

**The Deacon's Daughter**

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In Shonnuck there lived a lady so bright.  
A Deacon's fair daughter, his own heart's delight.  
For oh! she was handsome, both charming and neat,  
But her heart, it was treacherous and full of deceit.

A young man he courted her, a gay gallant youth,  
Who was much respected for fame and for truth.  
He courted this damsel; 'twas known far and wide  
That it was his intentions to make her his bride.

The day was appointed; each had a new dress,  
And they being published, invited their guests.  
Oh, young man, be careful; be courteous and wise,  
For there's sad disappointments in many a prize.

In the middle of the night, when her parents were asleep,  
This false-hearted lady from the window did creep.  
All things being ready, the plot was all laid.  
There stood her young gallant, a blacksmith by trade.

Then into the wagon; away they both flew,  
For the wicked will flee when there's none to pursue.  
She left her dear parents, their houses and land,  
And on the next day gave that blacksmith her hand.

Her parents being pious, they both loved the Lord.  
They were followers of Jesus, believed in his words.  
Straight 'way to their closets they both did repair  
And poured out their hearts to their Saviour in prayer.

When Jesus our Saviour the last trum' shall sound,  
And myriads of angels attending Him down.  
He'll call home his people whom earth now despise  
And in mercy will wipe all their tears from their eyes.

And now this young man, being deprived of his bride,  
"Oh, false-hearted lady," in pity he cried.  
"May God grant you pardon for the false oath you swore,  
So farewell, false-hearted Emily, farewell forever more."

note: A distinctly middle-class view of romantic elopement RG

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