



# LAMENTATION OF MRS. FROST,

For the fate of her Husband, John Frost, who was condemned at Monmouth, for High Treason, but who is Transported for life.

Come all good christians list awhile,  
Unto this tale of heartfelt woe ;  
The anguish of my heaving breast,  
The sufferings I must undergo.  
When I think of Frost, my loving husband,  
With Jones, and Williams, doom'd to die,  
At Monmouth sentenc'd for high treason,  
Which makes me to lament and cry.

#### CHORUS.

So farewell, Frost, my much lov'd husband,  
When you're sent away from me,  
May God and holy angels guard you.  
Far across the raging sea.

In Newport town we did reside,  
Blest in each other's company,  
Five daughters and two lovely sons,  
Did crown us with felicity ;  
I little thought of their hapless father,  
When a dandling them upon his knee,  
Would as a prisoner be transported,  
Far across the raging sea.

He was a kind and tender husband,  
Wives think on my wretched state,  
What must be my inward feeling,  
When I heard my husband's fate.  
With grief my heart was almost broken,  
I called, "John Frost," but all in vain,  
No more I'll be in his company,  
Which causes all my grief and pain.

My loving husband's tender mother,  
When the sad news she did hear,  
She cried, my son, "what hast thou done?"  
Then in her anguish tore her hair.  
Altho' the life of Frost is spared,  
Yet he is banished far away,  
To spend his days among the transports,  
Far across the stormy sea.

My husband thought his country wrong'd  
Did agitate to ease distress ;  
But was condemn'd in Monmouth gaol,  
Left seven children fatherless.  
He was relieved, but suddenly  
From me they've torn him far away  
Without one parting last embrace,  
They've sent him 'cross the raging sea.

So farewell, Frost, my dearest husband,  
The raging seas must soon us part,  
When far away I'll think of thee,  
Oh, husband, read my broken heart  
And when grim death he calls away,  
Our souls on high with God to dwell,  
We'll meet again no more to part,  
Till then, dear husband, Frost farewell.

PRINTED FOR ROBERT WILLIAMS.