

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Harry Dale

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Come all kind friends and parents,
Come brothers one and all;
Attention pay to what I say;
'Twill maLe your blood run cold.

'Tis about a poor unfortnnate boy,
Who was known far and near.
His parents raised him tenderly,
Not many miles from here.

In the township of Arcadia,
In the county of Laneer,
There stood a little shingle mill
Which had run about one year.

'Twas where this terrible deed was done,
Which caused men to weep and wail.
'Twas where this young man lost his life;
And his name was Harry Dale.

His occupation seemed to be
A sawyer in the mill.
He followed it successfully
For days and nights until

The time had come for him to die
And leave this world of care.
We know not when our time may come
And an earthly bed we'll share.

On the twenty-second of April,
In the year of seventy-nine,
He went to the mill as usual,
So harm did he design.

In lowering the Vantle wheel
He threw the carriage in its gear.
It drew him into the saw
And it sawed him all severe.

It sawed him through the shoulder blade
And half-way down his back,

And he fell upon the floor
As the carriage it rolled back.

He started for his shanty door;
His blood was flowing fast.
He said to the ones who gathered round,
"I fear this is my last."

They sent for his brothers,
Likewise his sisters too.
The doctor came and dressed his wounds,
But, alas! it proved untrue.

And when his fatal wounds were dressed
He unto them did say:
"I fear this is my last, dear,
And I soon shall pass away."

No father had poor Harry
To sit beside his bed,
No kind and loving mother
To soothe his aching head.

He lingered on that day and night
Until death had eased his pain.
His voice will never be heard of more.
He will never speak again.

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