

Mama

on my

# Bonny Bon Boy

"What had you for your dinner, my bonny bon boy? What had you for your dinner, my comfort and joy?" "An eel fried in butter, Mother, make my bed soon, For I'm sick unto my heart and I want to lie down."

2) "What will you leave your father,  
My bonny bon boy?  
What will you leave your father,  
My comfort and joy?"  
"My house and my lands, mother,  
Make my bed soon.  
For I'm sick unto my heart  
And I want to lie down."

3) "What will you leave your brother,  
My bonny bon boy?  
What will you leave your brother,  
My comfort and joy?"  
"My horse and my saddle, mother,  
Make my bed soon.  
For I'm sick unto my heart  
And I want to lie down."

4) "What will you leave your mother,  
My bonny bon boy?  
What will you leave your mother,  
My comfort and joy?"  
"The gates of heaven open, mother,  
Make my bed soon.  
For I'm sick unto my heart  
And I want to lie down."

5) "What will you leave your wife,  
My bonny bon boy?  
What will you leave your wife,  
My comfort and joy?"  
"The gates of hell wide open, mother,  
Make my bed soon.  
For I'm sick unto my heart  
And I want to lie down."



## Bonny Boy.

(Irish Versh.)

Book



The trees are growing tall, and the leaves are growing green, And many a



day and night have gone, since you and I have seen, The winter nights are



coming, and I must bide alone, For my bonny boy, is young, but he's a-growin.

Oh Father, dear Father, you've done what's very wrong,  
To marry me to this bonny-boy, when he's so very young,  
He being sixteen years, and I, being twenty-one,  
He's my bonny-boy, he's young, but he's a-growin.

Oh daughter, dear daughter, don't mind what people say,  
He will be a man to you, when you are old and gray.  
He will be a man to you, when I am dead and gone,  
He's your bonny-boy, he's young, but he's a-growin.

Oh daughter, dear daughter, I'll tell you what we'll do,  
We'll send him to college, for another year or two,  
And while he is in college, he'll wear a ribbon green,  
So the lassies all will know, that he's married.

As she went out a-walking, down by the college wall,  
She saw four and twenty young men, a-playin at the ball,  
She spied her own true love, the flower of them all,  
He's her bonny boy, he's young, but he's a-growin.

At the age of sixteen, he was a married man,  
At the age of seven-teen, the father of a son,  
And at the age of eighteen, his grave was grassy green,  
Cruel death, put an end, to his growing.

I will buy my love a shroud, of the ornamental brown,  
And while they are weaving it, the tears they will run down,  
For once I had a true love, but now he's dead and gone.

And I lost this bonny-boy, while he was growing,