the French Galalie 24 holes at once ,
 As she lay in the Lowlands low.

Refrain:

THE GOLDEN VANITEE

(Cont.)

(6)

Some were at cards and some were at dice,

And others were taking good advice;

And he let the water in concealed from their eyes,

As she lay in the Lowlands low.

Refrain:

(7)

Some for their hats and some for their caps,

All for to stop up the salt water gaps.

☐The boy sunk the galley in spite of them all

☐So king bless Captain, seamen and all.☐

Refrain:

(8)

The boy bared his breast and back he swam,

Until he came up to his own ship again,

The Golden Vanitee as on the tide she ran,

Lying in the Lowlands low.

Refrain:

THE GOLDEN VANITEE

(cont.)

(9)

"O Captain captain take me in,

For I am chilled unto the skin,

And I am very weary and I can no longer swim,

I am sinking in the Lowlands low."

Refrain:

(10)

"O Captain take me in" again he faintly cried.

"I will not take you in" the Captain he replied,

"I will shoot you, I will drown you and I'll send you
with the tide

And I'll sink you in the Lowlands low."

Refrain:

(11)

"O Captain, captain, if it weren't for your men,

I'd serve you as I've served them,

The "Golden Vanitoe" as the French Galatie,

Which lay in the Lowlands low"

Refrain:

THE GOLDEN VANITEE

(cont.)

(12.)

"Throw him a rope", the captain replied,

"And I'll soon fetch him over the side".

The captain he
So they hauled the cabin boy from out the flowing tide,

So the boy got
Which ran by the Lowlands low.

Refrain:

May God bless captain, ship, and all.

(13)

Who sail in the
"I'll give you your gold, and I'll give you your fee,

Refrain:
But my eldest daughter your wife shan't be."

Thus spake the captain of the "Golden Vanitee"

As she lay in the Lowlands low.

Refrain:

(14)

The cabin boy spoke and to the captain then said he,

"I value not your gold, nor yet your silver fee,

But your eldest daughter my wife she shall be,

As we sail by the Lowlands low."

Refrain:

THE GOLDEN VANITTEE

(cont.)

There was a ship came over from the North Sea,

(15)

The name of the ship was the "Golden Vanittee".
The captain he repented he fired shot and ball,
They were afraid she would be taken by the Turkish Army
So the boy got the daughter in spite of them all.

That sailed on that lowland sea.
May God bless captain, ship, seamen and all,

Chor: Lowland, lowland, lowland sea,
Who sail in the Lowlands low!

(2)

Refrain:

When up on deck came the little cabin boy,

Finis.

He looked up at the skipper saying "What'll you give to me,

If I sail alongside of the Turkish Army

and sink her in the lowland sea!

Chor:

(3)

"E I will give you silver And I will give you gold,

and my only daughter for to be your bride,

If you were alongside the Turkish Army

and sink her in the lowland sea."

Chor:

"THE GOLDEN VANITTEE."

(1)

There was a ship came over from the North Countrie,

The name of the ship was the "Golden Vanitee".

They were afraid she would be taken by the Turkish Adamy

That sailed on that Lowland sea.

Chor: Lowland, lowland, lowland sea.

(2)

When up on deck came the little cabin boy,

He looked up at the skipper saying "What'll you give to me,

If I swim alongside of the Turkish Adamy

And sink her in the lowland sea."

Chor:

(3)

"O I will give you silver and I will give you gold,

And my only daughter for to be your bride,

If you swim alongside the Turkish Adamy

And sink her in the lowland sea."

Chor:

THE GOLDEN VANITTEE.

(cont.)

(4)

The boy made ready, and overboard sprang he.

He swam alongside of the Turkish Adamy,

And with his auger sharp, in her sides he bored holes three,

And he sank her in the lowland sea, with the tide,

Chor:

and he sank beneath the lowland sea.

(5)

Chor:

The boy sank his auger and back again swam he,

He swam alongside of the "Golden Vanittee",

But the skipper would not heed, for his promise he would need

And he left him in the Lowlands low.

Chor:

(6)

The cabin boy swam round till he came to the ship's side.

He looked up at his messmates and bitterly he cried,

Saying, "Messmates, take me up, for I'm drifting with the tide

And I'm sinking in the lowland sea."

Chor:

" THE GOLDEN VANITTEE."

(cont.)

(7)

His messmates took him up and upon the deck he died,

They sewed him in his hammock which was so large and wide,

They lowered him overboard and they sent him with the tide,

And he sank beneath the lowland sea.

Chor:

Finis.

(1)

St. Patrick's day in Sixty-five ,
From New York we set sail.
Kind Providence did favour us
With a sweet and pleasant gale.

(2)

We bore away from America ,
As you shall understand,
With courage brave we rode the waves,
Bound down to Newfoundland.

(3)

Stafford Nelson was our Captain's name,
Scarce sixteen years of age,
As good and brave a seaman
As ever crossed the waves.

(4)

The "Abeline" our brig was called,
Belonged to Maitland.
With flowing sheets we sailed away,
Bound down to Newfoundland.

(5)

When two days out, to our distress,
Our captain he fell sick,
And shortly was unable
To show himself on deck.

(6)

The fever raged, which made us fear
That death was near at hand,
For Halifax we bore away
Bound down to Newfoundland.

(7)

The land we made but knew it not,
For strangers we were all,
Our captain not being able
To come on deck at all.

(8)

So then we were obliged again
To haul her off from land.
With saddened hearts we put to sea
Bound down to Newfoundland.

(9)

So all that night we ran our brig
Till early the next day,
Our captain getting worse, we all
With one accord did say:

(10)

"We'll square away for Cape Canso
My boys, now bear a hand."
We spread our canvas to the wind
Bound down to Newfoundland.

(11)

At two o'clock that afternoon,
 As you shall understand,
 She anchored safe in Arichat,
 Bound down to Newfoundland.

(12)

And to the Board of Health that day,
 For medical aid did go,
 Our captain near the point of death,
 That symptoms now did show.

(13)

And eight days after we arrived,
 At God's just command,
 He breathed his last in Arichat,
 Bound down to Newfoundland.

(14)

Both day and night may we lament
 For our departed friend,
 And pray to be protected
 From what has been his end.

(15)

Be with us and protect us, God,
 By Thine almighty hand,
 And guard us safe while on the seas,
 Bound down to Newfoundland.

(1)

Come all you British heroes ,

I pray you lend your ears .

Draw up your British forces,

And then your volunteers.

We're going to fight the Yankee boys

By water and by land ,

Cho - And we never will return till we conquer sword in hand.

We're the noble lads of Canada

Come to arms, boys, come.

(2)

O now the time has come my boys ,

To cross the Yankee's line .

We remember they were rebels once ,

And conquered John Burgoyne.

We'll subdue these mighty democrats

And pull their dwellings down,

And we'll have the States inhabited

With subjects to the Crown.

Cho -

(3)

We've as choice a British army

As ever crossed the seas.

We'll burn both town and city,

And with smoke becloud the skies.

We'll subdue the old green mountain, boys,

Their Washington is gone.

And we'll play them Yankee Doodle

As the Yankees did Burgoyne.

Cho.

(4)

Now we've reached the Plattsburgh banks, my boys,

And here we'll make our stand,

Until we take the Yankee fleet

MacDonald hath command;

We've the "Growler" and the "Eagle"

That from Smith we took away,

And we'll have their noble fleet

That lies anchored in the bay.

Cho.

GARY'S ROCKS.

(1)

Come, all you true-born shanty boys,
Wherever that you be!

(I will have you all pay attention,
(Come listen unto me.

(2)

It's of a true-born shanty boy,
Both noble, true and brave.

('Twas on a jam on Gary's rocks,
(He met a watery grave.

(3)

'Twas on a Sunday morning,
As you shall plainly hear,

(Our boss he says, "Turn out my boys!"
(In a voice devoid of fear.

(4)

"We'll break the jam on Gary's rocks,
For Agens town we'll steer."

(Some of them were willing,
(While others hung back in fear.

GARY'S ROCKS.

(cont.)

(5)

All for to work on Sunday,
They did not think it right,

(Till six of these bold Canadian boys did volunteer to go,
(To break the jam on Gary's rocks with their foreman
young Munree.

(6)

They had not rolled off many legs,
When the boss to them did say:

("I'd have you all be on your guard,
(For the jam will soon give way.

(7)

He scarcely had spoken,
When the jam did break and go,

(And carried off these six bold youths,
(With their foreman, young Munree.

(8)

When the rest of these bold shanty boys,
Those tidings came to hear,

(To search for their dead bodies,
(To the river did prepare.

GARY'S ROCKS.

(cont.)

(9)

One of those headless bodies,
To their sad grief and woe,

(All cut and mangled on the rocks,
{ Found the head of the young Munroe.

(10)

They took it from the waters,
Smoothed down his raven hair.

(There was one form among them,
{ Whose cries did rend the air.

(11)

There was one form among them,
A maid from Sigma town,

(Her mournful cries did reach the skies,
{ For her lover that was drowned.

(12)

Lovely Clara was a noble girl,
And his intended bride.

(Her mother was a widow,
{ Lived near the river-side.

GARY'S ROCKS.

(cont.)

(13)

The wages of her own true love,
The boss to her did pay,

{ And a liberal subscription ,
{ From the shanty boys next day.

(14)

They buried him quite decently,
All on the sixth of May,

{ Now all you true-bern shanty boys ,
{ For your comrades do pray.

(15)

Engraved all on a hemlock tree,
That near his head did grow ,

{ Was the age, the name and drowning ,
{ Of that hero, young Munroe.

(16)

Lovely Clara did not survive long,
In her sad grief and wee.

{ For in less than six months after ,
{ Death called for her to go.

GARY'S ROCKS

(cont.)

(17)

And her last request was granted,
To be laid by young Munree,

Now, all you true-bern shanty boys ,
Who'd wish to call and see ,

(On a little isle by the river-side,
(There grows a hemlock tree.

(19)

The shanty boys cut the woods all round ,
Where the two lovers are laid low ,

('Tis lovely Clara Vincent ,
(And her shanty boy Munree.

Finis.

NINE MILE RIVER ELECTION SONG.

This event occurred somewhere about 1856-59.

Ye sons of bold St. Patrick,
I pray you to draw near,
And Father Welsh of Windsor,
I wish that you were here
To give us absolution,
And pray for all our sins,
And pray for Gourlay's shanty,
And all that is therein.

(2)

I think I see old Kennedy
A-peeping from his cell,
And hear him say "Come pray for me
For what has me befell.
I murdered poor young Wallace
At twelve o'clock at night,
And rifled all his pockets,
Before the morning light

(3)

The sons of bold St. Patrick,
As they roam from shore to shore,
And get them safely landed
All on our peaceful shore,

NINE MILE RIVER ELECTION SONG.

(3, cont.)

They roam to seek employment,
 Like many a thousand more,
 Living on the railroad they frequently obtained ,
 With nothing but a shanty ,
 To keep them from the rain.

(4)

But always gay and happy,
 And nothing do they fear,
 Though oft they meet with trials ,
 Yet always they get clear.
 They spree and fight the live-long night,
 And Sunday in its turn.
 They always strive to beat their wives,
 And Irish fashions learn.

(5)

Of all things best, I must confess ,
 The Irish do like rum
 And where it flows they're sure to go,
 On purpose to get some.
 And when they are encouraged
 By natives of our soil ,
 They're no ways slow their teeth to show ,
 In raising of a broil.

NINE MILE RIVER ELECTION SONG.

(cont.)

(6)

Promiscuously we often see
 Poor Paddy at the bar,
 With awful slews of Irish crews,
 Most always in a jar.

His clothing shows he's been exposed
 To both the mire and mud,
 And oft by Gob! he gets a daub
 Of real Hibernian blood.

(7)

We had a bad example
 Of this some weeks ago.
 Both rum and beer were sent up here,
 By Johnson's party crew,
 With all the men that they could send,
 And drunken railroad rakes,
 The Indian's crew they brought them too,
 And niggers from 'round the Lake.

(8)

They came to Nine Mile River,
 Three or four hundred strong,
 With gallons of good rum and beer,
 To help their crew along.

NINE MILE RIVER ELECTION SONG.

(8, cont.)

When they got here, the rum and beer
 Did make these heroes strong,
 And you might hear them curse and swear,
 As they did pass along.

(9)

They would fight to get their rights
 In spite of Joseph Howe,
 And Tupper would do all he could,
 For to assist them now.

These men of note they came to vote
 For to assist a man,
 Who told them they should shortly see
 Ascendancy at hand;

(10)

That he would serve and strain all nerve,
 If once put into power,
 For to exclude the word of God
 From common schools of ours.

The Irish now did raise a row,
 The way they often do,
 Thinking that they would clear the way,
 With their infernal crew.

NINE MILE RIVER ELECTION SONG.

(cont.)

(11)

Their clubs and sticks those Irish Micks
 Did flourish in the air,
 But steady blows soon brought them low,
 When they were brought to bear.
 Big Evans' fist it never missed
 To bring a Paddy down,
 And Donal Mac did cuff and whack
 Those Irish bullies round.

(12)

Big Jim Densmore did lay them o'er,
 By pattering their pates,
 And Thompson's blows were no ways slow,
 To make them lay out straight.
 The Irish fell like drops of hail,
 Most dismal to behold.
 At every blow their clarer flew *clarer*
 Disfiguring their mould.

