



A SONG CALLED
BROTHER BILL AND JAMIMA BROWN

I was at a railway station upon the Dublin line,
I first met my Jamima why should I call her mine,
Her eyes were brigh her hair was light, her dress a morning gown,
A traveling box beside her wrote on it Jamima Brown,

I use'd to take her every where to all the sights in town,
But now she left me in dispair did naughty Jamima Brown,

CHORUS

At a baby linnen building up in Grafton Street
I first met my Jamima so charming and so sweet,
She look'd the queen of a sewing mashien I spent there many a
crown,
On collors and stays and babies caps to gaze on Jamima Brown

One night I went to meet her the weather been warm,
I seen her fondly leaping on a smart young fellows arm,
Against my will I felt quite ill inquiring with a frown,
Who's that its only Brother Bill said naughty Jamima Brown,

I says my dear Jamima if you'd with me agree,
Upon tomorow eveing to come unto the play,
Or to the exhibition or any place in the town,
I feel obliged indeed kind air said naughty Jamima Brown

I want to ask a favour I hope you wont be cross
Or think it bad behavior but father had a loss,
Will you kindly lend us fifty pounds My brother will be bound
Of course I would could I refuse my life to Jamima Brown,

I gave to her the fifty poundi but it was all no use,
For in a short time after you'll find she cook'd my goose,
She hooked it away with Brother to another part of the town,
And left me in the lurch to look for naughty Jemenna Brown,

Years after that when passing by a shop in Dublin town,
Amidst heaps of greens and kidneys beans stood Jamima Brown,
She was weighing of potates throwing copper in the till,
Three lovely little children the Image of brother Bills

I stood there with astoninent as on her I did gaze,
And when that she beheld me she stood all in amaze,
Her broken vow I see it now but not my fifty pounds,
The shop was bought but I was sold by naughty Jamima Brown

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