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The Banks of Claudy

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THE BANKS OF *CLAUDY.*

Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.

It was on a summer's evening all in the month of May,
Down by yon flowery gardens I carelessly did stray,
I overheard a fair maid and sore she did complain,
Saying, upon the banks of Claudy my true love does remain.

I stepped up unto her and put her in surprise,
I own she did not know me, I being in disguise,
I said, my fairest creature, my joy and hearts delight,
How far do you mean to wander, this dark and dreary night?

O it is the banks of Claudy would you be pleas'd to show,
And pity the distressed, who knows not where to go,
I'm in search of a faithless young man and Johny is his name,
And upon the banks of Claudy, I'm told he does remain.

This is the banks of Claudy, fair maid whereon you stand,
Do not believe in Johny, he is a false young man,
Do not believe in Johny, he will not meet you here,
But tarry awhile in yon green shade, no danger shall you fear.

If my Johny he was here this night he would keep me from all
He is in the field of battle, dress'd in his uniform, [harm,
He is in the field of battle, and his foes he does defy,
Like a rolling king of honour he'll gain his liberty.

It is six weeks and better, since Johny left the shore,
He was crossing the wide ocean where foaming billows roar,
He was crossing the wide ocean for honour and for fame,
And as I'm told the ship was wreck'd, nigh to the coast of Spain.

So when she heard this doleful news, she fell in deep despair,
With ringing of her hands and tearing of her hair,
Since my Johny's gone and left me, no other will I take,
Through shady groves and vallies, I'll wander for his sake.

O, when he saw her loyalty, he could no longer stand,
He took her in his arms, saying, Betsey, I'm the man,
I am your true love Johny, the cause of all your pain,
And since we've met on Claudy banks, we'll never part again.

ROSE OF LUCERNE; OR, THE SWISS TOY GIRL.

Harkndss, Printer, Church Street, Preston.

I've come across the sea,
I've brav'd every danger,
For a brother dear to me,
From Swiss-land a ranger,
then pity, assist and protect,
the poor little stranger,
And buy a little toy,
Of poor Rose of Lucerne.

Come round me ladies fair,
I've ribbons and laces,
I've trinkets rich and rare,
to add to the graces,
Of waist, neck or arm,
Or your sweet pretty faces,
then buy a little toy,
Of poor Rose of Lucerne.

I've paint, I've fine perfume,
For those who may chose them,
Young ladies I presume,
You all will refuse them,
the bloom on your cheek
Shows that you never use them,
Yet buy a little toy
Of poor Rose of Lucerne.

I've a cross to make you smart,
On your breast you may wear it.
Just o'er your little heart,
I advise you to wear it,
And I hope that no other cross
E'er will come near it,
Yes I do, so buy a toy,
Of poor Rose of Lucerne.

LIFE'S A BUMPER

Life's a bumper fill'd by fate,
Let us guests enjoy the treat,
Nor, like silly mortals, pass,
Life, as 'twere but half a glass,
Let this scene with joy be crown'd,
Let the glee and catch go round,
All the sweets of life combine,
Mirth and music, love and wine.