

Unfortunate Lass

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk.

As I was a-walking one fine summer's morning,
 One fine summer's morning all early in May,
 Who should I spy but my own daughter Mary,
 All wrapped up in flannel some hot summer's day.

"O mother, O mother, come sit you down by me,
 Come sit you down by me and pity my case:
 It's of a young officer lately deserted,
 See how he has brought me to shame and disgrace."

"O daughter, O daughter, why hadn't you told me?
 Why hadn't you told me, we'd took it in time,"
 "I might have got salts and pills of white mercury,
 But now I' m a young girl cut down in my prime."

"O doctor, O doctor, come wash up your bottles,
 Come wash up your bottles and wipe them quite dry,
 My bones they are aching, my poor heart's a-breaking,
 And I in a deep solemn fashion must die.

Have six jolly fellows to carry my coffin,
 Have six pretty maidens to bear up my pall,
 Give to each pretty fair maid a glass of brown ale
 Saying, "Here lies the bones of a tre-hearted girl".

Come rattle your drums and play your fifes merrily,
 Merrily play the dead marches along,
 And over my coffin tl@ow handfuls of laurel
 Saying, "There goes a tre-hearted girl to her home".'