

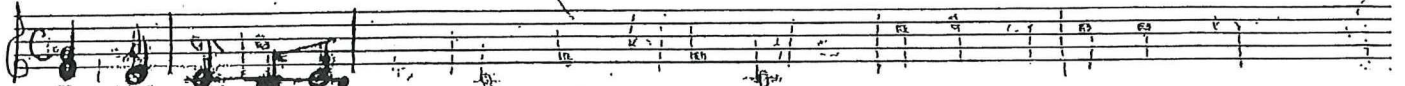
Mom.
The Wexford Lass,

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Was in the Town of Wexford, in Ireland I did dwell, and in the Town of Wexford


Wexford, I owned a flower mill.. till I fell in love with a Wexford girl


with a dark and a rolling eye, That I promised I would marry her, the truth,


I will not deny.

~~I went to her sister's house, about eight o'clock one night,
But little did the poor girl think I meant to take her life,
I asked her for to take a walk, upon the meadows gay,
Where we could have a little talk, and name our wedding day,~~

~~We walked along together, till we came to a rolling ground,
I took a stake from off a fence, and with it I knocked her down,
'S she fell onto her bended knees for mercy she did cry
Oh do not murder me, jimmy dear I am unfit to die,~~

~~I grasped her by her raven locks, and dragged her along the ground,
I threw her into that river, that flows thru Wexford town,
She how she floats, see how she glides, down by the willow slide,
Instead of meeting a wattery grave she should of been my bride,~~

~~I went to my fathers house, about twelve o'clock that night,
But little did my father think to see such a terrible sight,
Saying, son, oh son, what have you done, there's blood stains on your clothes,
And the answer that I gave to him, was bleeding from the nose,~~

~~It was about three weeks after, that this poor maid was found,
A-floating down that river, that flows thru Wexford Town
Her sister swore my life away, without a fear or doubt,
For well she might, she knew the night, that I coaxed her sister out,~~

~~Now come all of you lads and lassies, a warning take by me,
And never murder your own true love, no matter who she be,
For if you do, you will surely rue, until the day you die,
or just like me, they will hang you, upon the gallows high,~~

M. C. W.