

Adieu to Bon County

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It's a great separation my friends they have caused me,
By bearing their spite that my favor was won;
It's a great separation, likewise a vexation,
And they shall be sorry for what they have done.

chorus:

Eat, drink, and be jolly, and care not for folly,
And drownd away sorrow in a bottle of wine;
Pass it to the boys in full-flowing bumpers,
And play on the fiddle to pass away time!

Adieu to Bon County, I'm bound for to leave you,
And seek my heart's fortune in some foreign land,
Where bottles and glasses is my greatest comfort
And when we do meet we'll jine heart and hand.

Farewell to my friends and my good old neighbors,
Likewise to the girl I'll never see more.
This world it is wide, and I'll spend it in pleasures-
I don't care for no one that don't care for me.

My fortune is small, so freely I own it,
What little I have it is all of my own.
I might have lived longer to enjoy it with pleasure,
If my poor friends had a' let me alone.

I have money a plenty to bear my expenses,
And when it's all gone I'll chop wood and get more.
When death it comes on me I'll freely go with it,
Pay up my last dues and go with it home.

From the Samuel P. Bayard Collection; collected from Allen Wayte,
West Virginia.