

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Drowning of John Roberts

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Dear fellow men, pray lend an ear,  
A melancholy tale to hear;  
One of our mortals numbered he,  
Has gone to long eternity.

John Roberts, as we understand,  
Was the name of this young man,  
When from his house he did depart  
While a gleam of hope twined round his heart.

He hired out with David Brown  
To help him drive some lumber down;  
Up the West Branch he then did go,  
Which proved this young man's overthrow.

He ventured out to break a jam  
Which had commenced on a roll dam,  
And when he started for the shore,  
He sank his last, to rise no more.

We searched the stream from shore to shore,  
His lifeless body to secure,  
Trusting in God to lead the way  
Unto eternal mortal clay.

On the third day at three o'clock,  
Roswell Silsby took a boat,  
And with a grapple in his hand  
He raised him from his bed of sand.

A messenger was sent away  
These mournful tidings to convey  
Unto his render parents dear,  
That they should see their son no more.

And in due time a bier was made,  
And on it was his body laid,  
Borne to the place where he must lie,  
Till Gabriel's trump should rend the sky.

Dear fellow men, we all must die,  
And go to long eternity

So let us live in Christian love,  
That we may reign with Christ above.

DT #717  
Laws C3  
From Barry  
SOF  
apr97