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The Brown Girl

Author Unknown

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THE BROWN GIRL.

When first to this country I came a stranger,
I placed my affections on a maid that was fair,
She being young and tender, her waist small and
slender.

Kind nature had framed her to be my over-
throw.

On the banks of a river where first I beheld
her.

She appeared like Juno or the Grecian Queen,
Her eyes shone like diamonds, and her face
brightly beaming,

And her cheeks bloom'd like roses, or blood
upon snow.

It was her cruel parents that first caused this
variance,

Because they are rich, and above my degree;
I'll do my endeavours, my darling, to gain
you,

Although you are born of a good family.

If I had the riches in the East or West Indies,
Or if I had the liquor that lies in the Queen's
store,

I'd resign it as a pearl, unto my Brown girl,
For there is no other creature on this earth I
adore.

And it is now, lovely Johnny, don't seem melan-
choly,

For my dear, I'll consent—to you I will prove
true,

There is no other man breathing shall e'er gain
my favour,

On the banks of the Boyne I'll ramble with
you.

Now since I have gained her, I am content for
ever,

I'll put a ring on her finger, and rings in her
ears,

And with diamonds and pearls I'll deck my
• Brown Girl,

And in all sorts of comfort I will style her my
dear.