(13)

They did disgrace the human race,
 In every shape they choose,
 Except in moral character -
 They had not that to lose.

NINE MILE RIVER ELECTION SONG.

(cont.13)

In a short time they closed the shine ,
The Paddies had to clear,
And they that could, took to the wood ,
Possessed with fright and fear.

(14)

Big waggons then were seen prepared ,
To bear away the slain,
Their bloody shirts lay in the dirt,
With all that they contained.
Bit Fraser then he drove a span,
And cleared with all his might ,
In half-an-hour the Papal power
Had vanished out of sight.

(15)

We trust that we may never see,
On Nine Mile River's plain,
The rebel race come back to face
The Protestants again.
For if they do, they'll ever rue,
The day they left the sod,
For we will stretch them in the ditch,
To sprawl amongst the mud.

NINE MILE RIVER ELECTION SONG.

(cont.)

(16)

And what is more, we'll send them o'er
 To Purgatory's Lake,
 And let the priests their souls release,
 Even for the Virgin's sake.
 If Bishop Hughes should hear the news,
 He'd sail across the sea,
 And invite France for to advance,
 And take the count-er-ee.

(17)

May Protestants not pull down the fence,
 But side through to a man,
 Nor tell them plain, "Here take the reins,
 You'll get the upper hand."
 Ye dregs of Paddy nation,
 For God's sake, don't come here,
 For we will smash your bloody trash,
 Like rats another year.
 I would advise your men and boys,
 "Be civil and behave",
 For we have men who will you kill,
 And send prayerless to your graves.

NINE MILE RIVER ELECTION SONG.

(18)

For want of space, I must release

This subject from my mind,

We'll not forget the hallowed spot,

All in the olden time.

Deserters now we don't allow

To meddle nor molest.

The negro race we will not chase,

Nor whip the boys to death.

Finis.

Johnson, Tupper's assistant against Howe,

coerced the negroes and sheltered deserters.

(3)

A storm arose about 9 o'clock

On a dreary winter's morn

We were here in the harbor of Nova

Two of our men were gone.

"ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND."

(cont.)

(1)

Come all you jolly seamen bold,
 We looked seaward as the misters shroul,
 Who live a-safe on shore,
 And they answered us a plan,
 Free from all troubles and hardships,
 For to him the signal of distress,
 Which we poor souls endure.

On the banks of Newfoundland.

(2)

(3)

Free from all troubles and hardships,
 We fasted there three days and nights,
 That we were forced to stand,
 Our provisions being all gone,
 For fourteen days and fourteen nights,
 'Twas on the morning of the fourth,
 On the banks of Newfoundland.

Our hats we did pass round.

(3)

(4)

A storm arose about 9 o'clock,
 The lot fell on the captain's son,
 On a dreary winter's morn.
 Think him the least of hand,
 We were hove in to the leeward my boys,
 But we spared him yet another day,
 Two of our men were gone.

On the banks of Newfoundland

"ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND."

(cont.)

(4)

We lashed ourselves in the mizzen shroud;
 And then contrived a plan,
 For to hist the signal of distress,
 On the banks of Newfoundland.

(5)

We fasted there three days and nights,
 Our provisions being all gone ,
 'Twas on the morning of the fourth,
 Our lots we did pass round.

(6)

The lot fell on the captain's son ,
 Think him the least at hand ,
 But we spared him yet another day ,
 On the banks of Newfoundland

ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(cont.)

(7)

'Twas on the very next morning
 We told him to prepare;
 We just give him one hour
 To offer up a prayer.

(8)

But Providence proved kind to us,
 Kept blood from every man,
 When an English vessel hove in sight
 On the banks of Newfoundland.

(9)

They took us from the wreck, my boys,
 We were more like ghosts than men.
 They clothed us and they fed us,
 And sent us home again.

ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(cont.)

As you may understand,

(10)

I belong to Prince Edward Island,

Soon we were all jolly sailors bold

And did our ship well man;

In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-two,

But our captain lost his feet by frost

I left my native country,

On the banks of Newfoundland.

My fortune is pursued,

Finis.

I hired in New Brunswick,

That lumbering country,

Hired to work in the lumbering woods

Where they cut the tall spruce trees,

(4)

And leading a sled in the yard,

I received my deadly wound

(5)

There's danger on the ocean,

Where the sea rolls mountains high,

There's danger on the battle-field,

Where the angry bullets fly.

PETER AMBELAY.

(1)

O, my name is Peter Ambelay
As you may understand,
I belong to Prince Edward Island,
Down by the ocean strand.

(2)

In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-two,
When the flowers were in brilliant hue,
I left my native country,
My fortune to pursue.

(3)

I hired in New Brunswick,
That lumbering countree,
Hired to work in the lumbering woods,
Where they cut the tall spruce tree.

(4)

And leading a sled in the yard,
I received my deadly wound

(5)

There's danger on the ocean,
Where the sea rolls mountains high,
There's danger on the battle-field,
Where the angry bullets fly.

PETER AMBELAY

(cont.)

(6)

There's danger in the lumbering woods,
And death lies silent there.
Seen I became a victim
Unto its monstrous snare.

(7)

Here's adieu unto my father,
'Twas he who drove me here,
I thought him very cruel.
His treatment was severe.

(8)

It is not right to press a boy,
Ner try to keep him down.
'Twill cause him for to leave his home,
When he is far too young.

(9)

Here's adieu unto my greatest friend,
I mean my mother dear,
Who raised a son that fell as soon
As he left her tender care.

(10)

How little did my mother think,
When she sang lullaby,
What country I must travel in,
Ner what death I might die.

PETER AMBELAY

(cont.)

(11)

Here's adieu unto my younger friends,
And the Island girls so true,
Long may they live to grace that isle ,
Where first my breath I drew.

(12)

But the world will roll on just the same,
As before I passed away .
What signifies a mortal man?
His origin is clay.

(13)

Here's adieu to P. E. Island ,
That Garden in the seas,
No more I'll walk its flowing banks,
To enjoy an evening's breeze.

(14)

No more I'll watch those gallant ships ,
As they go sailing by ,
With their streamers flying in the air,
Above their gaillards high.

(15)

There's one thing more I have to ask,
For it I humbly crave,
That some holy Father
Will bless my silent grave.

PETER AMBELAY

(cont.)

(16)

It's near the rounds of Boylston town,
Where my mouldering bones doth lay,
To await my Saviour calling,
On that great rising day.

Two little girls from Warton Road,
Into Finis.

NELSON

Arise! ye bold Britanniens,
And sound your loudsome strain,
And join with us in chorus,
For to sing Britain's praise.
May Britain's wealth and trade increase!
May wars and tumults ever cease!
May she have an everlasting peace!
O brave Nelson!

PRESTON BABES.

(1)

Good people read these verses,
 Which I have written here,
 And when you have perused them,
 You can't but shed a tear.

(2)

In Eighteen hundred and forty-two,
 April the eleventh day,
 Two little girls from Preston Road,
 Into the woods did stray.

(3)

Their father and their mother
 Both sick in bed did lay,
 While these two little children
 About the door did play.

(4)

And hand in hand together
 They seen them leave the door.
 The eldest was but six years old,
 The youngest only four.

(5)

Jane Elizabeth and Margaret Mahar
 Were their two pretty names,
 Two of the fairest creatures,
 That e'er did Nature frame.

PRESTON BABES.

(cont.)

(6)

They walked along together

And cheerfully did play;

But mark what followed after,

How soon they lost their way.

(7)

There in the lonely wilderness

They spent a dismal day.

The night came on, they thought of home,

Their streaming eyes give way.

(8)

The frosty gale blew very hard,

Not a star to yield them light,

The beasts of prey they feared all day,

The screaming owls at night.

(9)

They might have been discovered,

But for that simple race,

Ye Preston niggers, wash your hands

And wipe off your disgrace.

(10)

You cruel Brown, that heard them cry,

And did not take them in,

May God reward or punish you,

According to your sin!

PRESTON BABES

(cont.)

(11)

But when the shocking news
Did reach the neighboring town,
Each manly heart with pity swelled,
And then for grief atoned,

(12)

Saying "Poor Mahar, your babes are lost,
And you are left forlorn,
So true it is, it bears remark
That 'Man was made to mourn.'"

(13)

Early the next morning
Went out one hundred men.
They found poor Mahar and his wife
Searching the lonely plain.

(14)

First casting their eyes to heaven,
And then upon the ground,
With prayers and groans and dying cries
Distracted as they roamed.

(15)

'Twas all that week they hunted,
But alas it was in vain,
For in the lonely wilderness,
Their infants did remain.

PRESTON BABES

(cont.)

(16)

Though oft they stopped to listen,
 They never could hear a sound,
 At twelve o'clock on Thursday,
 A bloody rag was found.

(17)

Think, gentle reader, what a sight,
 If we could them behold, *them*
 Dying in the wilderness,
 With hunger, fright and cold.

(18)

Not a mother by to close an eye,
 Or friend to wipe a tear.
 A Pharaoh's heart would surely melt,
 Their dying cries to hear.

(19)

On the 14th day of April,
 Went out a valiant crew,
 To search the woods and dreary plains,
 As hunters used to do.

(20)

'Twas Halifax and Dartmouth,
 Preston and Porter's Lake,
 Twelve hundred men assembled,
 A final search to make.

PRESTON BABES.

(cont.)

(21)

'Twas Peter Curry found them, they carried them
 At twelve o'clock that day,
 On Melancholy Mountain, in a thousand years,
 But lumps of breathless clay. could.

(22)

Their hair was dragged from their heads,
 Their clothes in pieces torn,
 Their tender flesh from head to foot in.
 The prickly thorns had gorn.

(23)

The frost it stole upon their hearts,
 Their blood began to chill,
 Their tender nerves could not obey,
 With all their art and skill.

(24)

Headlong they fell, they felt their souls,
 Unwilling, take their way, in fact,
 And left their tender bodies in pain,
 On a dismal rock to lay. in fact,

(25)

No longer did they leave them in fact,
 For the birds and beasts to tear.
 On decent biers they laid them in fact,
 And graced with odors fair. in fact,

PRESTON BABES.

(cont.)

(26)

To the father's house they carried them
Their mother to behold.
She kissed them both a thousand times,
Though they were dead and cold.

(27)

Their father quite distracted was,
And overcome with grief.
The neighbours tried to comfort him,
But gave him no relief.

(28)

The cries of their poor mother
Were dismal for to hear,
To think that death had her bereft
Of those she loved so dear.

(29)

On the 17th of April,
They were in one coffin laid,
Between Elmsvale and Elms Farm,
The little grave was made,

(30)

Where thousands did assemble,
Their last farewell to take,
Both rich and poor lamented sore
For the poor children's sake.

PRESTON BABES

(cont.)

(31)

The rain was fast a-falling,
 And dismal was the day,
 When, gazing on Elizabeth,
 Methinks I heard her say:

(32)

"Farewell, my loving neighbours,
 Return, dry up your tears,
 Let us two lay in this cold clay,
 Till Christ himself appears"

(33)

Five pounds reward was offered
 To the man that did them find,
 But Curry he refused it,
 As a Christian, just and kind.

(34)

May God forever bless him,
 And grant him length of days,
 The humble poet, D. G. Brown, G.B.D.
 Shall ever sing his praise.

(35)

Ye gentle folks of Halifax
 That did turn out so kind,
 I hope in Heaven hereafter,
 A full reward you'll find.

*Dan Belois
 was the
 author.*

PRESTON BABES.

(cont.)

Oh, none all ye (36) of learning,
 And Not forgetting those of Dartmouth
 And Who turned out rich and poor,
 Likewise those of Preston
 And round the Eastern shore.

That are at you (37)
 And Now to conclude and make an end
 Of this my mournful song,
 I beg you will excuse me
 Oh, For writing it so long.

Brown, Martin (38)
 That I another thing like this
 May never have to pen.
 This is the first, I hope the last.
 God grant it so, Amen!

And for seven Finis. transported
 Unto Van Bismarck's Land.

(3)

Oh, Brown he had a sweetheart,
 Jean Summer was her name,
 And she was sent to Dublin town,
 For the playing of her game.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

(1)

Oh, come all ye men of learning,
 And rambling boys beware,
 And when you go a-hunting,
 Take your dog, your gun, your snare.
 Think on lofty hills and mountains
 That are at your command,
 And think of the tedious journey,
 Going to Van Dieman's Land.

(2)

Oh, there were three men from Galway,
 Brown, Martin and Paul Jones,
 They were three loyal comrades,
 To their country they were known.
 One night they were trapped
 By the keepers of the strand,
 And for seven long years transported
 Unto Van Dieman's Land.

(3)

Oh, Brown he had a sweetheart,
 Jean Summer was her name,
 And she was sent to Dublin town,
 For the playing of her game.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

(3 cont.)

Our captain fell in love with her,
And married her out of hand,
And the best of treatment she gave us,
Going to Van Dieman's Land.

(4)

Oh, the place we had to land upon
Was on some foreign shore.
The people gathered around us,
About five hundred score.
They yoked us up like horses,
And they sold us out of hand,
And they hitched us to a plough, boys,
To plough Van Dieman's Land.

