

Hear the Nightengale Sing,,

*Mum*

One morning, one morning, one morning in May, I met a fair couple, a-making  
 Their way, and one was a Lady, so neat and so fair, the other a soldier, a  
 brave volunteer..

Good morning, good morning, good morning to thee,  
 Oh where are you going, my pretty lady, *Young Thing*  
 I'm going a-walking, by the banks of the sea,  
 To see the waters a-gliding, hear the nightengales sing..

They had not been standing, but one hour or two,  
 When out of his knapsack, a fiddle he drew,  
 The tune that he played, made the valleys to ring,  
 Oh harken, says the lady, hear the nightengales sing,,

Pretty lady, pretty lady, 'tis time to give o'er,  
 Oh no pretty soldier, please play one tune more,  
 I'd rather hear you fiddle, or the touch of one string,  
 Than to see waters glide, hear the nightengales sing,,

pretty soldier, pretty soldier, will you marry me?  
 no, pretty lady, that never can be,  
 I have a wife in London, and children twice three,  
 Two wives and the army's, too many for me,,

I'll go back to London, and stay there one year,  
 And often I'll think of you, my little dear,  
 If ever I return, it will be in the spring,  
 To see the waters glide, hear the nightengales sing,,

#####  
 Last verse of Hubble and Bobble..

Whole couple, blind couple, fool, can't you see, It's nothin but some  
 Cabbage heads, my mother sent to me, Hubble, and Bobble,  
 Very well done, But hair upon a cabbage, head, is a thing I never see done..

*now*

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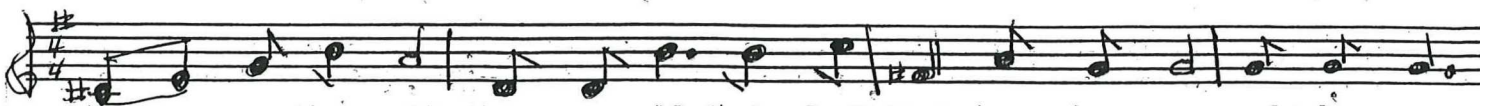


Her Little Boy In Blue.

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A mother sits in sadness, thinking of her only son, as she looks upon two



pictures on the wall, They are all that's left to cheer her, now, and she says



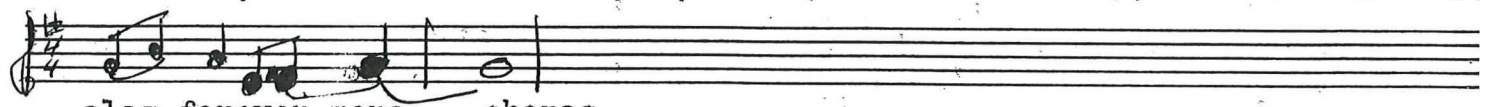
they will be done, as she mourns for him, who's gone beyond recall, One shows



him as a little boy, in soldier clothes at play, with his army scattered on



the floor, The other in a uniform, the day he marched away, as he said goodby,



alas forever more, choras.



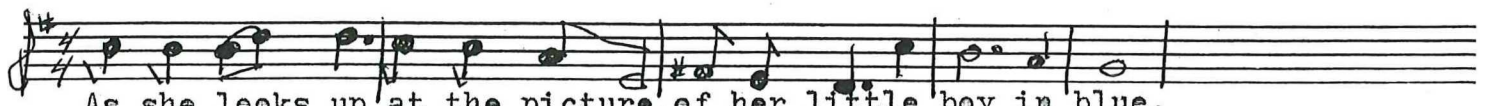
It is strange, when the band starts playing, how her eyes fill up with tears



As the soldier's pass her window, and the street rings out with cheers,



For it's then that her heart is saddest, and it seems it can't be true,



As she looks up at the picture, of her little boy in blue.

The war that took him from her, has been past these many years,  
And the troops that pass are only on parade, but as she watches them go by  
She's thinking thru her tears, of her boy marching, while the music played,  
The picture's hanging on the wall, they seem to blend as one,  
And she seems to hear a voice, I miss you too, That's why she's heavy hearted  
For when all was said and done, He was only just her little boy in blue,

CHORAS.

*now,*



The House Carpenter..



Well, met,,well met,my own true love,,Well met,well met,,said he,,he,,h



I've just returned from the salt,salt sea,and it's all for the sake of thee



thee,thee,and it's all for the sake of thee,,

~~I could of married a Kings Daughter,and she would of married me,me,me,  
But I refused,a crown of gold, and it's all for the sake of thee,thee,  
And it's all for the sake of thee,,~~ thee..

~~If you could of married a Kings daughter,i'm sure you are to blame,,  
For I have married a house ca r penter,and I think he's a fine young man,m  
And I think he's a fine young man..~~

~~If you will leave your house carpenter,and go along with me,,me,,me,,  
I'll take you where the grass is ever green,on the banks of sweet Italee,it  
On the banks of sweet Italee..~~

~~If I should leave my house carpenter,and go along with you,you,you,,  
What have you to support me on,to keep me from poverty,ty,ty,  
To keep me from poverty..~~

~~Oh I have three hundred men,and seven ships on the sea,sea,sea,  
All this is enough to support you on,and keep you from poverty,ty,ty,  
And to keep you from poverty..~~

~~And I have many goods in store,and gems and gold for thee,thee,thee,  
And this is enough to support you on,and to keep you from poverty,ty,ty,  
And to keep you from poverty..~~

~~TWO,,  
She had not been at sea ~~three~~ weeks,I'm sure it wasn't three,three three,  
When she began to weep an d moan,and she wept most bitterly.ly.ly.  
And she wept most bitterly..~~

~~Oh is it for my gold you weep?for is it for my store?store,store,  
Or is it for your house carpenter,you never shall see any more,mere,mere,  
You never shall see any more??~~

~~Oh it is not for your gold I weep.nor is it for your store,store,store,  
But it is for my house carpenter,that I never shall see any more,mere,mere,  
That I never shall see any mere,,~~

~~three,  
She had not been at sea ~~two~~ weeks,I'm sure it wasn't four,four,four,  
Before the ship it sunk in the deep,and it ne'er was seen any more,more,mor  
And it never was seen any mere,,~~

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mm

on my record

# In Bonnie Scotland

In bright + bonny Scot-land, where the bluebells they do grow, there  
 lived a fair young maid-en, all in the valley low.  
 All day long a' herding sheep, upon the banks of Clyde And though her lot in  
 life was low, she was the village pride.

2) Till an officer from Paisley town,  
 Rode out to fowl one day.  
 And he wandered to that lowly spot  
 Where Mary's cottage lay.  
 And many's a time he came that way,  
 And did he visit pay.  
 Until his fond heart and flattering tongue  
 Soon won her heart away.

3) At length he came to visit her,  
 And his face was dark with woe.  
 Saying, "Mary, dearest Mary,  
 Far from you I must go.  
 The regiment received the route,  
 And I to duty yield.  
 I must forsake these lowland glens  
 For India's burning fields."

4) "Oh, Henry, dearest Henry,  
 You know you have won my heart.  
 So take me as your wedded wife,  
 For from you I can't part.  
 Though highland glens and lowland fields,  
 They are my heart's desire,  
 But as your servant I will go,  
 Dressed up in man's attire."

