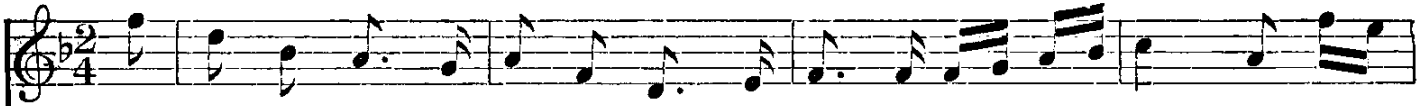


The Girl I Left Behind Me

Author Unknown

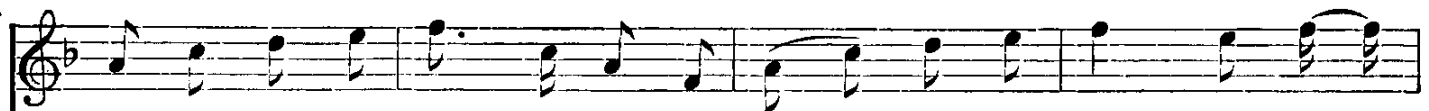
Old Irish Air



1. The dames of France are fond and free, And Flem-ish lips are will - ing, And
2. For she's as fair as Shannon's side, And pur - er than its wa - ter. But
3. She says, "My own dear love, come home, My friends are rich and ma - ny; Or
4. For nev - er shall my true love brave A life of war and toil - ing, And



soft the maids of I - ta - ly, And Span-ish eyes are thrill - ing; Still
she re - fus'd to be my bride Though ma - ny a year I sought her; Yet,
else a - broad with you I'll roam, A sol - dier stout as an - y; If
nev - er as a skulk - ing slave I'll tread my na - tive soil on; But



though I bask be - neath their smile, Their charms fail to bind me, And my
since to France I sail'd a - way, Her let - ters oft re - mind me, That I
you'll not come, nor let me go, I'll think you have re - signed me," My
were it free or to be freed, The bat - tle's close would find me To



heart falls back to E-rin's Isle, To the girl I left be-hind me.
 prom-is'd nev-er to gain-say The girl I left be-hind me.
 heart nigh broke when I an-swered "No" To the girl I left be-hind me.
 Ire-land bound, nor mes-sage need From the girl I left be-hind me.

A Song of the Sea

Written from memory, by Mrs. W. A. FISHER

Probably 100 years old

1. A sail-or's life is a rov-ing life, It robbed me of my heart's de-light,
 2. Go build me up some lit-tle boat, That I may on the o-ccean float,
 3. I had not sailed far o'er the deep, Be-fore a large ship I chanced to meet.
 4. "A deep blue jack-et he used to wear, With ro-sy cheeks and coal black hair,

And caus-ed me to la-ment and mourn, And sad-ly wait for his re-turn.
 And ev-'ry ship that I do pass by, I will in-quire for my sail-or boy.
 I said "Bold Cap-tain, O tell me true, Does my sweet Wil-liam sail with you?
 His lips were of a vel-vet fine, And oft time used to meet with mine."

5 "Oh no, fair maid, he sails not here,
 He's drowned in the deep, I fear,
 Near that lone island, which you passed by,
 You've chanced to lose your sailor boy."

7 "Now, I'll go home and write a song,
 I'll write it true, I'll write it long,
 On every line I'll shed a tear,
 On every verse, 'Fare you well, my dear.'"

6 She wrung her hands, she tore her hair,
 Like some fair maid in deep despair,
 Her boat against the rocks she run,
 Crying, "Alas, I am undone.

8 Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
 Place a marble stone at my head and feet,
 And, on my breast, a turtle dove,
 To show this world, I died for love.