(5)

The place we had to sleep in,
Was built of sods and clay,
Some rotten straw to sleep upon,
And not one word dare say.
The people gathered around us
Saying "Slumber if you can!
But think of the Turks and tigers,
That's in Van Dieman's land."

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND. *Finis.*

(1)

(6)

Come, all good people, draw near us,

One night as I lay in my bed,
 I had a pleasant dream,
 I dreamed I was in old Ireland,
 Down by a purling stream,
 With a fair lassie by my side,
 And she at my command;-
 When I woke quite broken hearted,
 All in Van Dieman's Land.

(3)

Young Henry **Finis.** *wealthy*

As you may plainly see,
 Miss Wyatt she was beautiful
 But not of high degree.

(4)

He says "My lovely Mary,
 If you will be my wife,
 I'll protect you as a husband
 All through this lonesome life."

(5)

"O Henry, dearest Henry
 How could I consent,
 Before we'd be long married
 I fear you would repent."

HENRY GREEN - Mrs. S. Turple.

(1)

Come, all good people, draw near me,
Good people, young and old.
I'll tell you of a tragedy
'Twould make your blood run cold.

(2)

'Tis of a pretty fair damsel
Miss Wyatt is her name.
She was poisoned by her husband
And he hung for the same.

(3)

Young Henry Green was wealthy
As you may plainly see.
Miss Wyatt she was beautiful
But not of high degree.

(4)

He says "My lovely Mary,
If you will be my wife,
I'll protect you as a husband
All through this lonesome life."

(5)

"O Henry, dearest Henry
How could I consent,
Before we'd be long married
I fear you would repent.

HENRY GREEN.

(cont.)

(6)

"Before we'd be long married,
You'd think me a disgrace,
For I am not as rich as you,
As oft has been the case."

(7)

"Oh Mary, lovely Mary,
Oh, why torment me so?
For I vow and swear by all that's dear,
I ever will prove true.

(8)

"And if you will not be my wife,
I'll surely end my life,
For I care no longer for to live,
If you are not my wife."

(9)

Believing all he said was true,
She soon became his wife,
But little did the poor thing know
Or little did she think.

(10)

But little did the poor girl know,
Nor e'er she did expect
He would take away the precious life
He swore for to protect.

HENRY GREEN.

(cont.)

(11)

They had not long been married,
Till she was taken ill,
Great doctors then were sent for,
To try their noted skill.

(12)

Great doctors then were sent for,
But none her life could save.
It was pronounced by all around,
She must go to her grave.

(13)

Her brother, hearing the sad news,
He quickly came straightway,
Saying "Sister dear, you're dying,
Your doctors tell me so."

(14)

"Sister dear, you're dying,
Your life is at an end.
Now, haven't you been poisoned
By one you call your friend?"

(15)

"I know that Henry's poisoned me,
Oh how my poor heart is wrung!
But when I'm dead and buried,
Brother, don't have him hung."

HENRY GREEN

(cont.)

(16)

"I truly can forgive him,
 O brother for him send,
 For I love him just as dearly,
 As when he was my friend."

(17)

Henry Green was sent for
 His own dear wife to see.

"Mary lovely Mary,
 Are you deceiving me?"

(18)

Three times she cried "O Henry",
 Then turning on her side -
 "In Heaven meet me Henry"
 Then sweetly smiled and died.

(19)

Young Henry Green was taken,
 And into prison bound.
 Henry Green was taken.
 Strong walls did him surround.

(20)

The jury found him guilty,
 The judge made this reply,
 "For the poisoning of Miss Wyatt
 On the gallows, you must die."

JOHN SULLIVAN.

THE MONCTON TRAGEDY .

(1)

Come all you boys of Westmoreland,
I want you to attend ,
And listen with attention
To these true lines I pen.

(2)

I'll sing to you a little song,
Which I made up today,
Concerning John E. Sullivan
And the Moncton tragedy.

(3)

I do reside in Westmoreland ,
I don't deny the same.
Moncton is my native home,
John Sullivan is my name.

(4)

I'm handcuffed down in Dorchester ,
And sentenced for to die
On Friday the twelfth day of March ,
Upon the gallows high.

(5)

I come from honest parents ,
They raised me true and kind,
They gave me an education ,
Which I must leave behind.

JOHN SULLIVAN.

(cont.)

(6)

They taught me how to fear the Lord
And do His holy will.

They little thought they'd raised a son,
That human blood would spill.

(7)

There was a wealthy widow,
Lived in that fatal place.
With her I had been intimate,
Since first I saw her face.

(8)

She trusted me as you may see
To all I did require,
But to take away her precious life,
It was my heart's desire.

(9)

On the eleventh of September last,
Sad curse attend the day,
The devil whispered in my ear,
These words to me did say:

(10)

"Why don't you do your work, John,
It never shall be told.
It's easy to announce her death,
And you'll enjoy her gold."

JOHN SULLIVAN.

(cont.)

(11)

'Twas at the hour of five o'clock,
The day was nearly done,
The evening sun was getting low,
The night was coming on.

(12)

My way I cautiously did trace,
My steps I quietly took,
Till I arrived at Duchess
On the banks of Meadowbrook.

(13)

'Twas there I so concealed myself,
I soon construed a plan,
I only wanted liquor,
And she kept the like on hand.

(14)

I went there in the dead of night,
For fear I would be seen,
I thought suspicion it would fall
On Hughie and Lizzie Green.

(15)

.....
.....
.....
.....

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JOHN SULLIVAN.

(cont.)

(16)

I killed the widow and her son,
To accomplish my desire.
I gathered in what cash she had,
And set the house on fire.

(17)

'Twas early the next morning,
The news went all around
About the Duchess residence,
That burned unto the ground.

(18)

The widow and her little son,
They perished in the flame,
While little Maggie she survived,
On me to lay the blame.

(19)

'Twas then I grew uneasy
And troubled in my mind,
My friends they all advised me
To leave my home behind.

(20)

I steered my course for Calais,
That city of great fame,
'Twas there I was arrested.
They brought me back again.

100

JOHN SULLIVAN

(cont.)

(21)

It's now I'm in my little cell,
In a dejected state,
Waiting for the day to come,
When I shall meet my fate.

(22)

Four long weary months have passed,
The future did require.
The judges found me guilty,
I am condemned to die.

(23)

On Friday, on the twelfth of March,
I take my last adieu
To Moncton and to Westmoreland,
Where my first breath I drew.

(24)

If I had died upon that day,
What a blessing it would be,
To see me die a decent death,
Not on the gallows tree.

(25)

Oh, fare ye well, my pretty girl,
The pride of all my life,
If I had lived a year or two,
You would have been my wife.

JOHN SULLIVAN.

(cont.)

(25)

No more I'll kiss your rosy lips,
 Or embrace you any more,
 Till Death's dark valley I have crossed
 To Canaan's happy shore.

(26)

Now to conclude and make an end,
 My pen I'll lay away,
 I will wind up my little song,
 I have no more to say.

(27)

I hope I have said nothing,
 My neighbours to offend.
 I simply wrote these verses,
 To satisfy a friend.

(28)

It's there the Finis.

Who had this dreadful murder done.

With rolling eyes cast on the ground,

He told the truth to all around.

MACLELLAN'S SON.

(1)

It was on September, the eighteenth day,

Now just attend to what I say,

A gun was heard, a solemn sound,

Like thunder rolling, shook the ground.

(2)

The neighbours hastened to the spot

Where they had heard this mournful shot,

And there, in death's cold fetters found

A bleeding victim on the ground.

(3)

It's there they saw a man and gun,

Who had this dreadful murder done.

With rolling eyes cast on the ground,

He told the truth to all around.

MACLELLAN'S SON.

(cont.)

(4)

"I just picked up this cursèd gun ,
 To snap it off in careless fun,
 When this poor boy with spirit large
 Came up the hill and met the charge.

(5)

"I did not know the load was in,
 Until I saw him droop his chin,
 With death-like looks to me did say,
 "Britner, you've took my life away!"

(6)

"With gracious wonder, strange to tell,
 He turned to me and down he fell.
 His dying eyes on me did roll,
 Just like an arrow pierced my soul.

MACLELLAN'S SON

(cont.)

(7)

"I'll tell you what I'll have you do.

Load this same gun and shoot me too.

I would to God, I too were dead!

Where shall I hide my guilty head?"

(8)

"We'll take poor Daniel from his gore,

And lay him on the bar-room floor,

Send for a justice very soon,

And let the jury fill the room.

(9)

They took poor Daniel from his sight

Down to a friend's to spend the night,

With wringing hands and bitter cries,

They walked the room with streaming eyes.

MACLELLAN'S SON.

(cont.)

It's of a noble steamer,

(10)

The Cedar Grove by name.

The parents of this murdered boy

From London city came.

Had given up all hopes of joy,
While steering forth one stormy night.

To see their son to manhood grown,

By some miscalculation,

Should die by folly not his own
On chance she laid abroad.

(11)

The night was dark and stormy.

Take warning, all you careless youths,
The look-out at his post,

By these few lines, and speak the truth.

Was breakers on the coast.

Take warning by MacLellan's son,
The lookout wished to give their orders,

Mind how you trifle with a gun.

The bugler it must be observed,

Finis.

Whatever be the case,

(12)

The sailor at the helm.

He knew that he could tell,

He knew they were too near the rocks,

By the heaving of the swell.

THE CEDAR GROVE.

(1)

It's of a noble steamer,
 The Cedar Grove by name,
 She crossed the briny ocean,
 From London city came.
 While steering forth one stormy night,
 Too dark to see the land,
 By some miscalculations,
 On Canso she did strand.

(2)

The night was dark and stormy,
 The look-out at his post,
 The first he knew of dangers,
 Was breakers on the coast.
 The lookout wished to give them orders,
 But knew it not his place,
 The bugler it must be observed,
 Whatever be the case.

(3)

The sailor at the helm,
 He knew that he could tell.
 He knew they were too near the rocks,
 By the heaving of the swell.

THE CEDAR GROVE

(3 cont.)

The orders then were given
 The engines to reverse ,
 "Starboard your hellum" the captain cries ,
 "Our ship is off her course."

(4)

Then straightway through the breakers ,
 Our noble ship boomed on ,
 Till all at once an awful crash ,
 Brought fear to every one.
 Both engineers and firemen
 Were hard at work below ,
 And by their perseverance ,
 Our ship did backward go.

(5)

Soon she was in deep water,
 And then her fate was sealed.
 The waves began to wash her decks ,
 And on her side she keeled.
 Her after cabins began to fill ,
 And also down below.
 Likewise her aft compartments ,
 And down our ship did go.

THE CEDAR GROVE.

(cont.)

A giant was (6)

The saddest of my story,
 From you yet doth remain.
 We had a lady passenger,
 Miss Farrell was her name.
 For to visit some relation,
 In the city of St. John,
 She ventured across the ocean,
 But now she's dead and gone.

Two engines (7) were also lost.

A sailor said he saw her,
 In the cabin door stand by,
 He said it grieved him to the heart,
 To hear her wailing cry.
 He said he tried to console with her,
 And tell her she'd not be lost,
 But in another moment,
 On the billows she was tossed.

A staff (8)

Our steward held her bravely,
 Out o'er the ship's dark rail.
 He waited for the boats,
 To pull up against the gale.

THE CEDAR GROVE

(8 cont.)

A giant wave swept over,
Which did prevail his grip,
And then that lady's tender form
Went floating from the ship.

(9)

The same sea took our captain,
And he was seen no more.
Through heavy seas and darkness,
The boats still lingered near.
Two engineers were also lost,
When the noble ship went down,
Their bodies or the lady's
Have never yet been found.

(10)

And now the ill-fated Cedar Grove ,
On the bottom she doth lie .
To save the most of her cargo ,
The divers hard did try.
A disfigured body
Was carefully sent on,
Our aged and honored captain ,
Who died while in command.

THE SALAD.
THE CEDAR GROVE.

(cont.)

They shipped me on board the Saladin,

(11)

As you shall understand,

Our cargo was for Halifax,
From the city of St. John,
And to the latter port my boys,
This noble ship belonged.

She was strongly built on the banks of Clyde,
Five thousand tons or more,
But her strength it proved of no avail
On the rocks of Canso shore.

'Twas Fielding who induced us

To do the Finis. I crine.

We might have prevented it,

If we had thought in time,

(4)

We shed the blood of innocents,

The name I don't care,

As washed our hands in human blood,

For which we have to die.

(5)

'Twas on a Sabbath morning,

Our ship being homeward bound,

With copper ore and silver

And over a thousand pounds.

///

THE SALADIN.

(1)

They shipped me on board the Saladin,
As you shall understand,
She was bound for Valparaiso,
MacKenzie had command.

(2)

We arrived there in safety,
Without the least delay,
Till Fielding came on board of her,
Curse on that fatal day!

(3)

'Twas Fielding who induced us
To do that horrid crime.
We might have prevented it,
If we had thought in time.

(4)

We shed the blood of innocents,
The same I don't deny,
We washed our hands in human blood,
For which we have to die.

(5)

'Twas on a Sabbath morning,
Our ship being homeward bound,
With copper ore and silver
And over a thousand pounds.

THE SALADIN

(cont.)

(6)

Likewise two cabin passengers
On board of her did come.
One was Captain Fielding,
The other was his son.

(7)

He did upbraid our Captain,
Before we were long at sea,
And one by one seduced us
Into a mutiny.

