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(Colleen's) Don't you Marry, the Brant Lake Boy's
cheras..

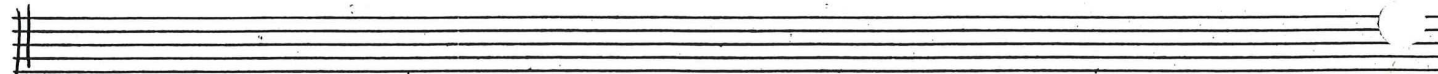
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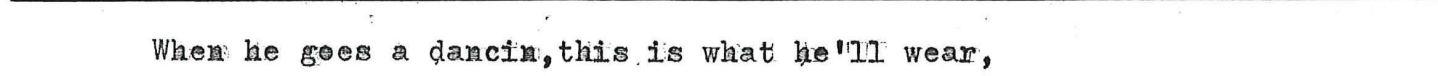
Come girls come, listen to my noise, Don't you Marry the Brant Lake Boys,



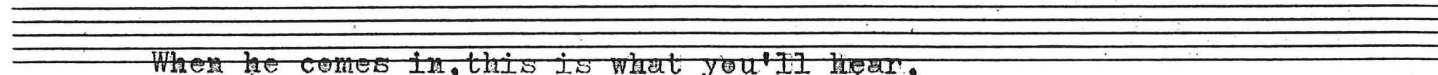
If you do, your fortune it will be, Johnny-cake and babies, is all you'll see.



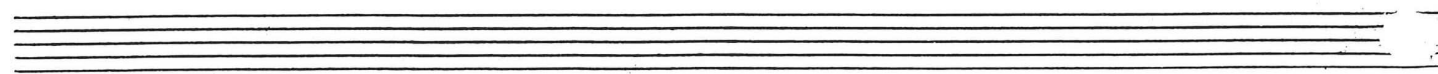
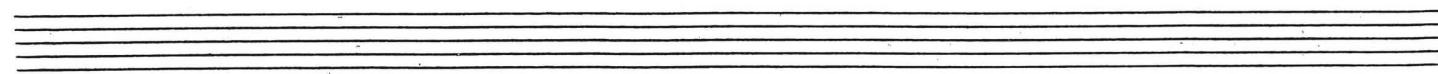
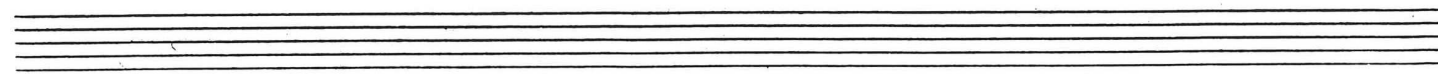
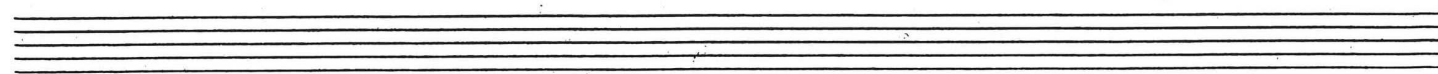
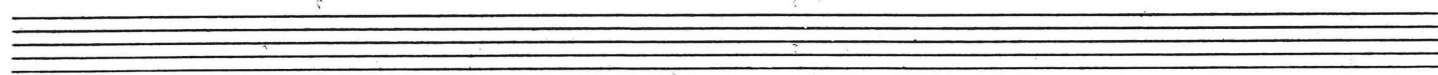
Build a little house, put it on a hill, make you work, against your will.
But a little cow, milk it in a gourd, put it in a corner, and cover it
with a beard..



When he goes a dancin, this is what he'll wear,
Old huntin coay, all ripped, and bare,
Old felt hat, with broken crown,
Pair of dirty socks, that he's worn the winter round.. CHORSE..



When he comes in, this is what you'll hear,
Madam, your daddy, has killed you a deer,
Next thing you hear, when he sits down,
Madam, your Johnny-cakes, tee damn brown,, CHORAS



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