5) He dressed her up in soldier's clothes,  
 Cut off her golden hair,  
 And who would think a soldier's cloak  
 Could hide a form so XXXX rare.  
 He took her on to Paisley town,  
 And much they wondered there,  
 At the beautiful and young recruit  
 Who looked so sweet and fair.

ew

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- 6) The ladies all admired her  
As she stood on parade,  
~~But little they thought a soldier's coat~~  
~~Could conceal so fair a maid.~~  
They soon crossed o'er the raging sea,  
And o'er the burning sand.  
No tongue could tell what Mary 'dured  
~~Through India's trackless land.~~
- 7) But when the day of trial came on  
Upon the battlefield,  
She saw the English troops give way,  
~~And to the Indians yield.~~  
~~She saw her true love was cut down,~~  
A sword had pierced his side.  
But from his post he never flinched,  
And where he stood he died.
- 8) She raised him from the bloody ground  
And in her arms did press,  
And as she strove to close his wound,  
~~A ball passed through her breast.~~  
~~And as this couple loved in life,~~  
In death they loved the same.  
And as their fond hearts' blood ran cold,  
It mixed in one red stream.



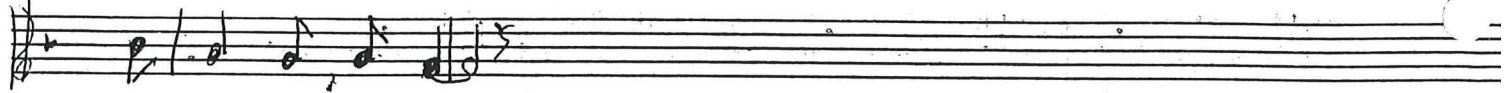
JACK\*\* THE\*\* JOLLY\*\*TAR\*\*O\*\*



OH, I AM JACK, AND A JOLLY TAR\*\*O\*\* AND I'VE JUST RETURNED FROM THE SEA



SO FAR\*\*O. YES I AM JACK, AND A JOLLY TAR\*\*O\*\* AND I'VE JUST RETURNED FROM



THE SEA SO FAR\*\*O\*\*

AS I WAS WALKING THRU LONDON CITY, I FOUND MYSELF, ALL IN GREAT PITY,  
AS I HEARD THEM SAY, AS I PASSED BY, POOR JACK, ALL IN THE STREET MUST LIE..

THE SQUIRE, HE COURTED FOR HIS FANCY, A MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER, HER NAME WAS NANCY  
AND I HEARD THEM AGREE, AS I PASSED THAT WAY, TO MEET AGAIN, WITHOUT DELAY.

OH TIE A STRING, AROUND YOUR FINGER, AND LET IT HANG FROM OUT THE WINDOW,  
AND I'LL COME BY, AND I'LL PULL THE STRING, AND YOU COME DOWN AND LET ME IN..

BLESS ME, SAID JACK, IF I DON'T VENTURE, TO PULL THE STRING, HANGING OUT  
THE WINDOW,, SO JACK HE WENT, AND HE PULLED THE STRING, AND SHE CAME DOWN,,  
AND LET HIM IN,,

OH THEN SAID SHE, HOW COME YOU HERE, I FEAR YOU'VE ROBBED ME, OF MY SQUIRE,  
OH NO, SAID JACK, I JUST PULLED THE STRING, AND YOU COME DOWN AND LET ME IN,,

WELL, AS IT IS SO, IT MAKES NO MATTER, FOR JACK, 'S THE LAD, I WILL FOLLOW AFTE  
FOR I LOVE JACK, AS I LOVE MY LIFE, AND I INTEND TO BE HIS WIFE,,

THE SQUIRE HE CRIED, ALL IN A PASSION, A CURSE ON ALL WOMEN, THROUGHOUT THE  
NATION,  
FOR THERE IS NOT ONE, WHO WILL PROVE TRUE, AND IF THERE IS, IT'S VERY DAMN FEW



*Mmm*

*Verse B. 3/4*

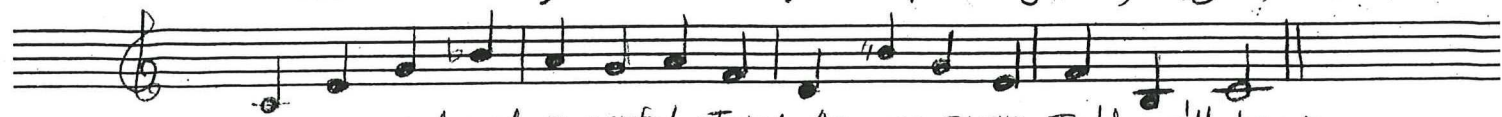
# James Bird

*Morr.*

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Sons of freedom, listen to me, And ye daughters, too, give ear,



Of a sad and mournful story, As was ever told you'll hear.

2) **Hull, you know, his troops surrendered**  
And defenseless left the west.  
Then our forces quick assembled,  
The invaders to resist.

3) **Among the troops that marched to Erie**  
Was the Kingston Volunteers.  
Captain Thomas them commanded  
To protect our west frontier.

4) **Tender were the words of parting.**  
Mothers wrung their hands and cried.  
Maidens wept their swains in secret,  
Fathers tried their tears to hide.

5) **But there's one among their number,**  
Tall and graceful is his mien.  
Firm his step, his look undaunted,  
Scarce a nobler youth was seen.

6) **One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary,**  
Craved his mother's prayer once more,  
Pressed his father's hand and left them  
For Lake Erie's distant shore.

7) **Mary tried to say, "Farewell, James,"**  
Waved her hand but nothing spoke.  
"Farewell, Bird, may God protect you,"  
From the rest at parting broke.

8) **Soon they came where noble Perry**  
Had assembled all his fleet.  
Here the noble Bird enlisted,  
Hoping soon the foe to meet.

9) **Where is Bird? The battle rages.**  
Is he in the fight or no?  
Here the cannon's roar tremendous.  
Dare he meet the hostile foe?

10) **Aye, behold him see with Perry**  
In the selfsame ship they fight;  
Though his shipmates fall around him,  
Nothing can his soul afright.

*CW*



- 11) But behold! a ball has struck him,  
Sent the crimson colors flow.  
"Leave the deck," exclaimed brave Perry.  
"No," cried Bird, "I will not go.
- 12) Hark on deck I took my station.  
Ne'er will Bird his colors fly.  
I'll stand by my gallant captain,  
Till we conquer or we die."
- 13) Still he fought the faint and bleeding,  
Till our Stars and Striped arose,  
Victory having crowned our efforts,  
All triumphant o'er our foe.
- 14) Then did Bird receive a pension?  
Was he to his friends restored?  
No, nor never to his bosom  
Clasped the maid his heart adored.
- 15) Forth there came most dismal tidings  
From Lake Erie's distant shore.  
Better far if Bird had perished  
Midst the battles awful roar.
- 16) "Dearest parents," said the letter,  
"This will bring sad news to you,  
Do not mourn your first-beloved,  
Though it breaks your heart in two.
- 17) "Brothers, sister," read the letter,  
"This is the last you'll have from me.  
I must suffer for deserting  
From the brig Niagarie."
- 18) Sad and gloomy was the morning  
Bird was ordered out to die.  
Where's the heart not dead to pity  
But for him would breathe a sigh?
- 19) Lo, he fought so brave at Erie,  
Freely bled and nobly dared.  
Let his courage plead for mercy,  
Let his precious life be spared.
- 20) See him march and beat his fetters,  
Harsh they clank upon the air.  
But his step is firm and manly,  
For his heart ne'er harbored fear.
- 21) See him kneel upon his coffin!  
Sure his death will do no good.  
Spare him! Hark! Oh God, they've shot him!  
See his bosom stream with blood.
- 22) Farewell, Bird. Farewell forever.  
Home and friends we'll see no more.  
Now his mangled corpse lies buried  
On Lake Erie's distant shore.







162  
Two verses from, Song, The Longford Murderer, (same son,

Beth young and old, I now make bold

I pray you lend an ear, 'Tis of as cruel a murder, as ever you will hear,

'Tis of a pretty female, her age was scarce sixteen,

Her beauty bright, made me delight, and Satan, made me sin,

This fair maid, being a servant girl, and I a farmers son,

Her home in County, Longford, convenient to my home.