(8)

The tempting prize did attract his eyes,
He kept it well in view,
And by his consummate of art,
He destroyed us all but two.

(9)

On the 14th night of April,
I am sorry to relate,
We began the desperate enterprise,
By killing first the mate.

(10)

And then we killed our carpenter,
And overboard him threw.
Our captain next we put to death,
With three more of the crew.

THE SALADIN.

(cont.)

(11)

The watch were in their hammocks,
 When the work of death begun.
 The watch we called; as they came up,
 We killed them, one by one.

(12)

Those poor unhappy victims
 Lay in their beds asleep.
 We called them up and murdered them,
 And threw them in the deep.

(13)

There were two more remained below,
 And being unprepared,
 The hand of God protected them,
 And both their lives were spared.

(14)

By them we're brought to justice,
 And both of them set free.
 They had no hand in Fielding's plan,
 Nor his conspiracy.

(15)

It was on a Sunday morning,
 The work of death was done,
 When Fielding took the Bible
 And swore us every one.

THE SALADIN

(cont.)

(16)

The tempting prize before his eyes ,
He kept it still in view ,
And like a band of brothers ,
We were sworn to be true.

(17)

Our fire arms and weapons all,
We threw into the sea .
He said he'd steer for Newfoundland ,
To which we did agree,

(18)

And secrete all our treasures there
Into some secret place.
Had it not been for his treachery,
That might have been the case.

(19)

We found on Captain Fielding,
For which he lost his life,
A brace of loaded pistols,
Likewise a carving knife.

(20)

We suspected him for treachery,
Which did enrage the crew,
He was seized by Carr and Galloway,
And overboard was threw.

THE SALADIN

(cont.)

(21)

His son exclaimed for mercy,
He being left alone,
But his entreaties were soon cut off,
No mercy there was shown.

(22)

We served him like his father was,
Who met a watery grave,
For we buried son and father,
Beneath the briny waves.

(23)

So then it was agreed upon,
Before the wind to keep,
We had the world before us,
And on the trackless deep.

(24)

We sailed the ship before the wind,
As we could do no more,
And on the 28th of April,
We were shipwrecked on the shore.

(25)

We were all apprehended,
And into prison cast,
Tried and found guilty,
And sentence on us passed.

THE SALADIN

(cont.)

(26)

There were four of us who were condemned,
And sentenced for to die.
The day of execution
Is the thirtieth of July.

(27)

My father was a shipwright.
I might have been the same.
He taught me good example,
To him I leave no blame.

(28)

Likewise my tender mother,
Who for me suffered sore,
When she hears the sad announcement,
I'm sure she'll suffer more.

(29)

Likewise those pious clergymen,
Who for our souls did pray,
Who watched and prayed along with us,
As we in prison lay.

(30)

May God reward them for their pains,
They really did their best.
They offered holy sacrifice
To God to grant us rest.

THE SALADIN

(cont.)

(31)

We were marched from prison ,
Unto the gallows high,
And placed upon the scaffold,
Whereon we were to die.

(32)

Farewell my loving country!
I bid this world Adieu.
I hope this will a warning be
To one and all of you.

(33)

They were placed upon the fatal drop,
With their coffins beneath their feet,
While the clergy were preparing them ,
Our Maker for to meet.

(34)

They prayed sincere for mercy,
While they humbly smote their breasts.
They were launched into eternity,
And may God grant them rest!

Finis.

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC. Mrs. S. Turple.

(1)

Dear friends, come hear the mournful tale ,
The loss which we deplore,
Of the gallant ship "Atlantic" wrecked
On Nova Scotia's shore.

(2)

A most terrific accident on board,
Befell that fated ship ,
As she approached those rocky shores,
On her way across the deep.

(3)

The sun had sunk behind the hills,
Night spread her wings around,
A night that will remembered be,
For many a year to come.

(4)

Alas! that ship, that noble ship,
That had the ocean crossed,
Upon that lonely Prospect shore,
That night was wrecked and lost.

(5)

With full a thousand souls on board,
The captain had no fear,
And heeded not the rocky coast ,
Which he was drawing near.

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

(cont.)

(6)

Till oh alas! it was too late,
The final shock was given.
That noble ship had struck the rock,
Amidships she was riven.

(7)

The terror-stricken souls on board,
O! who could give them aid!
Unto each other locked for help,
Each praying to be saved.

(8)

Numbers overboard were washed,
And perished in the deep,
While others, frozen with the cold,
Died on the sinking ship.

(9)

Poor helpless women down below,
Of whom not one was saved,
Dear little children too,
All met a watery grave.

(10)

Amongst the women there were two,
Beneath the waves that night,
Had each of them a little babe,
That scarce had seen the light.

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

(cont.)

(11)

A lady with her babe in arms,
Had reached the deck, we're told,
With nothing but her night clothes on,
To shield her from the cold.

(12)

To save her life, her tender form
Was fastened to a mast,
Where ten long hours she remained,
Before she breathed her last.

(13)

And ere she died, her little babe
Was swept into the sea,
What suffering did that mother bear
In those hours of agony!

(14)

The captain in that trying hour,
Spoke kindly to the men,
Saying, "Be calm!" whilst angry waves
Swept furiously over them.

(15)

One Mr. Stewart, a gentleman,
Quite frantic with despair
From cabin came, and in his arms,
His little daughter bare.

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

(cont.)

(16)

And to one Ellery he said,
"Pray, Charlie, take my child,
That I may go my wife to seek."
The billows raging wild.

(17)

And as the steward gazed on the child,
And saw her face so fair,
His thoughts went quickly to his home,
He had one like her there.

(18)

The father did the mother seek,
But neither one came back.
The angry waves soon swept them,
From off the sinking wreck.

(19)

Peer suffering little innocent,
It cried out "Papa come!"
Its clothes were thin, just taken from
Its little bed so warm.

(20)

It cried "Papa" a short time,
But Papa never came,
Expiring in the steward's arms,
In agony and pain.

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

(cont.)

(21)

Its little soul to Heaven flew
 To call its papa there.
 I hope they hand in hand will walk
 Through heavenly mansions fair.

(22)

Among the rest of those gallant lads,
 Who risked a watery grave,
 And stirred up those around him,
 The ship-wrecked men to save,

(23)

Was that kind and loving clergyman,
 Mr. Ancient is his name,
 Whose deeds deserve to be enrolled
 Upon the roll of fame.

(24)

He says, "My men, come take the boat,
 And try whom we can save."
 He boldly took the foremost part,
 The bravest of the brave.

(25)

Those hardy men who gave such help,
 Deserve the highest praise.
 We'll ne'er forget their noble deeds,
 As this thankful song we raise.

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC

(cont.)

(26)

Third officer Brady, a brave man,
Swam quickly to the shore,
And quickly sent a line on board,
To help the others o'er.

(27)

The kind hearted fishermen
Did gladly them receive,
Giving them freely of their store,
Supplying all their need.

(28)

Among the rest of these gallant lads,
Was rescued from the wreck,
Was James Henley, a brave lad,
Who boldly struggled to the deck.

(29)

Bereft of all he had that night,
His father, mother, brothers four,
He, with help from stranger men,
Got safely to the shore.

(30)

Kind friends then took him to their home,
His wants they did supply,
Strangers with pity in their hearts,
Beheld the orphan boy.

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

(cont.)

(31)

When he arrived in Halifax,
Warm welcome he received,
And now we leave him journeying home
With his sister dear to live.

(32)

Oh cruel rocks that sank our ship!
Oh rocky reef sunk low!
How could you part so many a friend?
Why did you cause such woe!

(33)

That goodly ship that proudly sailed,
One hour before the shock,
Why did you not keep far away,
And shun that sunken wreck?

(34)

Oh, never may these cruel rocks
Another victim gain!
May lightships guard our rocky coasts,
For those who cross the main!

(35)

To those who've wandered far away,
We give a Christian grave.
Our joy would have been greater,
Had we the power to save.

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

(cont.)

(36)

Next morning when the sun arose,
As the angry billows swelled,
The people on the Prospect shore,
A frightful sight beheld.

(37)

The rocks around were strewn with dead,
And as each wave broke o'er,
It bore its burden to be laid
With sorrow on the shore.

(38)

Both men and women, young and old,
With clothes and flesh all torn,
Upon those sharp and craggy rocks,
The angry storm had thrown.

(39)

A mother with her little babe,
Clasped tightly to her breast,
Upon the tangled sea-weed lay,
Gone to her long, long rest.

(40)

And all who came to see the sight,
With heartfelt grief bemoaned
The fate of those who left their homes,
To cross the ocean foam.

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

(cont.)

(41)

For to wander far away
In a foreign land to die,
To strangers owe a burial place,
No friend to close an eye.

(42)

With all our friends around us,
We close our eyes in sleep,
Our thoughts will often wander
Across the dreary deep,

(43)

In grief for those who closed their eyes,
No thoughts of death were near,
But to wake a-sinking in the deep,
Shrieks sounding in their ears.

(44)

So it is with us, my loving friends,
There's breakers all around,
And in an unexpected hour,
The last great trump may sound.

(45)

The shrieks and groans and cries of those
Who fear the chastening rod,
All unprepared, must then come forth,
To face Almighty God.

SICILY (CECILIA).

(1) (cont.)

Cecilia on a certain day,
 She dressed herself in man's array,
 With a sword and pistol hung by her side,
 To meet her true love, away did ride.

(2) She went from her true love.

She met her true love all on the strand.
 She rode up to him and bade him stand.
 "Stand and deliver, kind sir" she said,
 "Or else this moment your life I'll have."

(3) his blush like any rose.

He delivered up his watch and gold,
 But still she cries, "There is one thing more,
 A diamond ring I see you wear,
 Deliver it to me and your life I'll spare."

Now take your watch and your gold again.

That.

SICILY (CECILIA) .

(cont.)

(4)

A wealthy young man "This diamond ring is a token gave,
 He courted a maid And rather than lose it my life you'll have.
 And for to be She being tender-hearted like a dove,
 All friends and she rode away from her own true love.

(5)

The time was Next morning in a garden green,
 And the farmer Like turtle doves those two were seen.
 But as soon as When he saw his watch hang by her clothes,
 He inflamed he It made him blush like any rose.

(6)

She turned her "What makes you blush you foolish thing?
 But instead of I fain would've had your diamond ring.
 For thought's New since you have so loyal been,
 And a way for Now take your watch and your gold again!"

Finis.

BOG AND GUN

(1)

A wealthy young squire of Falmouth we hear

Cost, valiant and small clothes this lady got on,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so dear.

And a hunting she went with her dog and her gun,
And for to be married it was their intent,

She sought all round where the farmer did dwell,
All friends and relations, they gave their consent.

Because in her heart she did love him so well.

(2)

(3)

The time was appointed for the wedding day,

Full many times she fired, but nought she did kill,
And the farmer appointed to give her away;

Will at length this young farmer come into the field,
But as soon as the lady the farmer did spy,

Then for to disburse she quickly began
He inflamed her heart; "O my heart," she did cry.

As she was a hunting with her dog and gun.

(3)

(6)

She turned herself round, though nothing she said,

"I thought you had been at the wedding" she cried
But instead of being married, she took to her bed:

"For to wait on the squire and give him his bride."
The thoughts of the farmer still run in her mind,

"Oh no" says the farmer, "if the truth I may tell,
And a way for to have him she quickly did find.

I'll not give her away, for I love her too well."

DOG AND GUN.

(cent.)

(4)

Coat, waistcoat and small clothes this lady put on,
 And a hunting she went with her dog and her gun.
 She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
 Because in her heart she did love him so well.

(5)

Full many times she fired, but nought she did kill,
 Till at length this young farmer came into the field;
 Then for to discourse she quickly begun
 As she was a hunting with her dog and gun.

(6)

"I thought you had been at the wedding" she cried
 "For to wait on the squire and give him his bride."
 "Oh no" says the farmer, "if the truth I may tell,
 I'll not give her away, for I love her too well."

DOG AND GUN

(cont.)

(7)

This lady was pleased to see him so bold .

"I'm already granted" the lady replied .

She gave him a glove that was bordered with gold.

"I love the sweet breath of the farmer" she cried.

She told him she found it when coming along ,

"I'll be mistress of my dairy, go milking my cows,

As she was a-hunting with her dog and gun.

"Whilist my jolly young farmer goes whistling to plow."

(8)

And then she gave out word that she'd lost a glove,

Then after she was married, she told of the loss.

And the man that would find it she'd grant him her love.

Now she hunted the farmer with her dog and gun,

"The man that will find it and bring it to me,

Saying "How I have got him so safe in my care"

"The man that will find it, his bride I will be."

"I'll enjoy him forever, I vow and declare."

(9)

The farmer was pleased to hear of the news,

Then straitway to the lady he instantly goes

Saying "Honored lady, I have picked up your glove,

"And now will you be pleased to grant me your love?"

FLORENCE'S TRICK.

DOG AND GUN

(cont.)

Down by the willow,

Where the water gently flows,

(10)

There lives my dear Florence,

"Tis already granted" the lady replied.

"I love the sweet breath of the farmer" she cried,

She did not broken hearted,

"I'll be mistress of my dairy, go milking my cows,

But in the moment parted

"Whilst my jolly young farmer goes whistling to plow."

From the one she loved so true.

