

ANNIE LAURIE.

The Golden Caravan.

As I walked out one morning down by a sunny bank,
There I beheld a fair maid with a bundle in her hand,
She appeared to me an angel as she walked on the land,
She was going towards Cold Harbour town to hire the caravan.

I boldly stepped up to her, and these words did say,
What brings you out so early, what brings you down this way;

I pray young man, don't tease me, for I've no time to stand,

I'm going to Cold Harbour town to hire the caravan.

Hand in hand we jogg'd along till we came to Cold Harbour town,

We called at Mrs. Williams's, and there we did sit down,
As soon as I heard the trumpet sound no longer could I stand,

For she saw her love safe landed on the golden caravan.

Now my love has left me in a place I know not where,
Some of the people let me know he boards in Harbour Square;

I cannot do without him, I'll find him if I can,
May a curse attend the driver that drove the caravan.

Now my love has left me till he comes back again,
And till then why I must pine in misery and pain,
He vows he will get married, and join in wedlock's bands,
And no more go a roving in the golden caravan.

Annie Laurie.

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,
Gave me her promise true,
And ne'er forget will I,
But for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet;
And she is a' the world to me,
And for bonny Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die.



John Barleycorn.

John Barleycorn is a hero bold
As any in the land;

For ages good his fame has stood,
And will for ages stand.

The whole wide world respects him,
No matter, friend or foe,

Whate'er they be that make too free,
He's sure to lay them low.

Hey! John Barleycorn!

Ho! John Barleycorn!

Old and young thy praise have sung—

John Barleycorn.

Now see him in his pride of growth—

His robes all rich and green—

His head is spear'd with prickly beard:

Fit knight to save a queen;

And when the reaping time comes round,

And John is stricken down,

He yields his blood for England's good,

And Englishmen's renown.

Hey! John Barleycorn, &c.

The lord in courtly castle, and

The squire in stately hall;

The great of name, of birth, and fame,

On John for succour call.

He bids the trembling heart rejoice,

Gives warmth to Nature's cold,

Makes weak men strong, and old ones young,

And all men brave and bold.

Hey! John Barleycorn, &c.

Then shout for great John Barleycorn,

Nor heed the lascious vine.

Iv'e not the mind much charm to find

In potent draughts of wine.

Give me my native nut-brown ale,

All other drinks I scorn,

True English cheer is English beer—

Our own John Barleycorn!

Hey! John Barleycorn, &c.

