



WHY DID SHE LEAVE US?

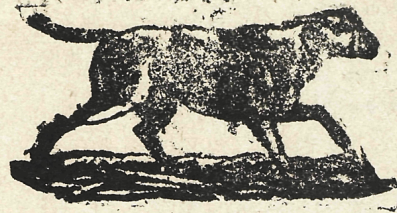
I think of those days, those once happy days,
 I think of my once happy home,
 I think of my sister so kind and so true,
 I remember her soft silvery tone;
 Those bright days are passed, dear sister is gone,
 She's left the green meadows so free,
 Our cot is so lonely, my poor heart will break,
 Since sister's left mother, and me.

I think of those days, those once happy days,
 My sister so pure and so free,
 Oh why did she leave us?—with him she has gone,
 And left her dear mother and me.

Oh sister, dear sister, your mother's so sad,
 I think her poor heart it will break,
 You should not left us for him, sister dear,
 E'er long you may share a sad fate,
 Perhaps he will leave you in London alone
 Both want then and misery to see,
 You'll think of your brother and wished you had stayed
 At home with dear mother and me.

I cannot forget you my poor sister, dear,
 In my dreams your sweet face I oft see,
 I know it's but fancy I wish you were here
 To comfort dear mother and me,
 The clock has ceased ticking, the poor bird is dead
 And all things seem changed unto me.
 Then return sister dear to your once happy home
 Now the grass grows so pure and so free,

Though sister was poor, she was happy with us,
 Till a stranger he came to our cot,
 He wooed and he won her with his dazzling gold
 He asked her then to share his lot.
 She left her poor mother one bright summer morn,
 To share perhaps great misery and pain
 She may be a lady and then left alone,
 Like others to die then of shame



THE RED PLAID SHAWL

One summer's morning I took a ramble,
 down by a bramble took my way,
 I met a damsel she looked so charming,
 I list to what she had to say.
 O she wore no jewel or costly diamonds
 She had no finery—none at all.
 She were no chignon but sung a sweet song,
 This lovely colleen with a red plaid shawl.

I stepped up to her she smiled so sweetly,
 She winked at me—she looked so shy,
 Will there be any harm in, I said so charming,
 My sweet colleen one kiss to try.
 She cocked her eye she looked so sheepish,
 I scarce knew myself—no not at all,
 She ask'd me to treat her, this fair young creature
 May they all look sideways on her red plaid shawl.

She stole my heart this artful colleen,
 I kept on speaking could not stop,
 At last she said what is your calling,
 I'm a clerk, I said, in a marine store shop,
 I treated her and spent my money,
 She gave me a clump which made me fall,
 I fell in the gutter and there did splutter,
 Bad cess to the damsel with the red plaid shawl.

Next morning early when day was dawning,
 I found my coat, chain and watch was gone,
 My head was aching, my limbs was shak'ng,
 You may guess, my boys, I felt forlorn.
 The kids were bawling—some were squalling,
 Jim twig this cove up against the wall.
 While they were shouting I kept on spouting,
 May the devil wife the damsel with the red
 plaid shawl