(11)

One night, as the moon shone brightly,

Then after she was married, she told of the fun,

The stars were shining too,

How she hunted the farmer with her dog and gun,

A jealous lover came.

Saying "Now I have got him so safe in my snare

(12)

"I'll enjoy him forever, I vow and declare."

Into some lawery dell,

and there we Finis. and chatter,

To plan our wedding day."

(13)

"The road is bare and dreary,

And I'm afraid to go,

So let's retrace our footsteps,

and go by another road."

FLOREIDA'S TRAGEDY.

(1)

Down by the weeping willow,
Where the violet sweetly blooms,
There lies my dear Florelida,
So silent in her tomb.

(2)

She died not broken hearted,
Nor sickness caused her death,
But in one moment parted
From the one she loved so true.

(3)

One night, as the moon shone brightly,
The stars were shining too,
Into a lonely cottage,
A jealous lover came.

(4)

Said he, "Now let us ramble
Into some flowery dell,
And there we'll sit and chatter,
To plan our wedding day."

(5)

"The road is dark and dreary,
And I'm afraid to go,
So let's retrace our footsteps,
And go by another road."

FLORELDA'S TRAGEDY

Mrs. S. Turpin

(cont.)

(6)

"No! no! my dear, I've got you,
From me you cannot fly.
No mortal hand can save you.
Florelde, you must die."

(7)

Down on her knees she bended
And pleaded for her life.
But in her lily bosom
He plunged a dreadful knife.

(8)

"Edward I never deceived you."
They were her last dying words;
"But Eddie, I'll forgive you"
She closed her eyes and died.

(9)

'Twas only one month after,
While he on the gallows high,
Confessed that he had murdered
The one he loved so true.

(10)

Now all young girls take warning
From this lesson, so I say,
And never go out walking,
To plan your wedding day.

Finis.

FLORELLA

Mrs. S. Turple

(1)

Down by the drooping willows,
Where violets gently bloom,
There lies the young Florella,
So silent in her tomb.

(2)

She died not broken hearted,
No sickness her befell,
But in one moment parted
From those she loved so well.

(3)

One eve the moon shone brightly,
Those efforts gently bloom,
When to her dwelling lightly,
Her treacherous lover drew.

(4)

"Come love, said he, "let's wander,
Down by yon meadows gay,
And undisturbed we'll ponder,
Upon our wedding day."

(5)

"Those woods look dark and dreary,
And I'm afraid to stray.
Of wandering I am weary,
I would retrace my way."

FLORELLA.

(cont.)

(6)

"Retrace your way, no never,
Those woods no more you'll roam,
So bid adieu forever,
To parents, friends and home.

(7)

"Now in these woods I have you,
Nor from me can you fly,
No human aid can save you,
You truly now must die."

(8)

Down on her knees before him,
She begged him spare her life,
When deep into her bosom,
He plunged the fatal knife.

(9)

"Dear William, I forgive you,"
Were her last dying breath.
Her pulses ceased their motion,
Her eyelids closed in death.

(10)

'Twas early the next morning,
Her parents did prepare,
And there in death so comely,
Florella slumbered there.

FLORELLA

(cont.)

(11)

You that in marriage delight,
 So by this wilful murder,
 The young man he was hung,

(12)

Trust not your hearts to young men,
 For they will sure betray,
 Nor with them do not wander,
 Down by the meadows gay.

She said, "Were I to love inclined,
 Finis.

Perhaps you soon might change your mind,
 And court some other damsel fair,
 For men are false, I do declare."

(4)

He many propositions made,
 And like a loyal lover said,
 "There's none but you shall be my wife,
 The joy and comfort of my life."

(5)

At length this maid gave her consent,
 To marry him, and straight they went
 Unto their parents then, and lo!
 Both gave their leave and liking too.

KATE AND HER HORNS.

(1)

You that in merriment delight,
Pray listen now to what I write,
So shall you satisfaction find,
Will cure a melancholy mind.

(2)

A damsel sweet in Colchester,
And there a clothier courted her,
For six months space, both night and day,
But yet the damsel still said nay.

(3)

She said, "Were I to love inclined,
Perhaps you soon might change your mind,
And court some other damsel fair,
For men are false, I do declare."

(4)

He many propositions made,
And like a loyal lover said,
"There's none but you shall be my wife,
The joy and comfort of my life."

(5)

At length this maid gave her consent
To marry him, and straight they went
Unto their parents then, and lo!
Both gave their leave and liking too.

KATE AND HER HORNS.

(cont.)

(6)

But see the cursed fruits of gold,
He left his loyal love behind,
With grief and love encompassed round,
Whilst he a greater fortune found.

(7)

A lawyer's daughter, fair and bright,
Her parents' joy and whole delight,
He was resolved to make his spouse,
Denying all his former vows.

(8)

And when poor Kate she came to hear
That she must lose her only dear,
All for the lawyer's daughter's sake,
Some sport of him, Kate thought she'd make.

(9)

Kate knew when every night he came
From his ^{true} new love, Nancy by name,
Sometimes at ten o'clock or more.

Kate to a tanner went therefore,

(10)

And borrowed there an old cowhide,
With crooked horns both large and wide,
And when she wrapped herself therein,
Her new intrigue she did begin.

KATE AND HER HORNS.

(cont.)

(11)

Kate to a lonesome field did stray
 At length the clothier came that way,
 And he was sore a-scared at her
 She looked so like old Lucifer.

(12)

A hairy hide, horns on her head,
 At length two
 Which near three feet asunder spread,
 At length
 With that he saw a long black tail.

tried

He strove to run, but his feet did fail.

(13)

doleful
 And with a groan and mournful note ,
 She quickly seized him by the throat,
 And said, "You have left poor Kate, I hear,
 And won a lawyer's daughter dear."

(14)

"Now, since you've been so false to her,
 You perjured knave of Colchester,
 You shall, whether you will or no,
 Into my gloomy regions go."

KATE AND HER HORNS.

(cont.)

(15)

This voice did so affrighten him,
He, kneeling on a trembling limb,
Cried "Master Devil, spare me now,
And I'll perform my ^{duty} former vow."

(16)

"I'll make young Kate my lawful bride."
"See that you do" the Devil cried.
"If Kate again of you complain,
You soon shall hear from me again."

(17)

It's home he went though very late,
He little thought that it was Kate,
That put him into such a fright.
Therefore next day, by morning light

(18)

He went to Kate and married her,
For fear of that old Lucifer.
Kate's friends and parents thought it strange,
That there was such a sudden change.

(19)

Kate never let her parents know,
Nor any other, friend or foe,
Till they a year had married been,
She told it at her lying in.

KATE AND HER HORNS.

(cont.)

(20)

And from It pleased the women to the heart,
 They said they'd fairly plead her part.
 Her silver light eyes were as blue
 Her husband laughed as well as they.
 When Mary It was a joyful merry day.

Finis.

When soft and low a voice was heard

say, "Mary weep no more for me."

(2)

She from her pillow gently raised

Her head, to ask who there might be -

She saw young Sandy shivering stand,

With visage pale and hollow stare -

"O Mary dear! said to my sleep,

It lies far beneath the stony sea

Far, far from thee I sleep in death,

So Mary, weep no more for me!"

MARY'S DREAM

(1)

The moon had climbed the highest hill
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light o'er tower and tree;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea,
 When soft and low a voice was heard
 Say, "Mary weep no more for me."

(2)

She from her pillow gently raised
 Her head, to ask who there might be -
 She saw young Sandy shivering stand,
 With visage pale and hollow e'e:-
 "O Mary dear! cold is my clay,
 It lies far beneath the stormy sea.
 Far, far from thee I sleep in Death,
 So Mary, weep no more for me!"

MARY'S DREAM

(cont.)

(3)

"Three stormy nights and stormy days

We tossed upon the raging main,

And long we strove our bark to save,

But all our striving was in vain.

E'en then, when horror chilled my blood,

My heart was filled with love for thee.

The storm is past, and I'm at rest,

So Mary, weep no more for me!"

(4)

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare!

We soon shall meet upon that shore,

Where love is free from doubt and care,

And thou and I shalt part no more."

Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled

No more of Sandy could she see;

But soft the passing spirit said,

"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

Finis.

NANCY AND WILLIE.

Mrs. S. Turple.

(1)

'Twas in one summer season, the twentieth of May,
 We hoisted our English colours and we did make for sea.
 The sun did shine most glorious. To Lisbon we were bound.
 The hills and dales were covered with pretty maids all round.

(2)

I spied a handsome sailor, just in his blooming years,
 A-riding to his own true love with many melting tears,
 A-riding to his own true love, to let her understand,
 That he was going to leave her, bound for some foreign land.

(3)

"The king has sent for seamen, and I for one must go,
 Through France, proud Spain and Florida, to fight the
 daring foe."
 "Those words you speak, dear Willie, will surely break my
 heart,
 Excepting we get married, this night before we part."

(4)

NANCY AND WILLIE

(cont.)

(4)

"The king has sent for seamen and I for one must go,

And for my very life, my love, I dare not answer no."

"O stay at home dear Willie, and I will be your wife,

For the parting with you Willie, is the parting of my life."

(5)

"But if I was to stay at home, another would take my place

And that would be a shame for me, likewise a great disgrace."

"My yellow hair I will cut off, and on you I will wait,

Let the winds blow high or low love, and the seas be
e'er so great."

(6)

"Thy waist it is too slender love, thy fingers are too small,

Your constitution is too weak to face the cannon ball,

Where cannon loudly rattle and bullets nimbly fly,

And silver trumpets they do sound to drown the dying's cry."

NANCY AND WILLIE

(cont.)

(7)

"My yellow hair I will cut off, men's clothing I'll put on,

No storms or danger do I fear, let the winds blow high
or low."

"But if I should see some pretty girl, all bonny, brisk
and gay,

And were to place my mind on her , what would my Nancy say?"

(8)

"What would I say, dear Willie, why I should love her too.

And I would gently step aside while she'd be pleasing you."

"Those words you say dear Nancy, will surely break my
heart ,

Excepting we get married this night and never part."

(9)

This happy young couple got married and crossed o'er the main

We'll wish them health and happiness till they return again.

Finis.

ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE

(1)

"The trumpet sounds to arms my love ,

I'll cut off my yellow locks ,
Therefore I must obey .

When's clanking I'll put on,
The trumps are sounding in the glens ,

And I'll be your loving comrade,
Therefore I cannot stay .

On the banks of the Nile."

(2)

Our captain calls "To arms" love,
"Your waist it is too slender love,

.....

Your complexion is too fine,
I must go and join my comrades ,

Your constitution is too weak,
On the banks of the Nile."

To stand the sultry clime.

(3)

"I'll tell you dearest Willie ,
The summer suns of Egypt,

What I had better do.

Your tender heart would fail,
O! I'll cut off my yellow locks

On the ward and sultry days,
And go along with you.

On the banks of the Nile."

ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE

(cont.)

(4)

"I'll cut off my yellow locks ,
 Men's clothing I'll put on,
 And I'll be your loving comrade,
 On the banks of the Nile."

(5)

"Your waist it is too slender love,
 Your complexion is too fine,
 Your constitution is too weak,
 To stand the sultry clime."

(6)

The summer suns of Egypt,
 Your tender heart would fail,
 On the warm and sultry days,
 On the banks of the Nile."

ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

(cont.)

(7, 8, etc.)

.....
 And now my song is ended,

 Let Britain give a sigh,

 For it would rend the rocks of Eden,

 To hear the wounded cry.

(9)

O! may the sun be darkened,
 O! cursed be the day that the French war began,
 The seven not give her shame,
 For it hath ruined Scotland,
 But remember fair Iona,
 And many a fair young man,
 On the banks of the Nile.

(10)

For they have taken from us,
 The grand supporters of our isle,
 And their bodies feed the lions
 On the banks of the Nile.

ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE

(cont.)

"Twas of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told,
(11)

Her parents died and left her, five thousand pounds in gold,
And now my song is ended,

She lived with her uncle, who cared for her all her life,
Let Britain give a sigh,

And soon you'll hear her this nation fair come by her overthrow,
For it would rend the rocks of Eden,

(10)
To hear the wounded cry.

Her uncle had a ploughing boy young Mary loved right well,
(12)

And in her uncle's garden, her tales of love did tell,
O! may the sun be darkened,

There was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,
The moon not give her shine,

But still she loved her ploughing boy, on the banks of sweet Euphrates,
But remember fair Acrima,

(13)
On the banks of the Nile!

"Twas on one summer morning, her uncle went straightway,
Finis.

He knocked at her bedroom door, and these words to her did say:

"Come, come my pretty Mary, for a lady you shall be,

"The squire is waiting to take you from the banks of sweet Euphrates."

THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE. F. B. Sept. 20.

(1)

'Twas of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told,

Her parents died and left her, five thousand pounds in gold.

She lived with her uncle, who caused her all her woe,

And soon you'll hear how this maiden fair came by her overthrow.

(2)

Her uncle had a ploughing boy young Mary loved right well,

And in her uncle's garden, her tales of love did tell.

There was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,

But still she loved her ploughing boy, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

(3)

'Twas on one summer morning, her uncle went straitway,

He knocked at her bedroom door, and these words to her did say:

"Come arise my pretty Mary, for a lady you shall be,

The squire is waiting to take you from the banks of sweet Dundee."

"THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE."

