

I'll hang my harp on the willow tree
And I'll off to the waragain
For the peaceful homes have no charms for me
Ad the batrlefiid hasno pain
For the lady I love will soon be a lde

With a diademon her brow
O why did she splatter my boyish pride
For she's going t leaves me now

For the Baker's Boy
I love him
I love him yet
But who can see
That the Baker's boy
Is lost to me

"The La Platte Special"

Get Tune B

"Lapse of Ponchartrian"

[Faint handwritten signature]

[Faint handwritten text at the bottom]

H. H. F. Mrs. Lee's ^{to the top} ~~to the top~~ ^{my mother}

The wooplile stood like amontsrous dift as it layatin the farmer 's door

The Quaker's Warning

Madam, I have come acourting,
O dear, O me,
I'll will to thee if thou art willing

O dear, O me
That's just like an old quaker's actions,
Fol de rinckim dydo day

Madam, I have forty shillings
O dear, O me,

I'll will to thee if thou are willing,
O dear, O me,

I don't want you ~~or~~ nor your money,
Fol de rincktum dydo day

I'm for the man that'll call me honey.
Fol de rincktum dydo day,

When you grow old and pinch with cold,
It won't be me that'll keep y u warni
You can live alone and sleep alone
and keep y urself from harm.

When I grow old and pinch with cold
It won't be you that'll keep me warn
I ca live alone and sleep alonw e
and keep myself from harm.

Marching up the street, band playing, she peeks throug the blind etc.

And the Captain with his whiskers sent a sly c2glance at me.

O Mulberry trembled at the awful stroke
consisted in the mind of Jehov ah that spoke
The fishermen's boats went out, then they were drowned. This happened in
Wilmington town Mass

*Down a shore to see who of their own
were drawn with a hook*

COWBOY
In the beginning
for the besetly women made no sense for me
and it off to the water
I it mark my mark on the million tree

Handwritten signature or mark