I courted, her in private, till I had her beguiled,

And then to take her tender life, I made this action wild..

212 238



## JOHNNIE OF HAZLEGREEN

As I walked out one May morning  
Down by the greenwood side  
There I espied a pretty little maid  
Who bitterly did cry

Why weep you by the greenwood side  
Why weep you by the side  
You are welcome to come home with me  
And be my youngest's bride

I'll wed thee to my youngest son  
And you shall be a queen  
But the tears kept rolling down her cheeks  
For Johnny of Hazelgreen

A chain of gold ye shall not lack  
Nor braids to bind your hair  
Nor trusty steed or silken clothes  
And all that ladies wear

And you the fairest of them all  
Shall be a gracious queen  
But still the tears came rolling down  
For Johnnie of Hazelgreen

I do not want your youngest son  
He's neither lord nor king  
I will not marry any man  
But Johnnie of Hazelgreen

His arms are long his shoulders broad  
He's lord of all, He's king  
His hair hangs down like links of gold  
He's Johnnie of Hazelgreen

As she rode down that lonely road  
And drew near to the town  
Up stepped Johnnie of Hazelgreen  
And helped his lady down

It's forty times he kissed her cheeks  
And forty times her chin  
And forty times her ruby lips  
Did Johnnie of Hazelgreen

He took her by her lily white hand  
And led his lady in  
Again he kissed her ruby lips  
And kissed her dimpled chin

If ever I forsake you love  
The rock will melt in the sun  
The fires of hell must turn to ice  
And the raging seas will burn

If ever I forsake you, love  
I hope heaven will forsake me  
And send me down to the depth of hell  
And there forever be



Just Across the Bridge of Gold..

Maryme

161/3

Once we were peer, mother darling, said a sad child one day, Now, we are  
rich but I'm lonely, longing for sister Mae, Of 'ti in my dreams I can see  
her, Kneeling beside my bed, Where is she now, mother tell me, Softly her  
Mother said, --CHORAS, --Just across, the bridge of gold, Where the lights are  
shining bright. Just across the bridge of gold. There's an aching heart,  
tonight. For the sake of those she loved, all her happiness she gave,  
And tonight, we will pray, for your dear, sister, Mae, Just across, the bridge  
of gold..

We were so peer, little darling, Mae, always loved us so.  
And when he asked her to marry, she couldn't answer, NO,  
Her heart belonged to another, From him she had to part,  
For you and I, little darling, Your sister, broke her heart,,

CHORAS,,

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The Lake of Coelfin,,

167

Bar Saw

20  
Over 7/4  
4/4  
3/4



'Twas early one morning, young Willie, arose, and up to his comrade's bed



chamber he goes, arise my dear comrade, and let no one know, 'Tis a fine



summer morning, and a-bathing we'll go,.

To the Lake, of Coelfin, the companion's soon came,  
And the first man they saw, was the keeper of game,  
Turn back, Willie Leonard, <sup>return</sup> return, back again,

There is deep and false waters, in the Lake of Coelfin..

But young Willie, plunged in, and the Lake he swam round,  
He came to an Island, 'Twas soft, muddy ground,

Oh comrade, oh comrade, do not venture in,  
For there's deep, and false waters, in the Lake of Coelfin,,

'Twas early that morning, his sister arose,  
And up to her mother's bed chamber she goes,  
Oh I dreamed, a sad dream, about Willie, last night,  
He was dressed in a shroud, a shroud of snow white!!

Oh 'Twas early that morning, his mother came there,  
She was wringing her hands, and a-tearing her hair,  
Oh, weeful the hour, dear Willie plunged in,  
There is deep and false water, in the Lake of Coelfin..

And I saw a fair maiden, standing there by the shore,  
Her face it was pale, she was weeping full sore,  
In deep anguish, she gazed, where young Willie, plunged in,  
Yes, there's deep and false water's, in the Lake of Coelfin..

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198 2/3

Little Old Log Cabbin, in the Lane..

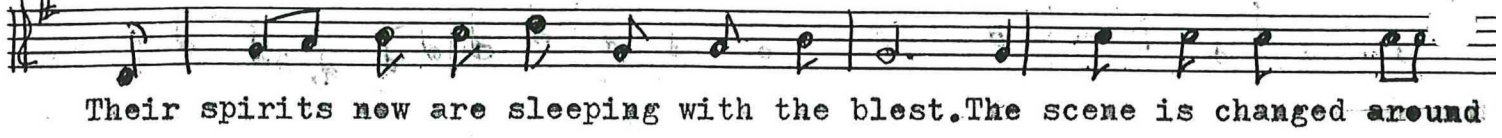
Dan C-



I'm getting old and feeble now, I cannot work no more. I've laid the rus



bladed hoe to rest, Old Massa, and old Missis, sleeping with the blest.



Their spirits now are sleeping with the blest. The scene is changed around




the place, the darkies are all gone, I'll never hear them singing in the can



And I'm the only one that's left, with this old dog of mine, in the little



old log cabin in the lane. CHORAS--The chimney's fallin down, the roof is ca



cavin in. I ain't got long around it to remain, But the Angels watches over



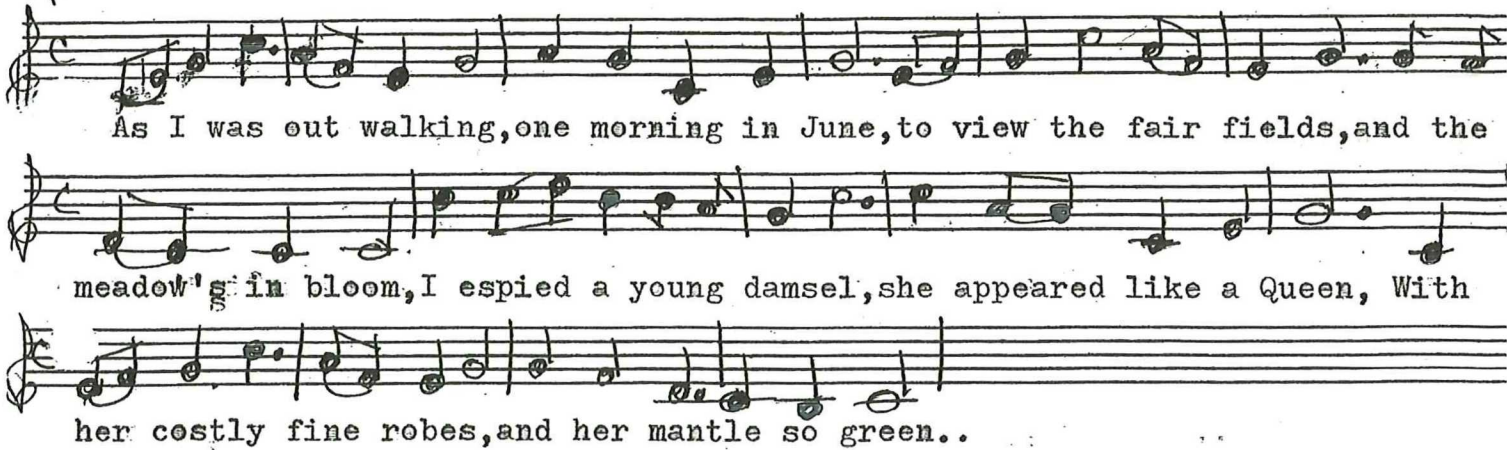
me, as I lay me down to sleep, in the little old log cabin in the lane. --

There was a happy time to me, 'Twas many years ago,  
 When the darkies used to gather round the door,  
 When they used to dance and sing at night,  
 and played the old banjo, but alas I cannot play it anymore.  
 The hinges they get rusty, and the door has tumbled down,  
 And the roof now lets the sunshine and the rain,  
 And the only friend I got now, is this old dog of mine,  
 In the little old log cabin in the lane..  
 choras..