(4)

"A fig for all your squires, your dukes and lords likewise:

My William's hand appears to me like diamonds in my eyes."

"Begone, you foolish female, for you never shall happy be,

For I will banish William from the banks of sweet Dundee."

"For you have sent the one I love, from the banks of sweet Dundee."

(5)

Her uncle and the squire rode out that summer day,

Young William in her favor, her uncle then did say:

"Indeed it's my intention to tie him to a tree

Or else to bribe the press gang on the banks of sweet Dundee."

She fired and shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

(6)

The press gang came on William as he was all alone,

He boldly fought for liberty though they were six to one.

"Come kill me now" says he

"For I'd rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee."

She the trigger drew and her uncle slew, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

" THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE."

(cont.)

(7)

One morning as young Mary was lamenting for her love ,

She met the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove.

He put his arms around her. "Stand off, base man" said she,

"For you have sent the one I love, from the banks of sweet Dundee."

(8)

He put his arms around her and tried to throw her down.

Two pistols and a sword she spied, beneath his morning gown.

Young Mary seized the pistols, his sword he used so free,

She fired and shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

(9)

Her uncle overheard the noise and hastened to the ground.

"Since you have killed the squire, I'll give you your death wound."

"Stand off! stand off!" said Mary "For daunted I'll not be."

She the trigger drew and her uncle slew, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

"THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE" Mrs. D.

"THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE."

Years of a beautiful (cont.) as I have heard it told,

Her father died and left (10) five thousand pounds in gold.

A doctor he was sent for, a man of noted skill,

And likewise came a lawyer for him to sign his will.

He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully

And he closed his eyes no more to rise on the banks of sweet Dundee.

And in her uncle's gar (11) her tales of love would tell.

Young William he was sent for and speedily did return

As soon as he arrived on shore, young Mary ceased to mourn.

The banns were quickly published, their hands were joined so free,

She now enjoys her ploughing boy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle came to her and finished these words to her did say,

"Arise you sweet young fair one and come along with me,

For the quaker's waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee."

"THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE": Mrs. D.

THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE.

(1)

(cont.)

'Twas of a beautiful damsel, as I have heard it told,

(4)

Her father died and left her five thousand pounds in gold.

"A fig for all your squires, your noble dukes likewise,

She lived with her uncle as you may plainly see,

For Willie, he appears to me like diamonds in my eyes."

And she loved a ploughboy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

"Begone! you unworthy female! unhappy for to be,

(2)

And I'll have young Willie banished from the banks of sweet Dundee."

Her uncle had a ploughboy, young Mary loved him well,

(5)

And in her uncle's garden her tales of love would tell.

The press gang came on Willie, as he was all alone.

There was a lofty squire oft times came her to see,

He boldly fought for liberty, though they were six to one.

But still she loved her ploughboy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

The blood did flow in torrents. "Pray kill me now" said he,

(3)

"For I'd rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee."

One morning very early just at the break of day,

(6)

Her uncle came to Mary and these words to her did say,

One morning very early, as Mary she walked out,

"Arise you sweet young fair one and come along with me,

She spied the lofty squire down in her uncle's grove.

For the squire's waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee."

THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE.

(cont.)

(4)

He clamped his arms around her, afore to throw her down.

"A fig for all your squires, your noble dukes likewise,

He spied two pistols and a sword beneath her morning gown.

For Willie, he appears to me like diamonds in my eyes."

Her pistols she used manfully, her sword she handled free

"Begone! you unruly female! unhappy for to be,

She fired and shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

And I'll have young Willie banished from the banks of sweet Dundee."

(5)

Her uncle overheard the noise, he hastened to the ground

The press gang came on Willie, as he was all alone.

Saying "Since you've killed the squire, I'll give you your death wound.

He boldly fought for liberty, though they were six to one.

"Stand off! Stand off!" cried Mary "for daunted I'll not be."

The blood did flow in torrents. "Pray kill me now" said he,

Her sword she drew and her uncle slew on the banks of sweet Dundee.

"For I'd rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee."

(6)

A doctor he was sent for a man of noted skill.

One morning very early, as Mary she walked out,

Likewise there came a lawyer to write the uncle's will.

She spied the lefty squire down in her uncle's grove.

He willed his gold to Mary, she fought so manfully,

And he shot his own, he mark the time on the banks of sweet Dundee.

.....

THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE

(cont.)

(7)

He clasped his arms around her, afore to throw her down.

He spied two pistols and a sword beneath her morning gown.

Her pistols she used manfully, her sword she handled free,

She fired and shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

(8)

Her uncle overheard the noise, he hastened to the ground

Saying "Since you've killed the squire, I'll give you your death wound."

"Stand off! Stand off!" cried Mary "for daunted I'll not be."

Her sword she drew and her uncle slew on the banks of sweet Dundee.

(9)

A doctor he was sent for a man of noted skill,

Likewise there came a lawyer to write the uncle's will.

He willed his gold to Mary, she fought so manfully,

And he shut his eyes, no more to rise on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Finis.

171
THE HOLLAND HANDKERCHIEF.

(1)

There was a farmer lived in this town,
His fame went through the whole country round,
He had a daughter of beauty bright,
And in her he placed his whole heart's delight.

Saying "Leave the (2) hands that are so fast bound."

Many a young man a courting came,
But none of them could her favour gain,
Till one poor boy of low degree
Came along one day, and she fancied he.

By such a message (3) "that sir" said she.

When her father he came to hear,
He separated her from her dear,
Full four score miles away she was sent
To her uncle's house, at her discontent.

Says "Oh, my dear, how my heart doth ache!"

THE HOLLAND HANDKERCHIEF.

(cont.)

(4)

A Holland handkerchief she then drew out,
 One night, as she in her chamber stood,
 And bound his head all round about,
 Getting ready for to lie down,
 She kissed his lips and these words did say,
 She heard a dread and dismal sound
 "My jewel, you're colder than any clay,"
 Saying "Loose those bands that are so fast bound."

(5)

When they got to her father's door,
 Her father's steed she quickly knew,
 He knickered so wildly at the ring,
 Her mother's cloak and her safe guard too.
 "Go in! Go in!" this young man he said,
 "This is a message being sent to me
 "And I'll see this horse in his stable bed,"
 By such a messenger, kind sir" said she.

(6)

When she came to her father's door,
 Then as she rode along behind,
 She saw her father stand on the floor,
 They rode full swifter than the wind,
 "Father, dear father, did you not send for me,
 And not one word unto her did speak,
 By such a messenger, kind sir!" said she.
 Save "Oh, my dear, how my head doth ache!"

THE HOLLAND HANDKERCHIEF.

(cont.)

(7)

Her father, knowing this young man was dead,
A holland handkerchief she then drew out,

The very hair rose on his head,
And bound his head all round about ,

He wrang his hands and cried full sore,
She kissed his lips and these words did say,

But this poor boy's parents cried still more,
"My jewel, you're colder than any clay."

(8)

Now all young maidens a warning take,
When they got to her father's door,

To save your lives you do not knock,
He knocked so boldly at the ring,

For save your voice and your words are gone,
"Go in! Go in!" this young man he said,

There is no recalling them back again.
"And I'll see this horse in his stable fed."

(9)

When she came to her father's door ,

She saw her father stand on the floor.

"Father, dear father, did you not send for me,

By such a messenger, kind sir!" said she.

THE HOLLAND HANDKERCHIEF

(cont.)

THE LOST MAIDEN

(10)

Her father, knowing this young man was dead ,

The very hair rose on his head.

He wrang his hands and cried full sore,

But this poor boy's parents cried still more.

(11)

Now all young maidens a warning take,

Be sure your vows you do not break,

For once your vows and your words are gone,

There is no recalling them back again.

(3)

Finis.

"Maisy" she says, "won't you come here to meet me,

Come to me here from your cold, silent tomb.

For you promised you'd meet me by the banks of the river

But Death's cruel angel has sealed your soul down.

THE LOST JIMMY WHALING.

(1)

One night, as I strayed by the banks of a river,
 Watching the sunbeams as evening drew nigh,
 As I carelessly wandered, I espied a fair maiden,
 Weeping and wailing in sorrow and woe.

(2)

Weeping for one who is now lying lonely,
 Crying for one who no mortal could save,
 For the deep rolling waters around him are sighing,
 As onward they flow over young Jimmy's grave.

(3)

"Jimmy" she says, "won't you come here to meet me,
 Come to me here from your cold, silent tomb.
 For you promised you'd meet me by the banks of the river
 But Death's cruel angel has sealed your sad doom.

THE LOST JIMMY WHALING

(cont.)

(4)

"You promised you'd meet me by the banks of the river,
 And give me sweet kisses as ofttimes you gave,
 To enfold me once more in your strong loving arms,
 To meet me once more Jimmy, come from your grave."

(5)

Slowly there rose from the banks of the river
 A vision of beauty more bright than the sun,
 With lilies and roses around him entangled,
 For to speak with this fair one, and thus he begun:

(6)

"Why did you call me from realms of glory,
 Back to this earth which I once had to leave,
 To enfold you once more in my strong loving arms,
 To meet you once more I have come from my grave."

THE LOST JIMMY WHALING.

(cont.)

(7)

"Hard was my struggle with the deep rolling waters,
 That encompassed around me on every side,
 But thinking of you love, I encountered them bravely,
 Hoping some day that you would be my bride.

(8)

"Vain were the hopes that arose in my bosom,
 Nothing, oh nothing on earth could me save,
 But the last one I thought on was God and you darling,
 As downward I sank to my cold sullen grave."

(9)

"Jimmy", she says, "won't you tarry here with me.
 Do not desert me in sorrow to mourn,
 But take me, oh take me, along with you, Jimmy,
 To dwell down with you in your cold silent tomb."

THE LOST JIMMY WHALING.

(cont.)

(10)

"Darling", he says, "you are asking a favour,
 That no mortal person can grant unto you,
 For death is the dagger that put us asunder,
 And deep is the gulf, love, between me and you.

(11)

"One more sweet kiss, love, and then I must leave you,
 One more embrace, love, and then we must part."
 But cold were the arms that encircled her form,
 And cold was the breast that she pressed to her heart.

(12)

"Adieu then," he cried, and he vanished before her,
 Straight for the clouds then, he seemed for to go,
 Leaving this fair one alone and deserted,
 Weeping and wailing, in sorrow and woe.

THE LOST JIMMY WHALING

(cont.)

There was (13.) a lady in London old and well,

She threw herself down on the ground and wept sadly,

In the midst of her anguish these words she did say,

"Since you were my loved one, my lost Jimmy Whaling,

I'll sigh till I die by the side of your grave."

A long time she was missing and could not be found,

Her uncle **Finn** chased the wild country round,

He went to her trustee between hope and fear,

But her trustee replied "She has not been here."

(8)

Then up spoke her uncle with courage so bold,

"I fear she's been lost for the sake of her gold,"

"When life lies for life and we'll have life" he cried,

"We'll send you to prison and there you must lie."

THE RICH LADY.

(1)

There was a rich lady in London did dwell,

She lived with her uncle, she was known very well.

Down in yonder valley, where true lovers were gay,

The gypsies betrayed her and stole her away.

(2)

A long time she was missing and could not be found.

Her uncle he searched the whole country round.

He went to her trustee between hope and fear,

But her trustee replied "She has not been here."

(3)

Then up spoke her uncle with courage so bold,

"I fear she's been lost for the sake of her gold."

"Then life lies for life and we'll have life" he cried,

"We'll send you to prison and there you must lie."

THE RICH LADY.

(cont.)

(4)

There was a young squire who courted her so,

Ofttimes from the school room together would go.

"My mind is in trouble, so great is my fear,

Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly to my dear."

(5)

He travelled through England, through France and
through Spain,

He ventured his life o'er the water main.

At length he put up for to stop for the night,

And in that same house, was his own heart's delight.

(6)

When she saw him she knew him, she flew to his arms.

When he told her his stories, she gazed on his charms.

"What brought you to this country, fair lady?" said he,

"The gypsies betrayed me and stole me away."

THE RICH LADY.

(cont.)

(7)

"Your uncle in London in prison doth lie,
And for your sweet sakes he's condemned for to die."

"Carry me back to London, to London" she cried,
"Five thousand I'll give and will be your bride."

(8)

When they come back to London her uncle to see,

Her uncle was under the high gallows tree.

"Oh Pardon! Oh Pardon! Oh Pardon! I crave.

Don't you see I'm alive your sweet life to save."

(9)

Then straight from the gallows they led him away,

The drums they did beat and sweet music did play.

Every house in the valley with mirth did abound,

When they all heard and saw the lost lady was found.

Finis.

WILLIAM AND DIANA

WILLIAM AND DIANA

"Oh father! dear father! do not be cruel!"

In Cumberland city, two lovers did bear
A beautiful damsel both handsome and fair.

"Because I'm too young, and I pray you therefore,

Her name was Diana, scarce sixteen years old,
Her portion Ten thousand pounds all in bright gold,

"Oh wretched daughter, what do you mean?

Besides an estate when her father did die,
Which caused many a suiter to on her cast an eye.

"It is only to consider the gold you're to have."

Among the whole number Sir William was one
Who thought for to make this fair lady his own.

Diana walked out with the tears in her eyes,

As William and Diana walked the grove hand in hand
Said William to Diana "Your love I command."

