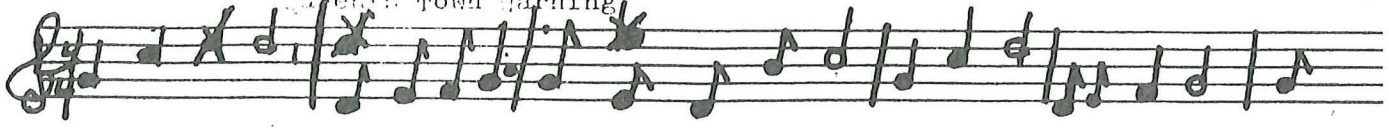


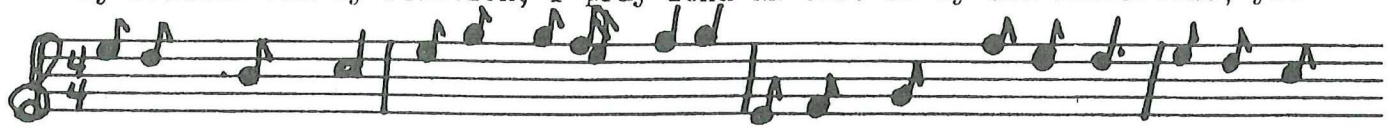
Mom

Old Book

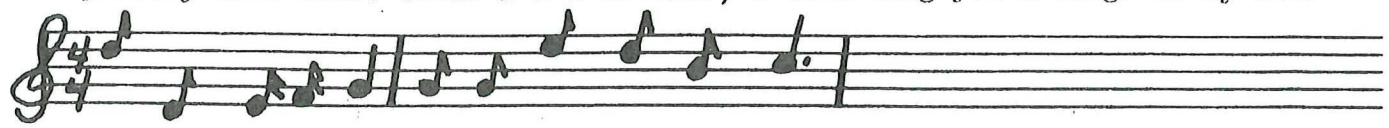
Queen's Town Warning



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



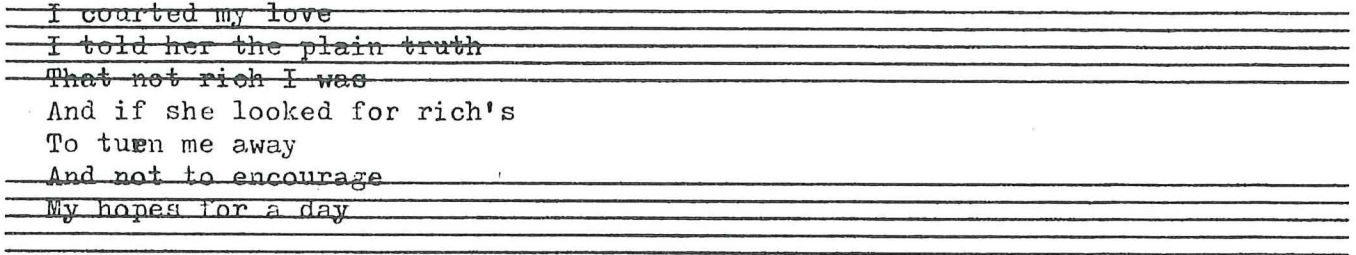
plainly will hear. Altho I'm a mourner, I will sing you a song. Of my once



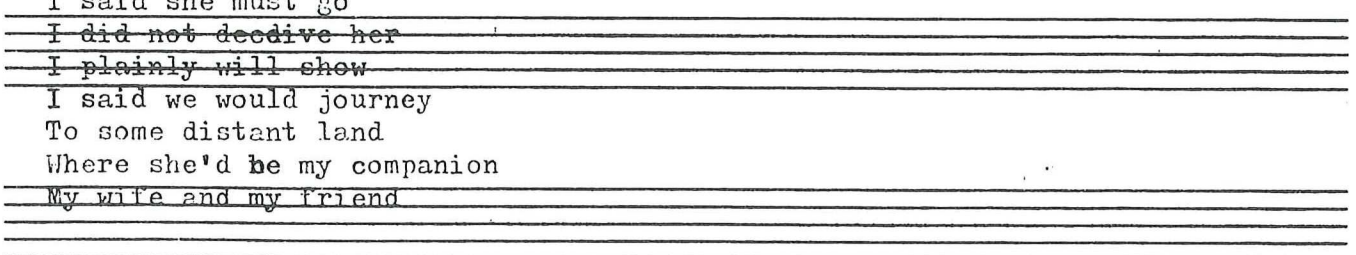
lovely companion, who is now died and gone.



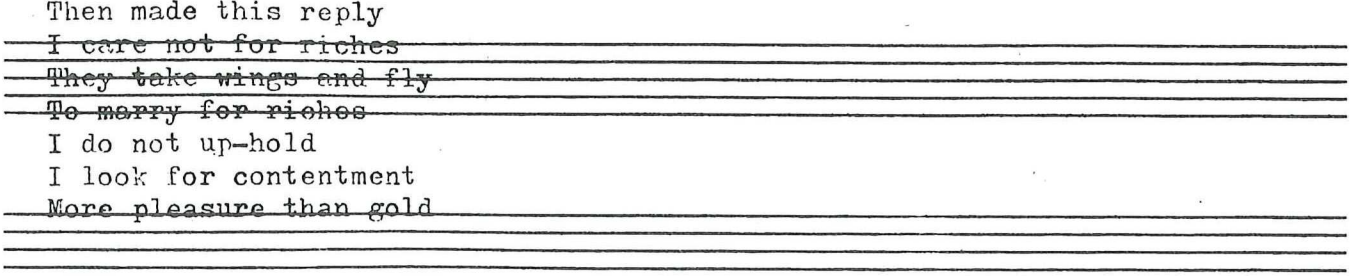
Near the village of Kingston
I courted my love
I told her the plain truth
That not rich I was
And if she looked for rich's
To turn me away
And not to encourage
My hopes for a day



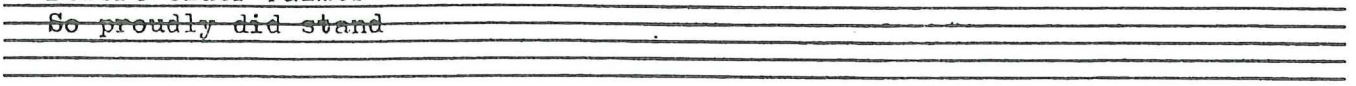
From her friends and relation
I said she must go
I did not deceive her
I plainly will show
I said we would journey
To some distant land
Where she'd be my companion
My wife and my friend



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