The footpath now is covered o'er, that led us round the hill.  
 And the fences all are going to decay, And the creek is all dried up  
 Where we used to go to Mill, for time has turned it's course another way,  
 But I ain't got long to stay here, and what little time I got,  
 I'll try and be contented to remain. Till death shall call my dog and  
 To find a better home, than that little old log cabin in the lane..  
 choras..

212





~~I stood with amazement, and was struck with surprise,  
I thought her an angel, that fell from the skies,  
Her eyes were like diamonds, her cheeks like a rose,  
She was one of the fairest, that nature composed,~~

~~I said, my pretty fair maid, if you will agree,  
WE'll both join in wedlock, and married will be,  
I'll dress you in rich rament, you'll appear like a queen,  
With your costly, rich robes, and your mantle, so green.~~

~~She answered young man, you must me excuse,  
For I'll wed with no man, you must be refused,  
To the woods I will wander to shun all mens view,  
For the lad that I loved died in famed Waterloo.~~

~~Oh, if you won't marry, tell me your lovers name,  
For I being from battle, I might know his name  
Draw near to my garments and there will be seen  
His name all embroidered on my mantle so green~~

~~In raising her mantle there I did behold  
His name and his surname in letters of gold  
Young William O'Reilly appeared to my view  
He was my chief companion in famed Waterloo~~

~~We fought so victorious where the bullets did fly  
In that far field of honor your true love does lie  
We fought for three days til that fourth afternoon  
He recieved his death wound on the sixteenth of June~~

~~But when he was dying I heard his death cry  
Were you here lovely Nancy, contented I'd die  
Now the peace is proclained and the truth I'LL declare  
Here is your true token, the gold ring I wear~~

~~She stood in amazement, then pale did she grow  
She flew to my arms with a heart full of woe  
To the woods I will wander for the lad I adore  
Rise up lovely Nancy, your grief I'll remove~~

~~Oh, Nancy, lovely Nancy, 'twas I won your heart  
In your father's garden the day we did part  
Now the wars are all over, no trouble is seen  
As I'll wed with my true love in her mantle so green~~



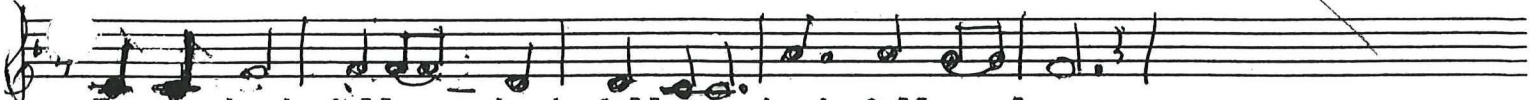
*Mmm Pa*



here was an old woman in Ireland, In Ireland she did dwell, she loved her



old man dearly, but another man twice as well, CHORAS,,



To my whack, follera, whack follera, whack follera lay,

~~She went to see the doctor, to see what she could find,  
She wanted to get a remedy, to make her old man blind, CHORAS,,~~

~~He told her to buy a marrow bone, and steep it well in oil,,  
And before he'd eaten the half of it, he couldn't see her at all, CHORAS.~~

~~SO she bought the marrow bone, and she steeped it well in oil,  
And before he'd eaten the half of it, he couldn't see her at all, CHORAS.~~

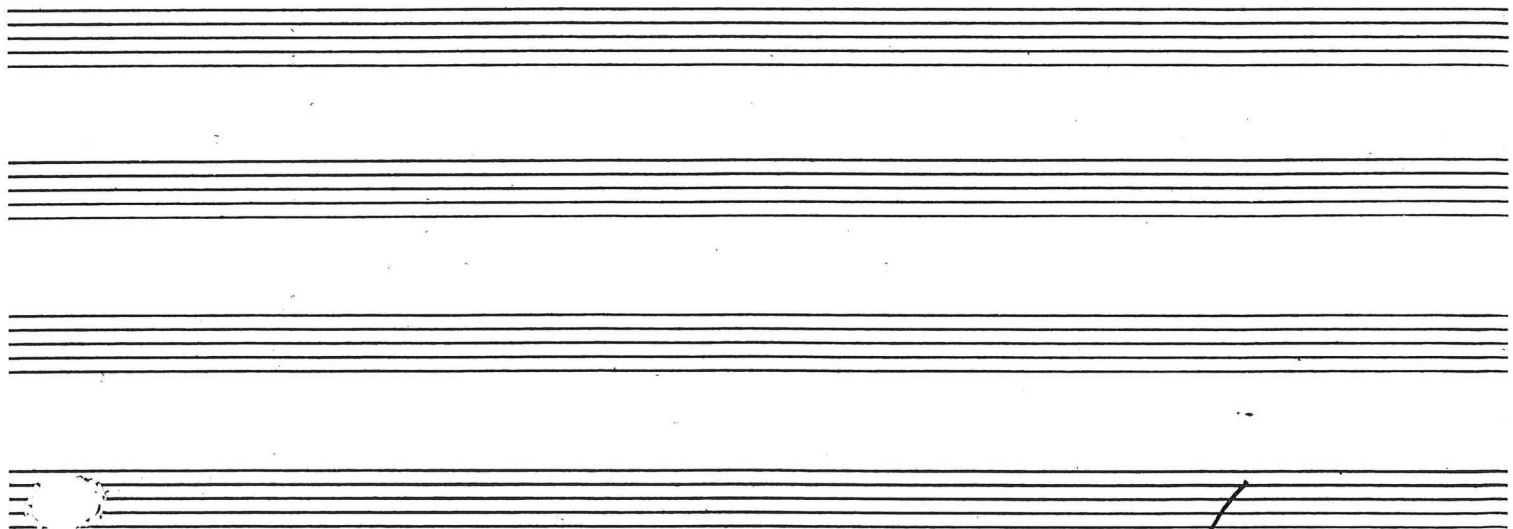
~~Oh Mary, dearest Mary, you've twined your old man blind,  
I'd surely go and drownd myself, if the river I could find, CHORAS,~~

~~Oh Barney, dearest Barney, you shall not go astray,  
For I'll put on my bonnet and shawl, and show to you the way, CHORAS,~~

~~So she put on her bonnet and shawl, and showed him to the brim,,  
Oh devil a bit will I drownd myself, you'll have to push me in, CHORAS..~~

~~So she goes toddling up the hill, and down the slope she runs,  
But he goes dodging to one side, and she goes plunging on, CHORAS.~~

~~Oh Barney, dearest Barney, you know that I can't swim,  
So he goes and gets a long pole, and pushed her farther in,, Choras..~~



*N. C. W.*

✓ 309 215



Mum's  
Uncle  
Bobby

# Mines of Irvingdale

287

Handwritten musical score for the song 'Mines of Irvingdale'. The score is written on four staves in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Good people all, attention pay, And listen to my tale, Of a  
 terrible suffocation in the mines of Irvingdale. It was the  
 month of November in eighteen sixty-nine, The miners all, they got the  
 call, to go working in the mine.