Down on the cold ground this fair lady did lay,

She hung down her head, said "I must do my part".
With blushes she said "You have conquered my heart."

She had not lain the hour on the ground,

A day or two after, her father did say
"Diana go dress yourself gallant and gay,

He said his true love and the letter her by,

"For there's a rich knight worth ten thousand
a year,

He says he will make you his bride and his heir!"

"You should have said so, as I should have said so,

saying "How I've got rid of my joy and my bliss."

WILLIAM AND DIANA.

(cont.)

"Oh father! dear father! do not me confine!
And for to get married, 'tis not my design.

"Besides I'm too young, and I pray you therefore,
Oh let me live single, one year or two more!"

"Oh stubborn daughter, what do you mean?
You must either wed with him, or no more be seen.

"'Tis only to consider the gold you're to have."
She says, "I'd much rather you'd choose me a grave."

Diana walked out with the tears in her eyes,
She walked the grove round where she choose for to lie.

Down on the cold ground this fair lady did lay,
With a dose of strong poison her life to betray.

She had not lain one hour on the ground,
Until Sir William walked the grove round and round.

He spied his true love and the letter her by,
And there it was wrote how Diana did die.

Ten thousand times over, he kissed her cold lips
Saying "Now I've got rid of my joy and my bliss."

WILLIAM AND DIANA

(cont.)

"I wish her much joy, although she is gone.
She was a virtuous lady, both handsome and young."

He fell on his sword like a lover so brave,
So William and Diana both lie in one grave.

Come all ye parents now and behold,
The cause of your wronging your children for gold.
The hearts of your innocent children to break
The vows which true lovers do solemnly make.

Finis.

(3)

WILLIAM AND HARRIET

WILLIAM AND HARRIET

(1)

In fair London city a gentleman did dwell,

He had a young daughter a farmer loved well.

Because she proved constant and loved him so true,

That her father wanted her to bid him adieu.

(2)

"O no! my dear father, I am not so inclined

As to put my young farmer far out of my mind."

"O unruly daughter, confined you shall be,

And I'll send your young farmer far over the sea."

(3)

As she was a sitting in her bowers one day,

When William drew near for to hear her to say,

She sang like a linnet and appeared like a dove,

And the song that she sang was concerning of love.

WILLIAM AND HARRIET.

(cont.)

(4)

She had not been there long when William passed by,

And on his loving Harriet he cast a longing eye.

"Since your cruel father with mine did agree

For to send me a sailing far over the sea."

(5)

She said, "Dearest William, with you I will go,

Since my cruel father hath served us so.

I'll pass for your shipmate, I'll do what I can,

I'll venture life, William, for you, my young man."

(6)

She dressed like a sailor as near as to be,

"So we'll both go together across the salt sea."

Away they set sailing for some foreign shore,

But never to old England returned ever more.

WILLIAM AND HARRIET

(cont.)

(7)

As they were sailing for some foreign shore,
The winds from the ocean began for to roar.
The ship she went down to the bottom of the sea,
And cast upon an island her William and she.

(8)

They wandered about some place for to spy,
Having nothing to eat, or nowheres to lie.
So they sat them together down on the cold ground,
While the waves and the tempest made a terrible sound.

(9)

Then hunger came on and death it drew nigh,
They clasped themselves together intending to die.
What pair could be bolder to bid this world adieu,
So there they must moulder like lovyers so true.

WILLIAM AND HARRIET

(cont.)

(10)

Says Willie to Nellie "Why can't we agree
 Give me your consent love, and married we'll be."
 I pray drop one tear from your glittering eye,
 Her cheeks they did blush like the roses in bloom,
 One tear drop with pity and point to the way
 Says Nellie to Willie, "We'll marry yet soon."
 Where William and Harriet do slumber and decay.

They parted that night with kisses so sweet.

Finis.

He returned the next morning before it was light,
 Took her by the hand, saying "Come love, with me,
 Before we get married, your friends go to see."

He led her through valleys and forests so deep,

Until the fair daisies began for to weep.

She says "Dearest Willie, you've led me astray,

On purpose my innocent life to betray."

WILLIE AND MOLLIE

(1)

Says Willie to Mollie "Why can't we agree?

Give me your consent love, and married we'll be."

Her cheeks they did blush like the roses in bloom ,

Says Mollie to Willie, "We'll marry too soon."

(2)

They parted that night with kisses so sweet.

He returned the next morning before it was light ,

Took her by the hand, saying "Come love, with me,

Before we get married, your friends go to see."

(3)

He led her through valleys and forests so deep,

Until the fair damsel began for to weep.

She says "Dearest Willie, you've led me astray,

On purpose my innocent life to betray."

WILLIE AND MOLLIE.

(cont.)

(4)

He said, "Dearest Mollie, it's true that I have,
 For all of last night, I was digging your grave."
 She saw the grave dug, and the spade standing by.
 "Is this your bride's bedding, young man?" she did cry.

(5)

He says: "Dearest Mollie, there's no time to stand."
 And, instantly taking his knife in his hand,
 He plunged her fond heart, and the blood it did flow,
 And into the grave her fair body did throw.

(6)

He covered her over, and quickly rode along,
 Leaving nothing but small birds to weep and to moan.
 He rode to New Bedlock, took ship and sailed free,
 Bound down from New Portsmouth to plough the salt sea.

Finis.

WILLIE AND MOLLIE

(cont.)

(7)

That night as Willie in his berth did lie ,
He was aroused by an innocent cry
Saying "Rise up dear Willie, and come for to hear
The voice of a fair one you once loved so dear."

(8)

He rose like a man, a steward so bold ,
He beheld that fair damsel all on the ship's hold .
She held in her arms a baby so fair ,
He ran to embrace her but nothing was there.

(9)

'Twas all that long night he could hear her wild cries,
While flashes of fire flew out of his eyes .
There was none but Willie could see that sad sight,
He went wild distracted and died the next night.

Finis.

WILLIE TAYLOR.

WILLIE TAYLOR (1)

(cont.)

Willie Taylor was a brisk young fellow,

Full of life and full of glee.

Successful and in the first engagement,

And his mind he did discover,

Let the lights among the row,

To a lady fair and free.

The wind did blow her jacket open,

(2) etc.

And discovered her milk-white breast.

.....

(3)

.....

When the captain smiling viewed her,

.....

Saying: "What wind has blown you here?"

.....

Said "I came to seek my true love,

(3)

When you pressed and I love dear."

Soon his true love followed after,

(4)

Under the name of Willie Carr.

"If you come to seek your true love,

Her lily-white hands were soon daubed over

Tell to us his name I pray."

With the filthy pitch and tar.

"Sir, his name is Willie Taylor,

When they pressed and sent away."

WILLIE TAYLOR

(cent.)

(4)

Behold! and in the first engagement,

Lo! she fights among the rest,

The wind did blow her jacket open,

And discovered her milk-white breast.

(5)

When the captain smiling viewed her,

Saying: "What wind has blowed you here?"

Said "I came to seek my true love,

Whom you pressed and I love dear."

(6)

"If you came to seek your true love,

Tell to me his name I pray."

"Sir, his name is Billy Taylor,

Whom they pressed and sent away."

WILLIE TAYLOR

(cont.)

(7)

"If his name is Billy Taylor,

He is both cruel and severe.

Rise up early in the morning,

You'll see him with his lady fair."

Of the old (8) "Thunder Run"

She rose early in the morning,

Early at the break of day.

There she espied her Billy Taylor,

Walking with his lady gay.

(9)

She called for a sword and a brace of pistols,

A brace of pistols at her command.

There she shot her Billy Taylor,

With his new bride by the hand.

WILLIE TAYLOR

(cont.)

(10)

When the captain came to know it
He applauded what was done

And he made her first lieutenant
Of the glerious "Thunder Boom "

Finis.

(11)

My father keeps a public house
Down by the sea,
Where strangers go at night
and in the morning too.

(12)

"I'll meet you there in the morning,
Don't let my father know

That your name is the young Edward

YOUNG EDMUND.

(1)

'Tis six years and better,
Since Edmund he came home;
Edmund came to Emily's house
When she was all alone.

(2)

Edmund came to Emily's house
His gold all for to show,
The gold that he had gained,
Along the Lowlands low.

(3)

"My father keeps a public house
Down by the sea,
Where strangers go at night
And in the morning be.

(4)

"I'll meet you there in the morning,
Don't let my father know
That your name it is young Edmund.
That plowed the Lowlands low."

YOUNG EDMUND.

(cont.)

(5)

Edmund he sat smoking

Till time to go to bed,

Little thought he had what sorrow

Crowned his head.

(6)

Says Emily's cruel father

"Your gold I'll make you show,

Or I'll send your body floating

All on the Lowlands low.

(7)

Young Edmund scarce was into bed

When he fell fast asleep

And Emily's cruel father

Its into the room did creep.

YOUNG EDMUND.

(cont.)

(8)

He pierced his breast with a dagger,

His blood in streams did flow;

And he sent his body floating

All on the Lowlands low.

(9)

Young Emily on her pillow

She dreamed a dreadful dream,

She dreamed she saw young Edmund's

Blood running in a stream.

(10)

She rose early in the morning

To seek her love did go,

Because she loved him dearly

Who had plowed the Lowlands low.

(cont.)

(11)

"O where is the young man

Who last night came here to dwell?"

"He's dead and gone" her father says,

"And for your life don't tell."

(12)

"O father, cruel old father!

I'll make you public show,

For the murdering of young Edmund

Who plowed the Lowlands low."

(13)

"O father, cruel old father!

You'll die a public show,

For the murdering of young Edmund

Who plowed the Lowlands low."

(cont.)

(14)

She went unto a councillor,

Her story for to tell;

Her father he was taken,

His trial soon came on.

(15)

The jury found him guilty,

All hanged he must be

For the murdering of young Edmund,

Who plowed the raging sea.

(16)

Now the ships that's on the ocean,

That tosseth to and fro,

Remind me of young Edmund,

Who plowed the Lowlands low.

(cont.)

(17)

"O mother, dearest mother,

I have no more to tell .

I'm now about to leave you

And go where angels dwell."

(18)

Quite faint and broken hearted

To Bedlam she did go,

And all her cry was Edmund,

That plowed the Lowlands low.

Finis.

BOLD PRIVATEERBOLD PRIVATEER.

(fragment)

(1)

When the wars are over, my Heaven spare my life,
 Then soon will I come back to my sweet loving wife

I'm going across the seas my love, I give to you my heart
 Then soon will I get married to my darling Polly dear.

(My ship she lies in waiting, so fare thee well my dear,
 (And forever bid adieu to the Bold Privateer,
 (I am just going aboard of the Bold Privateer.

(2)

O, my dearest Polly, your friends do me dislike
 Besides you have two brothers who'd surely take my life,

And many a sweet life by the seas has been lost.
 Come change your ring with me my dear, come change your ring with me,

(You had better stop at home with the girl that loves you dear
 (And that shall be our token when I am on the sea,
 (Than to venture your life on the Bold Privateer.

THE PLAIN GOLDEN RING

(1)

BOLD PRIVATEER

(cont.)

(3)

When the wars are over, may Heaven spare my life,

Then soon will I come back to my sweet loving wife

(3)

{ Then soon will I get married to my charming Polly dear.

{ And forever bid adieu to the Bold Privateer.

(4)

O, my dearest Polly, your friends do me dislike

Besides you have two brothers who'd quickly take my life,

(3)

{ Come change your ring with me my dear, come change your ring with me,

{ And that shall be our token when I am on the sea.

Finis.

THE PLAIN GOLDEN BAND.

(1)

I'm dreaming tonight of the days that are gone,
 When the sun lingered over the mountains at dawn,
 Where the dew drops from heaven like diamonds did glow,
 They were kissing the violets in the valley below.

(2)

The brooks they were running so clear and so blue,
 The tall pines were waving, the birds sang so true,
 The flowers were blooming on the banks by the shore,
 As I parted with Lizzie the girl I adore.

(3)

The night that we parted I ne'er shall forget,
 I fancy I see those bright tears falling yet,
 My heart it was breaking, with sorrows did sting,
 When she drew from her finger a plain golden ring.

"THE PLAIN GOLDEN BAND.

(cont.)

(4)

"Take back this gold ring, love, I fain would restrain,

The moon from the heavens shone brightly one night,
For wearing it now only causes me pain.

All waters around wrapped in a pure mellow light,
I've broken my vows that we made on the strand,

And then a dark vapour o'erspread the light,
So take back I pray you, this plain golden band."

(5)

"Renew the engagement, O darling," I cried,

"A young man approached me and his I will love,
"For you know you have promised you'll soon be my bride.

He told me false stories, false stories of you,
My heart it is true and can never grow cold,

Not he'd won your affection, your heart and your hand,
So renew the engagement and the plain band of gold."

(6)

"O laddie, I know that your love it is true.

She threw her arms round me and cried in despair,
I know that you love me and that I love you.

Under the moon it did ripple her wavy dark hair,
But I've broken the vows that we'd made on the strand,

The moon from the heavens shone bright on the strand,
So take back I pray you the plain golden band.

And the light it fell fair on the plain golden band.

THE PLAIN GOLDEN BAND.

(cont.)

(7)

"The moon from the heavens shone brightly one night,
All nature seemed wrapped in a pure mellow light,
And then a dark vapour o'ershadowed the land,
As I strayed from my cottage to walk by the strand.

