

University of Mississippi

eGrove

Broadside Ballads: England

Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside
Ballads

July 2019

Beautiful Child

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Beautiful Child" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 57.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/57

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

Across the Wild Moor.

FLORA THE LILLY OF THE WEST.



Mary of the Moor

'Twas one cold night when the wind,
It blew bitter across the wild moor,
When poor Mary she came with her child,
Wandering home to her own father's door.

She cry'd, father, O pray let me in,
Do come down and open your door,
Or my child at my bosom will die,
With the wind that blows 'cross the wild Moor

Why did I ever leave this fair cot,
Where once I was happy and free,
Doom'd now to roam without friend or home,
Oh, dear father, take pity on me.

But her father was deaf to her cries,
Not a voice not a sound reach'd the door.
But the watch-dog's bark, and the wind
That blew loudly 'cross the wild Moor.

But now think what the father, he felt,
When he came to the door in the morn,
And found Mary dead, the child still alive,
Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms.

Wild and frantic he tore his grey hairs,
As on his Mary he gaz'd at the door,
Who in the cold night had perish'd and died,
With the wind that blew 'cross the wild Moor

Now the father in grief pined away.
The poor child to its mother went soon,
And no one they say has liv'd there till this day
And the cottage to ruin has gone.

As the villagers point out his cot,
Where a willow droops over the door,
Cries there Mary died once our village pride,
With the wind that blew 'cross the wild Moor.

IT'S when I came to England some pleasure for to
find,
Where I espied a damsel most pleasing to my mind,
Her rosy cheeks and rolling eyes like arrows pierced
my breast,
And they called her lovely Flora—the Lilly of the West
Her golden hair in ringlets hung, her dress was spang-
led o'er,
Rings on every finger, brought from a foreign shore,
'Twould entice both kings and princes, so costly she
was drest,
And she far excels fair Venus—she's the Lilly of the
West.

I courted her awhile and in hopes my love to gain
But soon she turn'd her back on me which caus'd me
all my pain,
She robb'd me of my liberty she robb'd me of my rest.
I roam forsook by flora, the Lilly of the West.

One day as I was walking down in a shady grove,
I espied a lord of high degree, conversing with my
love,
She sung a song delightfully, while I was sore oppress'd,
Saying, bid adieu to Flora the Lilly of the west.

I walked up to my rival with a dagger in my hand
And seized him from my own false love, and bid him
boldly stand,
Then mad with desperation I swore I'd pierce his
breast,
And I was betrayed by Flora the Lilly of the West.

I then did stand my trial and nobly made my plea
A flaw was in the indictment found, which quickly
set me free,
That beauty bright I did adore the judge did her mo-
lest,
Saying, go you faithless Flora the Lilly of the West.

So it's now I've gain'd my liberty a-roving I will go.
I'll ramble thro' old Ireland, I'll traverse Scotland
through'n.
Although she swore my life away, she still disturbs my
rest,
I must ramble for my Flora the Lilly of the west.

BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

AUTHOR OF
BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Beautiful child by thy mother's
knee,

In the mystic future what wilt thou be?
A demon of sin or angel sublime—
A poison Upas, or innocent thyme
A spirit of evil flashing down,
With the lurid light of a fiery crown,—
Or gliding up with a shining tract
Like the morning star that ne'er looks back
Dantiest dreamer that ever smiled,
Which wilt thou be my beautiful Child*

Beautiful child in my garden bowers,
Friend of the butterflies, birds, and flowers,
Pure as the sparkling crystalline stream,
Jewels of truth in thy fairy eyes beam,
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine
Worshipped by love in a mortal shrine
My heart thou hast gladden'd for 3 sweet
years?

With rainbows of hope through mist of tears
Mists beyond which the sunny smile,
With its halo of glory beams all the while

Beautiful child, to thy look is given
A gleam serene—not of earth but of heaven
With thy tell-tale eyes and prating tongue
Would thou could'st ever thus be young,
Like the liquid strain of the mocking bird,
From stair to hall thy voice is heard!
How oft in the garden nooks thou'rt found,
With flowers thy curley head around,
And kneeling beside me with figure so
quaint!

Oh who would not dote on my infant saint.

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be,
Perchance, is wisely hidden from me;
A fallen star thou may'st leave my side,
And of sorrow and shame become the bride
Shivering, quivering through the cold street
With a curse behind and before thy feet,
Ashamed to live and afraid to die—
No home, no friend, a piteous sky;
Merciful father— my sin grows wild—
Oh! keep from evil my beautiful child.

Beautiful child may'st thou soar above,
A warbling cherub of joy and love;
A drop on eternit'y's mighty sea,
A blossom on life's immortal tree—
Floating, flowering evermore,
In the blessed light of the golden shore.
And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom
And thy radiant face they dispel my gloom
I feel He will keep thee undefiled,
And His love protect my beautiful child.



YOUNG EDWARD

THE Gallant Hussar.

A Damsel possess'd of great beauty,
She stood by her own father's gate,
The gallant hussars were on duty,
To view them this maiden did wait.

Their horses were capering and prancing,
Their accoutrements shone like a star,
From the plains they were nearer advancing,
She espied her young gallant Hussar.

Their pelisses were slung o'er their shoulders,
So careless they seem'd for to ride;
So warlike appear'd those young soldiers,
With glittering swords by their sides.

To the barracks next morning so early,
This damsel she went in her car,
Because that she lov'd him sincerely—
Young Edward the gallant Hussar.

It was there she conversed with her soldier,
These words they were heard for to say—
Said Jane, 'I've heard none more bolder,
To follow my laddie awa.

'O fie!' said young Edward, be steady,
And think of the dangers of war;
When the trumpet sounds I must be ready,
So wed not your gallant Hussar.'

'For twelve months on bread and cold water
My parents confined me for you,
O! hard-hearted friends to there daughter
Whose heart it is loyal and true.

Unless they confine me for ever,
Or banish me from you afar,
I will follow my soldier so clever,
To wed with my gallant Hussar.'

Said Edward, 'your friends you must mind them
Or else you're for ever undone,
They will leave you no portion behind them,
So pray do my company shun.'

She said, 'if you will be true-hearted,
I have gold of my uncle's in store,
From this time we'll be parted,
I will wed with my gallant Hussar.

As he gaz'd on each beautiful feature,
The tears they did fall from each eye
'I will wed with this beautiful creature,
To forsake cruel war,' he did cry.

So now they're united together,
Friends think of them now they're afar,
Crying, 'heaven bless them now and for ever,
Young Jane and her gallant Hussar.'

Barr, Printer, Marsh Lane, Leeds.