- 2) The women and the children, their hearts were filled with joy,  
 To see the men go to work again, and likewise every boy,  
 But a dismal sight in early light did quickly turn them pale.  
 They saw the breakers burning around the mines of Irvingdale.
- 3) From here and there and everywhere, they gathered in great crowds,  
 Some tearing both their clothing and hair, and crying out aloud,  
 "Bring forth my husband and my child, or death will surely steal  
 Their lives away without delay, in the mines of Irvingdale."
- 4) A consultation then was held, to see who would volunteer,  
 For to go down that dismal shaft and seek their comrades dear.  
 Two Welshmen bold, with Christian hearts, their courage did not fail,  
 Went down that shaft five hundred feet, in the mines of Irvingdale.
- 5) But when they reached the bottom, their course they could not make.  
 One of them died for want of air, The other in great distress,  
 He gave the signal to hoist him up, to tell the terrible tale,  
 That all was lost forever in the mines of Irvingdale.
- 6) Great efforts then were taken to give them some fresh air,  
 And when two others did go down, of them they took great care.  
 They traveled through the chambers, and this time did not fail,  
 In finding the dead bodies in the mines of Irvingdale.
- 7) Sixty-seven were the number that in one pile was found.  
 They seemed to be lamenting their sad fate underground,  
 Fathers with their sons clasped in their arms so pale,  
 It was a most heart-rending sight in the mines of Irvingdale.
- 8) Now to conclude and finish, the number I'll pen down.  
 One hundred ten of boys and men, all smothered underground.  
 They're in their graves for their last days, their widows can weep & wa  
 Their orphans' cries can rend the skies for the miners of Irvingdale.

CW.



Moonlock Mary,

2134

*M.M.*

The very first time, I met my Moorlock Mary, 'Twas at the market of sweet  
 Strabane, Her smiling glances were so entrancing, the hearts of youngmen, she  
 did trip on, Her smiling glances berift my senses, no peace or comfort find I  
 night or day. From quiet slumber I wake in wonder, Oh Moorlock Mary, won't  
 You come away.

hill.

~~From Moorlocks banks I will never wander, where heifer's graze, on your peacefu~~  
~~Where lamb's are sporting, fair maids resorting, the timid hare, and the heathe~~  
~~I'll press my cheese, and my wool I'll tease, bell~~  
~~I my ewe's I'll milk, by the light of day,~~  
~~The hurling woodcock, and lark allure me,~~  
~~From bonny Moorlock, I'll never stray.~~

~~Were I a man of great education, or Erin's Isle, at my own command,~~  
~~I would lay my head on your snowy bosom, in wedlock band's we'd join our hand~~  
~~I would entrance you both night and morning, in robes I'd deck you both night~~  
~~And with kisses sweet love, I would caress you, oh Moorlock Mary, and day.~~  
~~Won't you come away.~~

~~Now I'm aware of my situation, my honest pleading are all in vain,~~  
~~On the river Mourne, where the salmon's sporting,~~  
~~The rocks neech my plaintive strain, Where the thrush and blackbird,~~  
~~do join harmonious, their notes melodious on the river Dain,~~  
~~And the little songbird's, do join in choras, oh Moorlock Mary, won't you come~~  
~~away,~~

~~Now it's fare you well, my own lovely Mary, Ten thousand times, I bid you adieu~~  
~~While life remains in my glowing bosom, I'll never cease love to think of you~~  
~~Now I'll away to some lonely valley, with tears bewailing both night and day.~~  
~~In some distant arbor, where none can hear me, crying Moorlock Mary,~~  
~~Won't you come away..~~

*N. C. S.*

317 ~~244~~



Mom

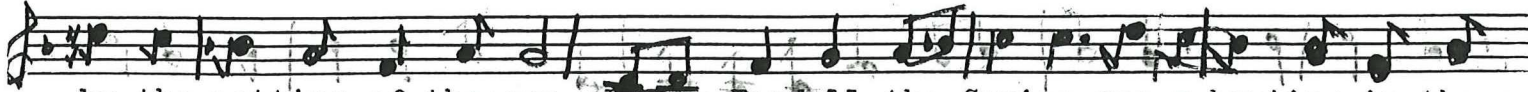
on my record

Molly Bawn,

209



Come all you young hunter's that follow the gun,, Beware of night shooting



by the setting of the sun, Johnny Randall the Squire, was a-hunting in the



dark, he shot at his true love, and he ne'er missed his mark.

She was going to her uncles when the shower came on,  
And under a greenbush, went the shower to shun,  
With her apron around her, he took her for a swan,  
But oh and alas, wasn't she Molly Bawn

He threw down his gun and away he did run,  
Crying father, oh father, I have shot Molly Bawn,  
I have shot that fair creature, my pride and delight,  
It was my intention to make her my wife,

Oh Johnny, dear Johnny, ~~dear Johnny~~, to be sure it is sad,  
t you shall ~~not be~~ punished, for the loss of this lass.  
I pray stay you at home, till your trial comes on,  
You shall not be punished, till I lose all I own,

The night before the trial, Molly's ghost did appear,  
Crying Father dear father, Johnny Randall shall go clear,  
With my apron around me, he took me for a swan,  
But oh and alas, wasn't I Molly Bawn,

The girls of old England, were all very glad,  
That the flower of Killarney, was shot and killed dead,  
You can gather them all together, and stand them all in a row,  
Molly Bawn, will shine among them, like a mountain of snow.

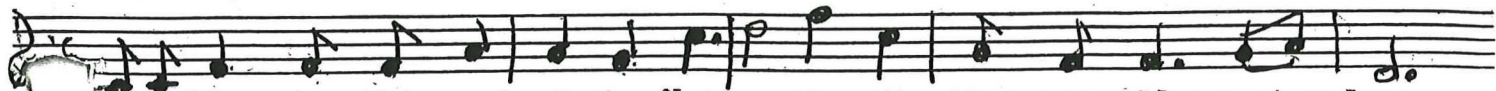
M. C. S.



Ba/

Old Rosin the Beaux,

241



Oh I live for the good of the Nation, My sons they are all growing low..



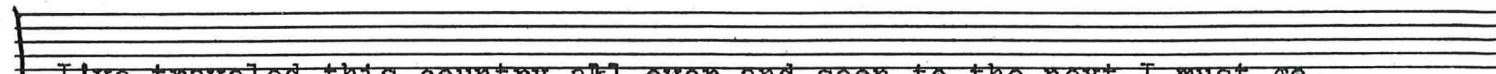
But I hope that the next generation, will be more like old Rosin, the bow..



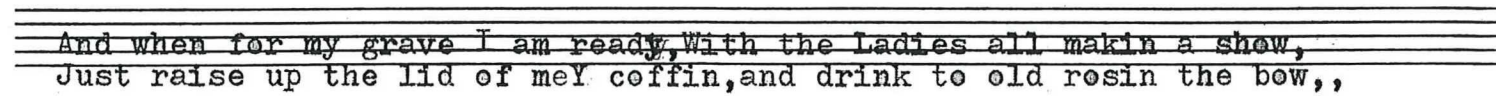
CHORAS. So drink to old Rosin the Bow, boys, drink to old Rosin the bow.



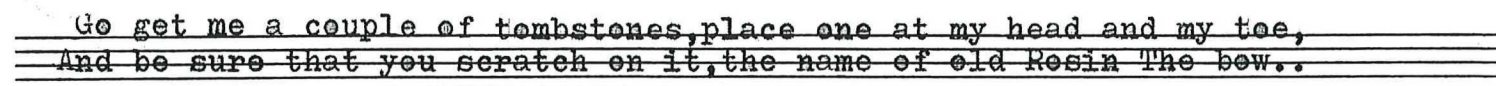
And I hope that the next generation, will be like old Rosin, the Bow..



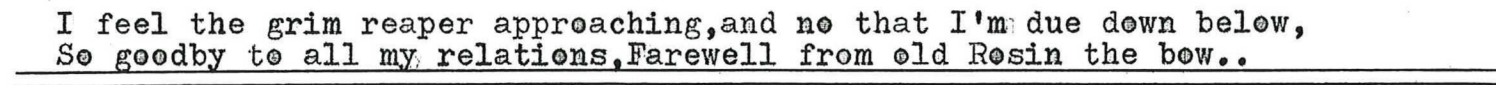
I've traveled this country akl over, and soon to the next I must go..  
But I know that good fellows are waiting, to welcome old Rosin the Bow..



