

COLLEEN BAWN.

THE
LOVER'S LAMENT
FOR HER
SAILOR



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AS I was a walking all on the sea shore,
Where the wind it blew cold, and the billows did
roar,
Where the wind and the waves and the water ran round
I heard a shrill voice make a sorrowful sound.

CHORUS.

Crying, oh my love's gone whom I do adore,
He's gone, and I never shall see my love more

I tarried awhile still list'ning here,
And heard her complain for the loss of her dear,
Which grieved me sadly to hear her complain,
Crying, he's gone and I never shall see my love again,

She appeared like a goddess, and drest like a queen,
She's the fairest of creatures my eyes ever seen ;
I told her I'd marry her myself if she pleased,
But the answer she gave me was, my love's in the sea.

I never will marry nor be no man's wife,
I mean to live single all the days of my life ;
For the loss of my sailor I deeply do mourn,
He is lost in the sea and will never return.

I'll go down to my dearest that is in the deep,
And with kind embraces I will him entreat,
I'll kiss his cold lips, like a coral so red,
And close up his eyes that so long have been dead.

The shells of the oysters shall be my love's bed.
And the shrimps of the sea shall swim over his head ;
She plung'd her fair body into the deep,
And closed her fair eyes in the water to sleep.

ANNIE DEAR
GOOD-BYE.

I'M leaning o'er the gate, Annie,
'Neath my cottage wall,
The gray dawn breaks, the hour grows late,
I hear the trumpet's call.
I could not brook thy cheek so pale,
The sad tear in thine eye,
This heart which laughs at war might quail,
So Annie, dear, Good-bye.

I'm marching with the brave, Annie,
Far from home and thee,
To win renown, perhaps a grave,
A glorious one 'twill be ;
And whatsoe'er the fate I meet, 611.
To conquer or to die,
This heart's last throb for thee will beat,
So Annie, dear, Good-bye.

COLLEEN BAWN.

LIMERICK is beautiful as everyone well knows,
The river Shannon, full of fish, throughout the
city flows,
But it's not the river nor the fish which weigh upon my
mind,
For with the town of Limerick have I any fault to find
The girl I love is beautiful, she's soft-eyed as the fawn
She lives at Garryowen and she's called the Colleen
Bawn :

As gracefully as that river flows throughout that fair
land,
As gracefully and without a word my Colleen goes by me
If I were the Emperor of Russia to command,
Or Julius Caesar, or the Lord Lieutenant of the land,
I would lay down my golden plate, my people and arm
The horse, the rifle, and the foot, and the Royal Artillery
I'd give the crown down off my head, my people of
their knees,
I'd give my fleet of sailing ships all in the briny sea
A beggar I would go to bed and happily rise at dawn
If by my side and for my bride I found the Colleen
Bawn.