



An admired Song called

## YOUNG

# Molly Bawn.

*We are coming Sister Mary.*

On a stormy night in winter,  
When the windsblew cold and wet,  
I heard some strains of music,  
That I shall ne'er forget,  
As I was sleeping in the little cabin,  
Where lived Mary, fair and young,  
When a light shone in the window,  
And a band of niggers sung.--

CHORUS:

We are coming sister Mary,  
We are coming bye-and-bye  
Be you ready sister Mrry,  
For the time is drawing nigh

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

I tried to call my dearest Mary,  
But my tongue would not obey,  
'Till the song so strange had ended,  
And the singers flown away,  
Then I woke her from her slumber,  
And told her everything,  
But I could not guess the meaning,  
Of the song I heard them sing.

We are coming, &c.

When the next night came I heard them  
And the third night, too, they sung  
For I sat beside the pillow,  
Of my Mary fair and young,  
As I watched I heard a rustling,  
Like the rustling of a wing,  
And beside my Mary's pillow;  
Very soon I heard them sing—

We are coming, &c.

Then again I called my Mary,  
But my sorrow was complete,  
For I found her heart of kindness,  
Had for ever ceased to beat,  
And sure I am very lonely,  
From summer round to spring,  
And I oft, in midnight slumber,  
Seem to hear the voices sing.—

We are coming, &c.

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 locks they were gr  
Stay in your own country and don't run away;  
Stay in your own country till your trial comes o  
If I see suffer by the laws of the land.

My curse on my 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 fountain of 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 marred to my own dear Molly

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

