



MAID OF SWEET Gurteen.

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Come all you gentle muses, combine and lend an ear,
While I set forth the praises of a charming maiden fair;
It's the curls of her yellow locks that stole away my heart,
And death I'm sure, will be the cure, if she and I must part.

The praises of this lovely maid I mean for to unfold,
Her hair hung o'er her shoulders abroad like links of gold.
Her carriage neat, her limbs complete, which agitates my brain,
And her skin is whiter than the swan, upon the purling stream.

My father he contrived a plan, that filled my heart with woe;
He locked her in a close room, and would not let her go;
At her windows I have waited thinking she might be seen,
In hopes to get another sight of sweet Gurteen.

My father he arose one day, and to me did say,
Oh! son! dear son! be advised, do not throw yourself away;
To marry a poor servant who is so mean;
So, stay at home, and do not go along with me remain.

O! father! dearest father! don't part me from my dear;
I would not leave my darling girl, for a thousand pounds a year;
Were I possess'd of England's crown, she should be my Queen;
In high renown, I'd wear a crown, for the maid of sweet Gurteen.

My father in a passion flew, and unto me did say,
Since it is the case, within this place, no longer she will stay;
Mark what I say, this very day, you ne'er will see her face,
For I will send her far away, into some lonely place.

Thus in a few days after, a horse he did prepare,
And sent my darling far away, to a place I know not where,
I may go view my darling's room, where oftimes she has been,
But, here in pain, I still remain, for the maid of sweet Gurteen.

Now to conclude and make an end, I take my pen in hand,
John O'Brien is my name, and fiery is my land;
My days in quest of matrimony, since my darling I first seen,
Did but bleed, in all the time, at a place call'd sweet Gurteen.



ANSWER TO BETSY OF BALLINTOWN BRAE.

Young men and maidens I pray lend an ear,
To hear the sad fate of two lovers so dear;
Charming young Betsy of Ballintown Brae,
And the Lord of the Moorland, who led her astray.

One night as this young man lay down for to sleep
Young Betsy came to him, and o'er him did weep,
Saying, you are the young man that caused me to
roam,
Far, far from my friends, and my own native home.

My once blushing cheek, alas! moulders away,
Beneath the cold tomb, in sweet Ballintown Brae.
He awoke from his slumber, like one in surprise,
Yes! yes! it's the voice of young Betsy! he cries;

And if she be dead, as the vision now say,
I'll lie by her side in sweet Ballintown Brae.
He call'd for his servant to saddle his steed,
Over hills and high mountains he rode with great
speed,

Until he arriv'd, in the noon time of day,
At the cot of young Betsy, in Ballintown Brae.
Betsy's old father stood at his own gate,
Like a man, quite forlorn, bewailing his fate,

The young lord advanced to afford him relief,
And begg'd he would tell him the cause of his grief;
I had but one daughter, the old man did say,
And now she lies low in sweet Ballintown Brae.

Her skin was as fair as the lily or swan;
As bonny a lass as the sun e'er shone on;
Her heart was broke—she died in despair;
She sometimes went frantic, and tearing her hair.

And all by a young man that led her astray,
And left her far from sweet Ballintown Brae.
Yes! I am the traitor! the young man replied;
I certainly would I could make her my bride;

It's then from a scabbard a small sword he drew,
With a heart unrelenting, he pierc'd his breast
through;
And when he was dying, these words he did say,
Leave me down with young Betsy in Ballintown
Brae.

All things being ready, the grave it was dug,
And with bonny Betsy, the young lord was laid;
So all you young maidens from your cot do
stray,
But think of young Betsy from Ballintown Brae.

