

The girl I left behind me.

My parents reared me tenderly,
Having ne'er a child but me,
My mind being bent for rambling,
With them could not agree.
When I became a courtier,
Which after grieved me sore,
I left my aged parents,
And I never saw them more.
There liv'd a wealthy farmer,
In the country hard by,
He had a handsome daughter,
On her I cast my eye.
I ask'd her was she satisfied,
That I should cross the main,
Or if she would be true to me,
Till I return'd again.
She told me that she would be true,
Till death should prove unkind,
So we kiss'd, shook hands, and parted,
And I left her here behind.
First when I left old Ireland,
For Scotland I was bound,
When I set off to Glasgow,
To view that pleasant town.
One evening when I quit my work,
I rov'd by George's square,
The mail coach just ariving,
The post boy met me there.
He handed me a letter,
Which gave me to understand,
That the girl I left behind me,
Was wed to another man.
The further I proceeded,
I found the news too true,
I turned myself around,
Not knowing what to do.
Said I, hard labour I'll give o'er,
Her company I'll resign,
I'll rove about from town to town,
For the girl I left behind.
Then I set off to New York,
Strange faces for to see,
Then handsome Peggy Walker,
She fell in love with me.
My pockets being empty,
I thought it was full time,
To stop with her and think no more,
On the girl I left behind.
One day as I sat condoling,
She says don't grieve, my boy,
For I have money plenty,
If you will wed with I.
If I should consent to wed with you,
I would be much to blame,
Beside my lovely sweetheart,
Would laugh at me with shame.
For Peggy is the mistress of my heart,
She is loving and she's kind,
And I'll never forget the perjured vows,
Of the girl I left behind.

THE MILKING PAIL.

As I went out one morning,
It being in summer time,
The trees and fields were clad in green,
And all the flowers in prime.
As I returned from a walk,
Through the fields I took my way,
Where there I spied a lovely maid,
By the dawning of the day.
Neither shoe nor stocking, cap nor cloak,
This lovely maid did wear,
Her lovely hair like silver twist,
Hung o'er her shoulders fair.
Her milking pail all in her hand,
Clean, notable, and gay,
And as she passed, appeared in haste,
By the dawning of the day.
Said I my pretty fair maid,
Where are you going so soon,
I am going a milking, Sir,
All in the month of June.
The pasture that I am going to,
It lies so far away,
That I must be there, each morning fair,
By the dawning of the day.
I took her in my arms,
And twin'd all round her waist,
And on the little rosy bank,
I kindly her embrac'd.
She says, leave off your impudence,
And let me go my way,
My pail you've broke and that's no joke,
By the dawning of the day.
My dear, I'll pay the cooper,
If he'll your pail repair,
I will make good the damage done,
My dear you need not fear.
Your offer's good, kind sir, I own,
The cooper's bill to pay,
But I could wish, I'd staid at home,
Till the dawning of the day.
So we kiss'd, shook hands, and parted,
And I stepp'd o'er the plain,
And at the space of seven months,
I met her there again.
She did appear a drowsy one,
As she stepped o'er the lea,
And carelessly I passed her by,
At noon-tide of the day.
She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
And bitterly did cry,
She says, I think its time, kind sir,
That I should be your bride.
Delay I pray and speak to me,
And do not go away,
Nor don't forget the broken pail,
By the dawning of the day.

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