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American Stranger

Author Unknown

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AMERICAN STRANGER.

London:—Printed & Published by H. Such
123, Union Street, Borough.—S.E.

I AM a stranger in this country,
From America I came,
There is no one who knows me,
Or can tell my name.

I'm a stranger in this country,
And shall tarry here awhile,
And ramble for my darling
Many a long mile.

Some say I am rakish,
And some say I'm wild,
And some say I'm rakish,
My friends to beguile;
But to prove myself loyal,
You shall come along with me,
And I'll take you to America,
My darling for to be.

Give my love to Polly,
She's the girl whom I adore,
Likewise to my Susan,
Altho' she is poor,
Give my love to Betty,
She's my joy and delight,
I'll roll her in my arms,
On a cold frosty night.

The moon shall be in darkness,
And the stars give no light,
If ever I prove false,
To my heart's delight;
In the middle of the ocean,
There shall grow a myrtle tree,
If ever I prove false,
To the girl that loves me.

They are bound to America,
And our ship she set sail,
Kind heav'n protect them,
With a prosperous gale,
And when we are landed,
We'll dance and we'll sing,
A plentiful country,
And God save the Queen.

Polly's Love; OR, THE CRUEL Ship Carpenter!

H. Such, Printer, 123, Union Street, Boro'—S.E.

IN fair Worcester city and in Worcestershire,
A handsome young damsel she lived there,
A handsome young man he courted her to be his
dear,

And he was by his trade a ship carpenter.

Now the King wanted seamen to go on the sea,
That caused this young damsel to sigh and to say,
O William, O William don't you go to sea,
Remember the vows that you made to me.

It was early next morning before it was day,
He went to his Polly these words he did say,
O Polly, O Polly you must go with me,
Before we are married my friends for to see.

He led her through groves and vallies so deep,
And caused this young damsel to sigh and to weep
O William, O William, you have led me astray,
On purpose my innocent life to betray.

It's true, I'ts true, these words he did say,
For all the long night I've been digging your grave
The grave being open, the spade standing by,
Which caused this young damsel to sigh and to
cry.

O William, O William, O pardon my life,
I never will covet to be your wife,
I will travel the world over to set you quite free,
O pardon, O pardon, my baby and me.

No pardon I'll give, there's no time for to stand,
So with that he had a knife in his hand,
He stabb'd her heart till the blood it did flow,
Then into the grave her fair body did throw.

He covered her up so safe and secure,
Thinking no one would find her he was sure,
Then he went on board to sail the world round,
Before that the murder could ever be found.

It was early one morning before it was day,
The captain came up these words he did say,
There's a murderer on board, and he it lately has
done,

Our ship is in mourning and cannot sail on.

Then up stepp'd one, indeed it's not me,
Then up stepp'd another, the same he did say.
Then up starts young William to stamp and to
swear,

Indeed it's not me sir, I vow and declare.

As he was a turning from the captain with speed,
He met his Polly which made his heart bleed,
She stript him and tore him, she tore him in three,
Because he had murdered her baby and she.