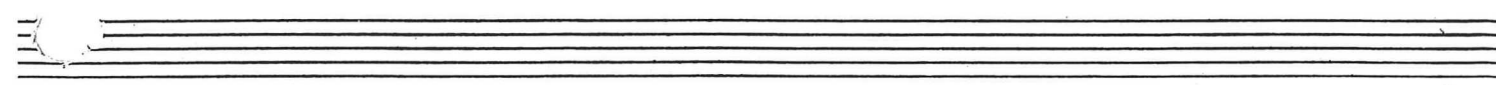
And when for my grave I am ready, With the Ladies all makin a show,  
Just raise up the lid of meY coffin, and drink to old rosin the bow,,



Go get me a couple of tombstones, place one at my head and my toe,  
And be sure that you scratch on it, the name of old Rosin The bow..



I feel the grim reaper approaching, and no that I'm due down below,  
So goodby to all my relations, Farewell from old Rosin the bow..



365



*M.M.* On Board the The Nightengale,,

225

Musical staff with lyrics: Both old and young I pray lend an ear, to a lovesick maiden, in deep

Musical staff with lyrics: dispare, whose heart was light, but whose courage failed, when her true love

Musical staff with lyrics: sailed, on the Nightengale.

~~My parent's were of high degree, but my true love was not as rich as me,  
So they sent a press gang, which did not fail, and pressed my love in the  
Nightengale..~~

~~As I one night on my pillow lay, a form before me, these words did say,  
Go tell your parent's, they may bewail, for the loss of your love on the  
Nightengale.~~

~~On the fifteenth day of December last, the wind blow a most fearful blast.  
We lost our Spars, likewise our sail, what a dismal wreck was the Nightengale.~~

~~Then I awoke in an awful fright, it being the hour of twelve at night.  
For to see his ghest, standing cold and pale, just as he was drowned, in the  
Nightengale.~~

~~These words he spoke in lamenting cries, in the Bay of Biscay, my body lies,  
To become the prey, of a shark or whale, with my drowned mates on the  
Nightengale.~~

~~Oh how I wept, and how I wailed; for the boy I loved, on the Nightengale,  
I will never be, another's wife, I'll be true to my love, throughout this life,~~

~~A curse on my parent's foolish pride, but for them, I'd be a happy bride,  
I'll leave this land, and away I'll sail, for my drowned love, on the  
Nightengale/~~

Empty musical staves.

Empty musical staves.

*M. C. W.*



Pretty Pelly..

Morn

267? 7/10 Day

Oh where is pretty Pelly, out yonder she stands, Gold rings on her finger  
 and Lily white hands, Oh Pelly pretty Pelly, come go long with me, Let's  
 take a little walk, before married we 'll be..

He led her thru hollows, and valleys so deep,  
 At last pretty Pelly, began fer to weep.  
 She went a little farther, and chanced to espy,  
 Her grave being dug, and the spade a-standing by,

Oh William, oh William, oh William said she,  
 I'm afraid you're going to take, this sweet life from me,,  
 Peer Pelly, peer Pelly, you've guessed it just right,  
 I was digging your grave, the best part of last night,

He Pierced her thru the heart, and the blood it did, flow,  
 And into the grave her peer body did throw.  
 His ship was a-tying, all on the sea side,  
 He swore by his maker, he'd sail the other side,

And while he was sailing, in deep heart content,  
 His ship sprung a leak, to the bottom she went.  
 And there, pretty Pelly, in a gore of red blood,  
 And in her white hands, was an infant of God..

Oh William, oh William, you've no time to stay,  
 Theres a debt to the devil, your going to pay...



Mom

on record

# Queen Jane

253

Queen Jane sat at her window one day, A- sewing a silken seam, And  
 She looked out at the merry greenwood, And she saw the green nut tree, And she  
 Saw the green nut tree.

2) She dropped her thimble at her heel,  
 and her needle at her toe,  
 And away she ran to the merry green wood,  
 To gather nuts and so. (Repeat last line.)

3) She scarce had reached the green nut tree,  
 And had pulled but two or three,  
 When a proud forester came striding by,  
 Saying, "Fair maid, let those be." Repeat last line.)

4) "Why do you pull the nuts," he said,  
 "And why do you break the tree,  
 And why do you come to this merry green wood,  
 Without the leave of me?" (Repeat last line.)

5) "Oh, I will pull the nuts," she said,  
 "And I will break the tree,  
 And I will come to this merry green wood.  
 I will ask no leave of thee." (Repeat last line.)

6) He took her by the middle so small,  
 And he gently laid her down.  
 And when he got what he longed for,  
 He raised her from the ground. (Repeat last line.)

7) "Oh, woe to you, proud forester,  
 And an ill death may yours be.  
 As I am the king's youngest daughter," she said,  
 "You will pay for wronging me." (Repeat last line.)

8) "If you're the king's youngest daughter," he said,  
 "Then I'm his eldest son.  
 And woe to this unhappy day,  
 And the wrong that I have done." (Repeat last line.)

9) "The very first time I came from sea,  
 Jane, you were unborn.  
 And I wish my gallant ship had sunk,  
 And I been left forlorn. (Repeat last line)



10) "The very next time I came from sea,  
 You were on your nurse's knee.  
 And the very next time I came from sea,  
 You were in the woods with me. (Repeat last line.)

11) "I wish I ne'er had seen your face,  
 And that you had ne'er seen mine.  
 And woe to this unhappy hour  
 That we met here alone." (Repeat last line.)

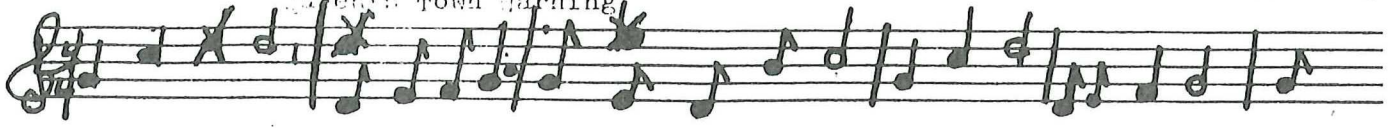
12) "I wish to God my babe was born,  
 And on its nurse's knee.  
 And as for me, I was dead and gone,  
 And the green grass growing over me." (Repeat last line.)



