

# The lass of The Frolicsome ----town. WIDOW.

As down by . . . . . Barracks,  
I alone one morning strayed,  
A viewing of the soldiers,  
I saw a blooming maid,  
Over her pretty rosy cheeks,  
The tears were rolling down,  
She appeared to be some goddess,  
Did the lass of . . . . . town.

## CHORUS

Her hair it is as black as jet,  
In ringlets hanging down,  
Search the universe all over,  
And her equal can't be found.

She cried, O! cruel fortune,  
Thou to me hast been severe,  
Then she would sigh, and from her eye,  
Roll'd down the briny tear.  
She stood watching of the soldiers,  
As they were marching round  
Crying, Heaven have compassion,  
Did the lass of . . . . . town.

A young man said, 'My pretty fair maid,  
What makes you wander here?'  
He said kind sir I'm weeping,  
' For my bonny soldier dear,  
Eight years ago he left me,  
To Bermuda he was bound,  
And he vow'd he would prove faithful,  
To the lass of . . . . . town.

He said, My pretty fair maid,  
Sad news I have to tell  
Your lover was my comrade,  
And he in battle fell.  
A cannon ball made him to fall,  
And gave him his death wound,  
And he begg'd me to protect the blooming,  
Lass of . . . . . town.

Then on the ground, in agony,  
This pretty fair maid did fall,  
Saying, I ne'er can rest till in my breast,  
There strikes a cannon ball.  
O send me to my true love,  
Give me my fatal wound,  
No one on earth shall e'er enjoy,  
The lass of . . . . . town.

When my sweet William left me,  
He was handsome, young and fair,  
His cheeks were red, his teeth were white,  
And coal black was his hair;  
On his left breast he had a scar,  
Where he received a wound,  
When fighting for his country,  
Said the lass of . . . . . town.

They at each other gazed awile,  
She from the ground arose,  
His breast he did throw open,  
And the mark he did expose;  
She knew her lover momently,  
Then she fell upon the ground,  
She being overcome with joy,  
The lass of . . . . . town.

This lovely fair maid recovered, and,  
He took her in his arms,  
Saying, We'll quickly married be,  
And banish all alarms,  
I am returned where sweet delight,  
And happiness are found;  
And never more will I forsake,  
The lass of . . . . . town.

J. Harkness, Printer, Church Street, Preston.

I'll sing of a widow I know her quite well,  
She lives in this town, her name I'll not tell,  
Though prudent in me her name to conceal,  
If she heard of my song she would send me to goal.

This widow had riches and just in her prime,  
And to her a young man was serving his time;  
At the death of her husband she carried on trade,  
Her 'prentice boy Dick was a charming young blade

As widows are fearful of being alone,  
Dick lay every night in a room next her own,  
In case of attacks she could on him depend,  
She kept him convenient herself to defend.

As Dick lay one night enjoying his nap,  
The mistress at the partition did rap,  
Dick jumped out of bed the reason to know,  
And into the chamber he straightway did go.

Dick says dear madam what disturb'd your rest,  
She says my dear Dick I can't sleep I protest,  
And that was the reason I called upon you,  
To see if you'd play me a rubber or two.

Dick jumped on the bed and to gamble he fell,  
He played with such courage he pleased her well,  
And every night after this amorous dame,  
She call'd upon Dick to play the old game.

So Dick of his gambling got tired at length,  
He said every day he was loosing his strength;  
Dick said if I continue my mistress to please,  
I really do think it will shorten my days.

So Dick being resolved to enjoy his repose,  
To bed at the usual hour he goes,  
She rapped and she called but no answer was made,  
There is something the matter with Dick I'm afraid.

With a light in her hand to Dick's room she did go  
Where Dick was asleep at least he seemed so,  
She says my dear Dick you have ruined me quite,  
For I have been awaiting for you all this night.

Dick says dear madam to tell you my mind,  
To gamble this night I am not inclined,  
For there is an obstacle I mean to explain,  
You have peep'd at my cards, so I'll give up the game.

Now on a pleasant evening,  
Those lovers often walk,  
Across the fields so gay,  
When they in contentment talk,  
In a little cottage doth reside,  
Where happiness is found,  
Young William of the Blues,  
And the lass of . . . . . town.