(8)

"A young man approached me and him I well knew.
He told me false stories, false stories of you,
How he'd won your affection, your heart and your hand,
And that put a stain on the plain golden band."

(9)

She threw her arms round me and cried in despair,
While the wind it did ripple her wavy dark hair.
The moon from the heavens shone bright on the strand,
And the light it fell fair on the plain golden band.

THE PLAIN GOLDEN BAND.

(cont.)

(10)

"Forgive me, forgive me, O darling" she cried

" Ere you lay me to rest 'neath the dark rolling tide.

With these cherished letters all in my right hand

And on my cold bosom the plain golden band.

(11)

In a green shaded forest not far away

The deer loves to ramble and the child loves to play.

All nature is gay and the scenery is grand.

You will there find the author of the "Plain Golden Band."

Finis.

COLLEEN BAWN - Pat O'Neil.

(fragment)

(1)

O, rise up Willie Reilly, and come along with me,

I mean for to go with you, and leave this counterie;

I'll leave my father's dwelling, the houses and his lands,

And I'll go to Willie Reilly, he's my dear Colleen Bawn.

(2)

Over lofty hills and mountains, along the lonesome dales,

Through shady groves and fountains, rich meadows and sweet
vales,

We climbed the ragged woods and rid o'er silent lawn,

But I was overtaken with my dear Colleen Bawn.

(3)

They hurried me to prison, my hands and feet they bound,

Confined me like a murderer, with chains unto the ground;

But this hard and cruel treatment most cheerfully I'll
stand,

Ten thousand deaths I'd suffer for my dearest Colleen Bawn.

COLLEEN BAWN.

(cent.)

(4)

In came the jailer's son, and to Reilly he did say,

"Rise up, unhappy Reilly, you must appear this day

Proud Squire Falliard's anger and power to withstand.

I fear you'll suffer sorely for your dear Colleen Bawn.

(5)

This is the news, young Reilly, last night I heard of thee,

The lady's oath will hang you, or else will set you free."

"If that is true," said Reilly, "some hopes begin to dawn,

For I never can be injured by my dear Colleen Bawn."

(6)

"The lady she is sensible, though in her tender youth.

If Reilly has deluded her, she will declare the truth."

Then like a spotless angel before them she did stand.

"You are welcome here" said Reilly, "my dear Colleen Bawn."

COLLEEN BAWN

(cont.)

(7)

Next spoke the noble Fox, who stood attentively by,

"Gentlemen of the jury, for justice we reply,

To hang a man for love is foul murder, you may see,

So save the life of Reilly and banished let him be."

(8)

Then spoke the lovely lady, with tears in her eyes

"The fault is not sweet Reilly's, on me alone it lies.

I made him leave his home, sir, and go along with me.

I love him to distraction, such is my destiny."

(9)

The noble lord replied, "We may let the prisoner go.

The lady hath quite cleared him, the jury well doth know.

She hath released young Reilly, the bill must be withdrawn.

Then set at large the lover of the fair Colleen Bawn."

COLLEEN BAWN

(cont.)

(10)

"But stop, my lord, he sold her bright jewels and nice rings
 Gold watches, diamond buckles and many costly things.
 I gave them to my daughter, they cost a thousand pounds.

When Reilly was first taken, those things with him were found.

(11)

She said "My lord I gave them in token of true love

He never stole my jewels I swear by all above.

If you have got them Reilly pray send them home to me."

"I will my generous lady, with many thanks" said he.

(12)

"There is a ring amongst them, I wish for you to wear.

'Tis set with costly diamonds and plaited with my hair.

As a token of true friendship, wear it on your right hand

Think of my broken heart, love, when in a foreign land."

Finis.

JACK DONAHUE.

It's of a wild Colonial boy,

Jack Donahue was his name.

When he was about sixteen,

He commenced his wild career,

He had a heart that knew no sadness,

Of foes he had no fear.

He robbed the coach at Bedford Beach,

Shot bold Judge MacAvoy,

They captured not Jack Donahue,

That wild Colonial boy.

RANORDINE.

(1)

One evening in my rambles
 Two miles below Pomroy,
 I met a farmer's daughter
 All on a mountain high.
 I said "My comely fair maid,
 Your beauty shines so clear
 All on this lonesome mountain,
 I'm glad to meet you here."

(2)

She says, "Young man be civil,
 My company forsake,
 For 'tis my best opinion
 You're nothing but a rake:
 And if my parents knew it
 My life they would destroy,
 For keeping of your company
 All on these mountains high.

RANORDINE.

(3)

I am no rake, but Ceasar,
 Brought up in Venus' town,
 I'm seeking of concealment
 All in the judges name;
 Your beauty shines so bright to me
 I cannot pass you by,
 So with my gun I'll guard you
 All on the mountains high.

(4)

This charming little fair maid,
 She stood in grand amaze,
 With eyes as bright as diamonds
 On me she then did gaze:
 Her cherry cheeks, her ruby lips
 Forsook their former dye,
 She soon fell into my arms
 All on the mountains high.

RANORDINE.

(cont.)

(5)

I kissed her once, I kissed her twice
 And she came to again.
 She smilingly did say
 "Pray tell me what's your name?"
 "Go down to yonder forest,
 My castle there you'll find
 Wrote in some ancient history.
 My name is Ranordine."

(6)

I said "My comely fair maid,
 Don't let your parents know,
 For if you do they'll ruin me
 And prove my overthrow.
 If you should chance to look for me
 Perhaps you'll not me find;
 I shall be in the castle,
 Then call for Ranordine."

RANORDINE

(cont.)

(7)

Come, all ye pretty fair maids,
 A warning take by me,
 And leave off all night walking,
 And shun bad company;
 For if you don't you'll rue it
 Until the day you die,
 Beware of meeting Ranordine
 All on the mountains high.

Firds.

(3)

As we and my comrades were a settling four or five
 And taking them by again, we caught a deer alive.
 We swung over shoulder and through the woods did steer,
 O, this my delight in a shiny night in the season of the year.

THE POACHERS.

(1)

When I was bound prentice in famous Lincolnshire,

Full well I served my master for seven long years,

Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear.

O, 'tis my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year!

(2)

As me and my comrades were a setting of a snare

'Twas there we spied the game keeper, for him we did not care,

For we could wrestle and fight my boys, and jump in anywhere.

O, 'tis my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year!

(3)

As me and my comrades were a setting four or five

And taking them up again, we caught a deer alive.

We swung over shoulder and through the woods did steer.

O, 'tis my delight in a shiny night in the season of the year.

THE POACHERS.

THE POACHERS.

(cont.)

(4)

We swung over shoulder and then we trudged home
 We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown
 We sold him for a crown my boys, but did not tell you where.
 O 'tis my delight in a shiny night in the season of the year.

(5)

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire
 Success to every poacher that ever snared a hare
 Bad luck to every game-keeper, that will not sell a deer,
 O 'tis my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year.

Finis.

Whose name was William Brown.

(5)

I served my master faithfully
 For eighteen months or more,
 When I at length did hear of the "Giant's Quest"
 For Valparaiso's shore.

THE FLYING CLOUD.

(1)

My name it is Edward Anderson,
As you may understand,
I belong to the city of Waterford,
In Erin's lovely land.

(2)

When I was young and in my prime,
And health did on me smile,
My parents doted on me,
I, being their only child.

(3)

My father reared me tenderly,
In the fear of God likewise,
But little he thought I'd die in scorn
On Cuba's sunny isles.

(4)

My father bound me to a trade,
In Waterford's fair town,
He bound me to a cooper there,
Whose name was William Brown.

(5)

I served my master faithfully
For eighteen months or more,
When I shipped on board the "Ocean Queen"
For Valparaiso's shore.

221
THE FLYING CLOUD.

(cont.)

(6)

It happened at Valparaiso,
I fell in with Captain Moore.
He commanded the clipper "Flying Cloud"
Sailing out of Baltimore.

(7)

He hired me to sail with him,
A slaving voyage to go
To the burning shores of Africa,
Where the sugar cane doth grow.

(8)

The "Flying Cloud" was a clipper barque,
Five hundred tons or more.
She could easily sail round any ship
Sailing out of Baltimore.

(9)

I've often seen that goodly ship,
With the wind abaft her beam,
With her royal and studdin' set aloft,
Take sixteen from the reel.

(10)

Her sails were white as any snow,
On them there was no speck.
She had seventy-five brass mounted guns,
She carried on her deck.

THE FLYING CLOUD

(cont.)

(11)

Her magazine and iron chests
Were safely stored below.
She had a "Long Tom" between her spars,
On a swivel it did go.

(12)

We soon tossed o'er the raging sea
And reached the Afric shore,
Where five hundred of these poor souls,
From their native homes we bore.

(13)

We dragged them down unto the deck
And stored them down below,
And eighteen inches to a man
Was all we had to stow.

(14)

We weighed our anchor and put to sea,
Our cargo it being slaves.
It had been far better for those poor souls,
Had they been in their graves.

(15)

For plague and fever did come on board
And took half of them away.
We dragged their bodies to the deck
And threw them in the sea.

THE FLYING CLOUD

(cent.)

(16)

Our money it then being spent,

We went aboard again.

Our captain called us to the deck

And said to us his men:

(17)

"There's gold in plenty to be had

Down on the Spanish main,

If you'll agree my jovial crew,

I'll tell you how it's gained.

(18)

"There's gold and silver to be had

If you with me remain.

We'll hixt the lofty pirate flag

And scour the Spanish Main."

(19)

We all agreed but five bold youths

Who ordered us them to land,

Two of them were Boston chaps,

Two more from Newfoundland.

(20)

The other was an Irish lad

A native of Stramore.

I wish to God I'd joined their lot

And landed safe on shore.

THE FLYING CLOUD

(cont.)

(21)

We burned and plundered many's a ship
Down on the Spanish Main,
Left many a widow and orphan child,
In sorrow to complain.

(22)

We caused their crews to walk the plank,
Gave them a watery grave,
And all the words our captain spoke ,
Were "Dead men tell no tales."

(23)

We had been chased by man of wars,
Frigates and liners too,
But to overtake our goodly ship,
'Twas what they ne'er could do.

(24)

They always fell astern of us ,
When the cannon roared so loud,
And do their best, they never could
O'ertake the "Flying Cloud."

(25)

At length a Spanish man o' war
The "Dungeon" hove in view.
She fired a shot across our bows,
As a signal to heave to.

THE FLYING CLOUD.

(cont.)

(26)

To them we gave no answer
But steered before the wind,
When a chance shot cut our mizzenmast off,
And then we fell behind.

(27)

We cleared our deck for action,
As she ranged up alongside,
And soon upon our quarterdeck
There flowed a crimson tide.

(28)

We fought till Captain Moore was shot
And eighty of our men,
When a bombshell set our ship on fire,
We had to surrender then.

(29)

Soon we were taken prisoners,
And into prison cast.
We were tried and found guilty,
Had to be hanged at last.

(30)

You see what I have come to,
By my unlucky hand,
And now I've got to die in scorn,
By the laws of Spanish land.

THE FLYING CLOUD.

(cont.)

(31)

Fare ye well, sweet Waterford,
And the girl I love so dear,
I never more shall hear your voice,
Like music soft and clear.

(32)

I ne'er shall kiss your ruby lips
Or press your lily white hand,
For now I've got to die in scorn,
By the laws of Spanish land.

Finis.

(3)

"Good Lord!" cries our captain,
"What shall we do now?"
"You've made a bold pirate ship,
To rob us I know."
"Oh yes," cries the chief mate,
"It'll never be said so,
We'll shake out a reef, my boys,
And from her we'll go."

THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

(1)

On the fourteenth day of February,
As we sailed from the land,
In the bold "Prince of Royals"
Bound for Newfoundland,
With forty brave seamen,
For our ship company,
So boldly from the north'ard
To east'ard bore she.

(2)

We had not been sailing,
More than two days or three,
When the man from our mizzenmast,
A sail he did see.
She came bearing down upon us,
To see what we were.
And under her mizzenmast,
Black colors did wear.

(3)

"Good Lord!" cries our capt'ing,
"What shall we do now?"
There comes a bold pirate ship,
To rob us I know."
"Oh no! cries the chief mate,
It'll ne'er be said so,
We'll shake out a reef, my boys,
And from her we'll go."

THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

(cont.)

(4)

It's when the bold pirate,
She heave alongside ,
With a loud-speaking trumpet,
"Whence came you here?" cried.
Our captain being loath, my boys,
Answered them so,
"We've come from fair London town,
Bound for a Cerow."

(5)

"Come haul down your topsail,
And heave your ship to,
For I have a letter ,
To send home by you."
"We'll haul down our topsail ,
And we'll heave our ship to,
But it'll be in some harbour ,
Not alongside of you."

(6)

They chased us to windward ,
For all that long day ,
They chased us to windward ,
But could make no way .

THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY

(6 cont.)

They fired guns after us,
Fer to cut down our sails,
But the bold "Prince of Royals"
Soon showed them her tail.

(7)

It's now my brave boys,
Since the pirate has gone,
Go down to your grog, me boys,
O go down, every one!
Go down to your grog, me boys,
And be of good cheer,
For whilst we have sea room,
My boys never fear.

Finis.

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