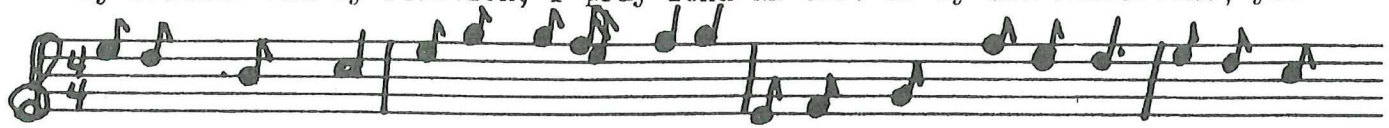
Mom

Old Book

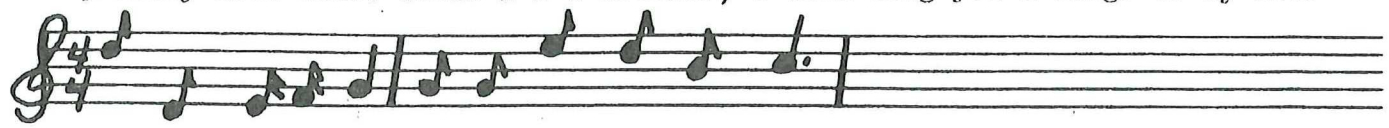
Queen's Town Warning



My friends and my relation, I pray lend an ear. Of my sad misfortune, you



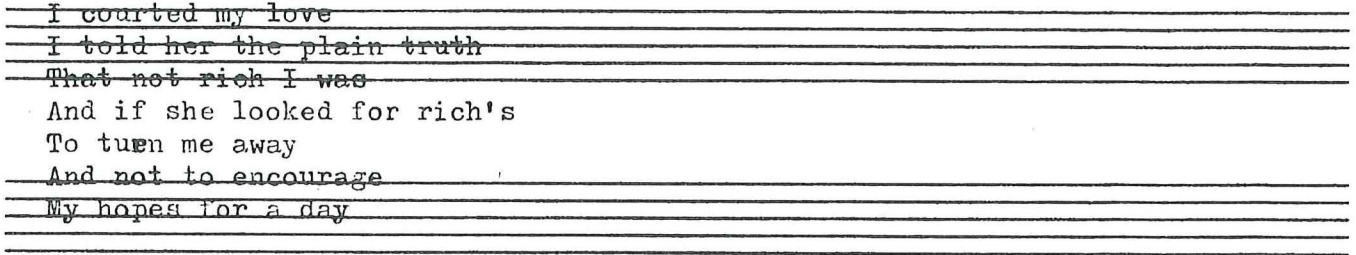
plainly will hear. Altho I'm a mourner, I will sing you a song. Of my once



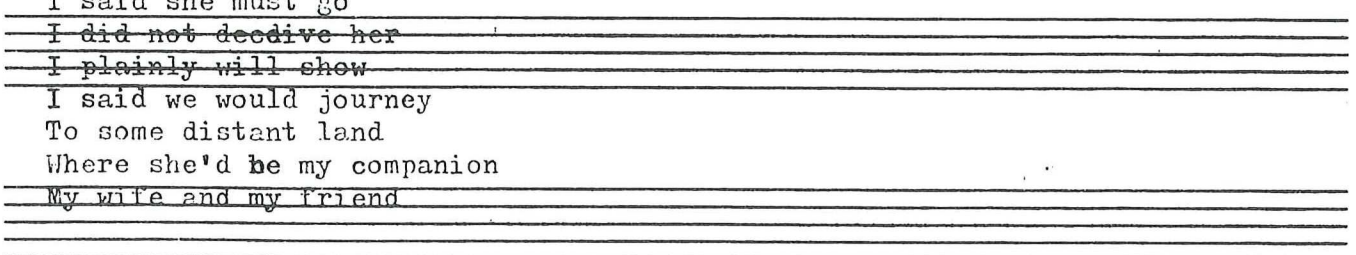
lovely companion, who is now died and gone.



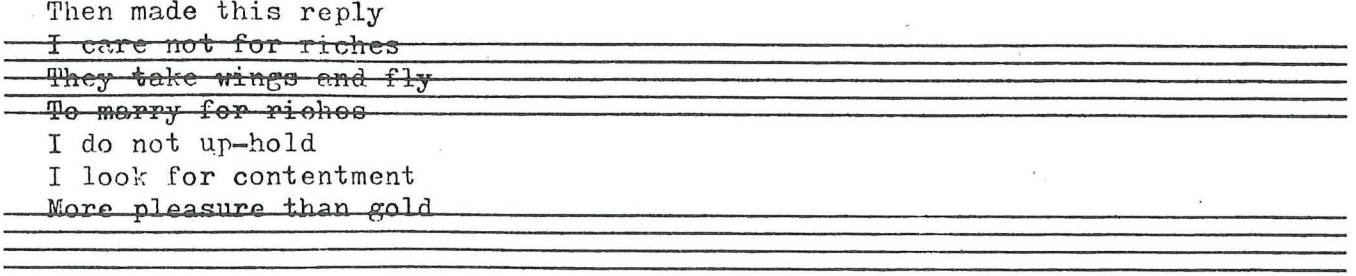
Near the village of Kingston  
I courted my love  
I told her the plain truth  
That not rich I was  
And if she looked for rich's  
To turn me away  
And not to encourage  
My hopes for a day



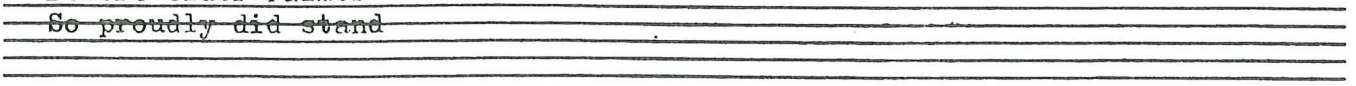
From her friends and relation  
I said she must go  
I did not deceive her  
I plainly will show  
I said we would journey  
To some distant land  
Where she'd be my companion  
My wife and my friend



She paused for a moment  
Then made this reply  
I care not for riches  
They take wings and fly  
To marry for riches  
I do not up-hold  
I look for contentment  
More pleasure than gold



The first day of April  
She gave me her hand  
Before elder palmer  
So proudly did stand



Just like a sweet angel  
She stood by my side  
And promised to take me





the fifteenth of April  
That very same year  
We started our dangerous  
The happy career  
Our journey was lengthy  
Some four hundred miles  
The we were both healthy  
Thru desert and wild  
Near the village of Queen's Town  
We made our abode  
In sight of Niagara  
And near the main road  
Some beautiful fruit trees  
A house and a shop  
Five acre's of land  
Which completed our lot

No couple on earth  
Were as happy as we  
No couple on earth  
More contented could be  
No enchanting musician  
Could bring such delight  
As the voice of my true love  
From morning til night

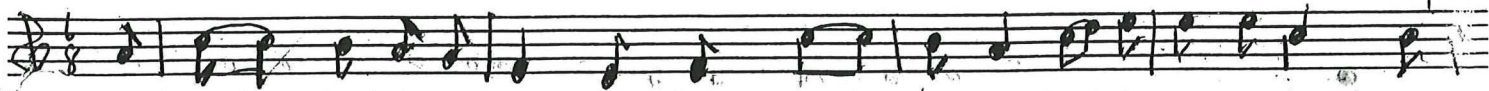
The month of October  
The very first day  
The summon came forth  
Which we all must obey  
'Twas the dark hour of midnight  
A voice we did hear  
Which caused some to wonder  
And other's to fear  
We knew not the reason  
For this early call  
But the soon the sad tidings  
'Twas known to us all

It was eight in the morning  
When her dear spirit fled  
And left her poor body  
Inactive and died  
My friends and relation  
Who partner's have got  
Thet are not your own  
'Tho ~~they~~ their dear to your heart  
For God and his mercy  
Sit's on his high throne  
He surely will take them  
He takes but his own

You proud and you haughty  
You surely most fall  
Your riches can't save you  
When god gives the call  
Your gold and your silver

*pondering in heart*





One evening as I wandered, two miles below Pomeroy, I met a farmer's daugh-



...ter, all on the mountain high, I said my pretty fair maid, your beauty shines



so clear, And upon these lonely mountains, I'm glad to meet you here..

She said, young man be civil, or my company forsake,  
It is my great oppinion, I fear you are a rake,  
I am no rake my dear, but brought up in Venus train,  
Looking for concealment, all in the Kings high name..

Your beauty has enchained me, I cannot pass you by,  
So with my gun, I'll guard you, all on this mountain high,  
Then this pretty, little thing, she fell into my arms, amazed.  
With her eyes as bright as diamonds, upon me she did gaze.

Her ruby lips, and cherry cheeks, had lost their former dye,  
And she fell into my arms, all on the mountain high,  
I had but kissed her twice, until she came to again,  
Then modestly she asked, Pray tell me, what's your name?

