

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Samuel Allen

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Ye tender-hearted people, I pray you lend an ear,
And when you have my story heard, you can but drop a tear
Concerning Samuel Allen, a man both strong and brave,
And on a stream called Rocky Brook he met with a watery grave.

His face was fair and handsome, his age was twenty-one,
And if I do remember right, he was an only son;
His father bade him a fond farewell as the Gibson train rolled by,
And then walked slowly homeward--the tears bedimmed his eye.

I'll tell you now of Rocky Brook, that sad and dismal place;
No matter where you work on it, death stares you in the face;
The rocks stand up like mountains high, for miles along the shore;
'Twould fill your heart with misery, to hear those waters roar.

'Twas on one Monday morning, the sun was shining clear,
When Samuel Allen last attempt, with neither dread nor fear;
He went up to the rolling dam to see what he could do
In trying to get the boom prepared, to sluice the lumber through.

He looked first up and down the stream, a-looking for a jam,
When the water made an awful rush and carried away the dam;
The boom that he was standing on was quickly torn away,
And soon, beneath the raging flood, his lifeless body lay.

'Twas ten o'clock in the forenoon, he received this fatal blow;
Some people think he lost his life while in the undertow;
He was cut and bruised about the head, his body it was bare;
O, what a sight it must have been for comrades who were there!

They took him to his father's house, 'twould grieve your heart full sore
To see the people mourn for grief around the cottage door;
There was one fair form among them, I will not speak her name,
Who had hoped to be his wedded wife when home again he came.

But hope gave way to dark despair, when she beheld the form
Of him who promised all through life to shield her from the storm,
And hand in hand no more to roam the hills of Gerick Vale;
Both night and morn, this maid forlorn, her saddened fate bewails.

He leaves an aged father, quite well along in years,

Likewise a fair young sweetheart, to wait for him in tears-
He took her by the hand that day when he left his father's door,
But little did he think that he would never see her more.

His body in the churchyard, to rest is laid away
Awaiting for the Savior's call on that great Judgment Day,
When friend and foe must rise and go at the Archangel's call,
And there abide, the Lord beside, the Father of us all.

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