

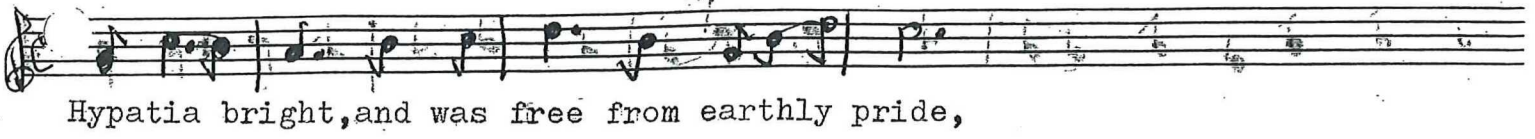
Memo The Tanyard Side,



I am a rambling Irishman, and by love I've been betrayed, Close to the



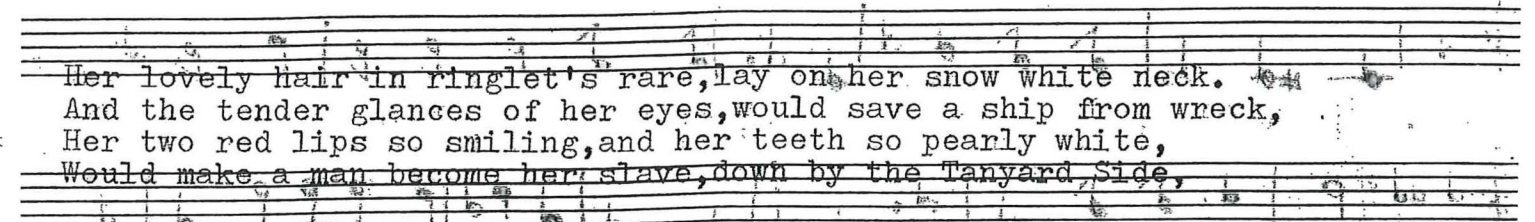
Town of Baitenglass, there dwelt a fair young maid, She was fairer than



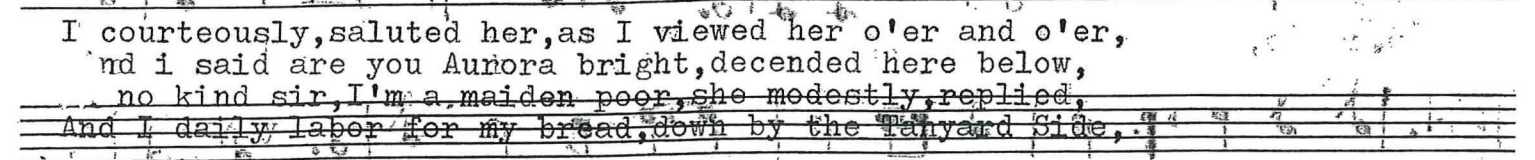
Hypatia bright, and was free from earthly pride,



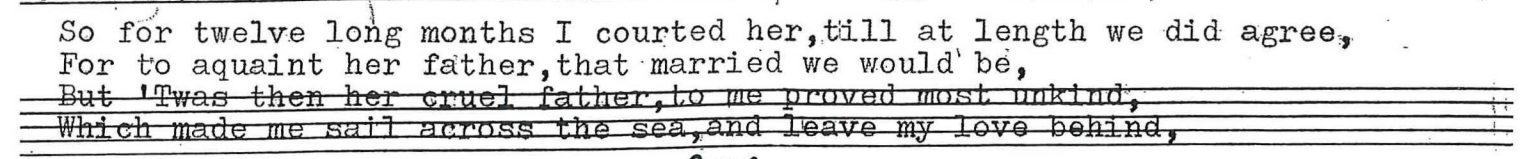
She was a darlin Lass, and her dwelling place, was down by the Tanyard Side.



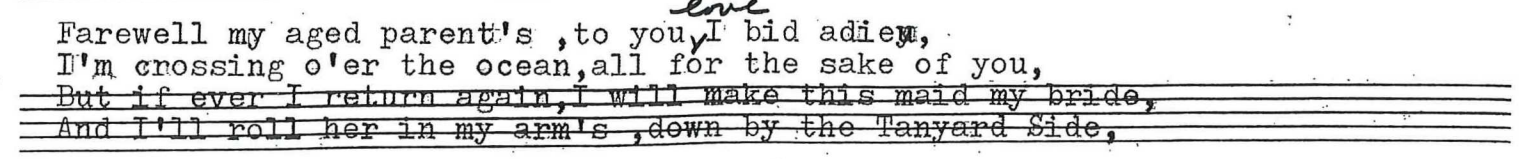
Her lovely hair in ringlet's rare, lay on her snow white neck. And the tender glances of her eyes, would save a ship from wreck, Her two red lips so smiling, and her teeth so pearly white, Would make a man become her slave, down by the Tanyard Side,



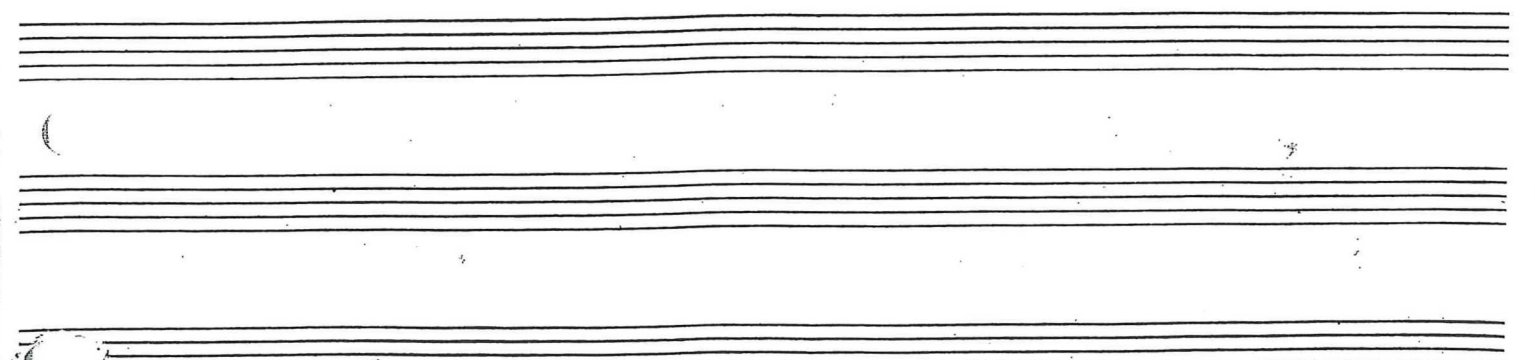
I courteously, saluted her, as I viewed her o'er and o'er, and i said are you Aurora bright, decended here below, no kind sir, I'm a maiden poor, she modestly, replied, And I daily labor for my bread, down by the Tanyard Side,.



So for twelve long months I courted her, till at length we did agree, For to aquaint her father, that married we would be, But 'Twas then her cruel father, to me proved most unkind, Which made me sail across the sea, and leave my love behind,



Farewell my aged parent's, to you, ^{love} I bid adieu, I'm crossing o'er the ocean, all for the sake of you, But if ever I return again, I will make this maid my bride, And I'll roll her in my arm's, down by the Tanyard Side,



M.C.W.