

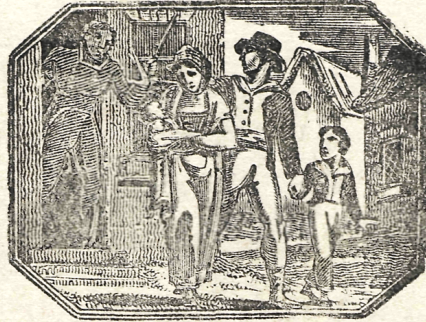
Kitty Wells.

You ask what makes this darkey weep,
 While he, like others, is not gay?
 What makes the tears roll down his cheeks
 From early morn till close of day?
 My story, darkeyes, you shall hear,
 For in my mem'ry fresh it dwells;
 'Twill cause you all to drop a tear
 O'er the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

While the birds they are singing in the
 morning,
 And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,
 And the sun on the hills was dawning,
 That's were I laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day
 When we together roamed the dells;
 I kissed her cheek, and named the day
 That I should marry Kitty Wells.
 But death came in my cabin door,
 And stole away my joy and pride,
 And when I found she was no more
 I laid my banjo down and cried.

I often wish that I was dead,
 And laid beside her in the tomb;
 The sorrow that now bows down my head
 Would be silent in the midnight gloom.
 The spring time hath no charms for me,
 The flowers are blouming in the dells
 But there's a form that I no more shall see,
 'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells



DEAR MOTHER, I've come home to die.

Answer to "Father come home."

Oh, come back again to my once happy home,
 The cot I was born in I see;
 By the brook through the meadow I wander'd alone,
 Then none was so happy as me.
 My mother sees me and dear babe at my breast;
 Forgive your poor daughter, I pray,
 I have caused you great sorrow, with grief am op-
 pressed,
 By a false man I was led astray,
 But curse him not —I die—
 Dear mother I have come home to die.

The angels are calling, I hear
 Their voices so sweet in the sky;
 Then give me thy blessing, my baby watch oe'r,
 Dear mother I have come home to die.

We met in the valley, he soon won my heart,
 And promised me all that was grand,
 And said he would marry, from me never part,
 If I would but give him my hand.
 I fled from my home, and left parents behind,
 With one that had riches in store;
 Of me he grew weary, and proved unkind,
 Far better had I remained poor.
 But curse him not, &c.

But he loved another, and id me forsake—
 I wish'd that I nee'r had been born—
 And said he'd not marry—my heart it will break—
 I was cast on this wide world forlorn.
 Many a poor girl in this world you may trace
 Likeme have been tempted to vice
 Through falsehood and flattery you're brought to
 disgrace,
 Depart not from parent's advice.
 But curse him not, &c.
 Written by W. BOOT.

