



A NEW SONG BALL'D THE
BARRACK HILL CAVAN

Young men all attention pay & fair maids lend an ear,
Lest you should fall in Cupids trap I'll have you to take care,
For with his dart he pierc'd my heart & has it at his will
For a lovely fair with slow black hair that lives on barrack hill,

Was on a certain thuesday as you shall quickly hear,
Into the town of Gavan my course I chanced to steer
I spied this lovely fair one which makes my blood run
She is the pride of young & old she lives on barrack hill,

I gazed with admiration upon this charming dame,
Said I sweet fair I am sincere I like to know your name
If I would gain your love I'm sure I'd try my skill,
To make you mistress of my heart sweet pride of barrack hill,

This fair one she made answer I'm sure your talk is all in vain
You need not be uneasy for my love you'll never gain,
I am in love with a young man preferable to thee,
He is nice a young man as lives in buranby,

Fair maid I am a farmers son this young man he did say,
I have fifty achers of good land & that not far away
If you forsake this young man you'll have it at your will,
You may sit & sing & drink your fill at the foot of barrack hill,

Young man you speak quite foolish pray do not me annoy,
For were you the night of great Saint John you could not me decoy
I am won by one so new begone & do not make so free
So its with my joy my luck I'll try & live in buranby,

This young man he got mesmeris'd no more to her could say,
But in despair he watch'd this fair as she did walk away,
His limbs got weak he could not speak the tears his eyes did fill
With broken heart he had to part the pride of barrack hill

Now if you wish to know her name a vowel you must chase
Three letters from a fish in it you must peruse,
Three letters from a cet in book their proper places fill
It will tell the name of this fair maid the pride of barrack hill