If you go to yonder forest, My Castle there You'll find,  
Written in ancient history, My name, is Rineordine,  
But when you come to see me, perhaps you'll not me find,  
For I'll be in my Castle, just ask for Rineordine.

Now come all of you fair maidens, a warning take by me,  
And never go night walking, and shun bad company,  
For if you do, you'll surely rue, until the day you die,  
Beware of meeting Rineordine, upon the mountain high..



One evening as I wandered, two miles below Pomeroy, I met a farmer's



daughter all on the mountain high, I said my pretty fair maid, your beauty



shines so clear and up on the lonely mountains, I'm glad to meet you here



*Hum. Sing. Solo.*

We were hunting for wintergreen berries, one May day long gone by, Out on  
 the rocky cliff's edge, my little sister and I. Sister had hair like the sunbe  
 Black, as a crow's wing is mine, Sister had beautiful blue doves eyes,  
 Wic'ed black eyes are mine, Why! see how my eyes are faded, and my hair's whit  
 as snow! And thin too! don't you see it is? I tear it out sometimes, you kn

~~Now don't hold my hands so tight, Maggie, I don't feel like tearing it now.~~

~~But where was I in my story! Oh, yes, I was telling you how,~~

~~We were looking for wintergreen berries, 'Twas one bright morning in May,~~

~~And the moss grown rocks were slippery, with the rains of yesterday,~~

~~but I was cross, that morning, the the sun shone, ever so bright,~~

~~And when sister found the most berries, I was angry, enough to fight,~~

And when she laughed at my pouting, we were just little things you know,

I clinched my little fist tightly, and struck her an awful blow!

I struck her! I struck her! I tell you, and she fell right over below!

There! there! Maggie, I won't run now, you needn't hold me so!

She went right over I tell you! down, down, to the depth below,

'tis dark, and deep, and horrid! there where the wild water's flow,

~~She fell right over, a-meaning, Bessie, oh Bessie, so sad.~~

~~And when I looked down, a-frighted, it drove me mad, quite mad!~~

~~Her golden hair was streaming, out on the rippling waves!~~

~~And her little white hand was lifted, up for someone to save,~~

~~Then she sank down in the water, I never saw her again,~~

~~And the worlds, been a Hell, of darkness, of terror, and grief, since then!~~

No more, of playing together, down on the pebbly strand,

or building our dolls, sand houses, with halls, and parlor's grand,

No more fishing with bent pins, in the little brooks clear waves,

No more holding funeral's, o'er our dead Canary's grave,

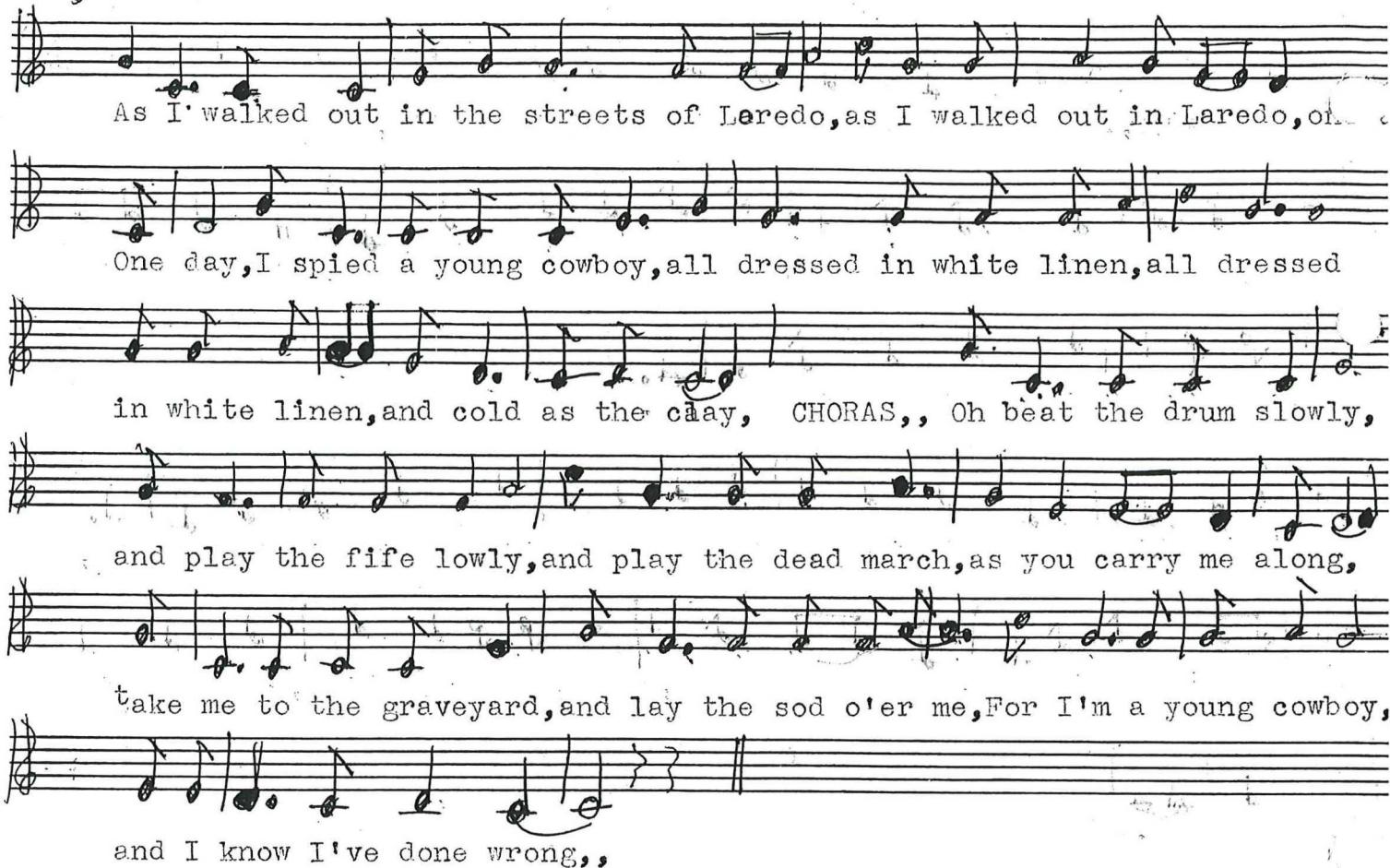
No more walking together, to the red schoolhouse, each morn

No more teasing the teacher, by putting his rules to scorn,,



5  
Streets Of Laredo..

*Pop*



As I walked out in the streets of Laredo, as I walked out in Laredo, oh  
One day, I spied a young cowboy, all dressed in white linen, all dressed  
in white linen, and cold as the clay, CHORAS,, Oh beat the drum slowly,  
and play the fife lowly, and play the dead march, as you carry me along,  
take me to the graveyard, and lay the sod o'er me, For I'm a young cowboy,  
and I know I've done wrong,,

Oh once in my saddle, I used to go dashing, oh once in my saddle,  
I used to ride gay, Till I got to drinking, and then to card playing,  
Got shot in the body, now dying I lay,, CHORAS..

Go write a letter to my gray haired mother, and also one to,  
My sister so dear, And then, there's another, far dearer than mother,  
Who'll bitterly weep, when she hears I die here,, CHORAS,

Go bring me a glass of pure, cold water, of pure cold water,  
The poor fellow said, But when I returned, his spirit had departed,  
And gone, to the giver, the cowboy was dead,, CHORAS,,

We beat the drum slowly, and played the fife lowly,  
And bitterly wept, as we bore him along, We took him to the grave-yard  
And laid the sod o'er him, For he was a young cowboy, altho he'd done  
wrong..

POP'S VERSION,,