



An admired Song call'd

## YOUNG Molly Bawn,

Come all you young fellows that follow the gun,  
Beware of late shooting by the setting of the sun,  
Her white apron about her I took her for a swan  
But to my misfortune it was my Molly Bawn

He ran to his uncle with the gun in his hand  
Saying Uncle, dear Uncle I'm not able to stand,  
I've a story to tell you which happened of late  
I have lovely Molly Bawn and her beauty was great

Up comes his father and his lock they were gr  
Stay in your own country and don't run away,  
Stay in your own country till your trial comes e  
I'll see you safe by the laws of the land.

My curse on you Toby that lent me your gun  
To go a state shooting by the setting of the sun,  
I robbed her fair temples and found she was dead  
A thousand wet tears for my Molly I shed.

I shot my own true lover—alas? I'm undone  
While she was in the shade by the setting of the sun  
Ah, if I thought she was there I'd caress her  
tenderly,  
And soon I'd get married to my own dear Molly

Young women don't be jesting when your love  
is sincere,  
For if you do they can't love you or ever as you  
care,  
You'll know by a young man's conduct, when he's  
gentle and bland  
he'll give you his heart and also his hand.

## Rocking the Cradle

As I roved out on a fine summer  
morning,  
Down by a clear river I walked al  
alone.

I heard a man making a most sad  
lamentation,  
and thus he began to make his sad  
moan

Chorus:—Crying ochone that I ever  
was married,

Leaves me in sorrow alas to bemoan,  
Weeping, wealing, and rocking the  
cradle,  
Pleasing the child that is none of my  
own.

I listened awhile to his sad lamentat-  
ion,

Perhaps that his story it might be  
own,

So fondly he hugged and dandled the  
baby,

And thus he began to make a sad moan

When first I met with your inconstant  
mother,

I thought myself happy and, blessed  
with a wife.

But to my relaxation, sure I soon was  
mistaken,

She was a torture and plague to my  
life.

My wife comes in, in the heel of the  
evening,

She says to her consort the kettle put  
down,

For she sits to her table, and to tea  
drinking,

Saying you old cuckold rock the child  
round.

Every evening 'tis true she walks with  
her bullies,

And leaves me the cradle to rock all  
alone,

This innocent baby it calls me its dady  
But little it knows its none of my own.

If I was single once more to my glory  
No element of pleasure would ever me  
invoke,

I'd rather be a slave in wild Guinea.  
Than to any drunkard or deca

or a cloak.

So now to conclude and to finish my  
story,

All men that are single ne'er take a  
wife,

For if you do they will surely torment  
you,

Likewise be a torture all the days of  
your life.

