

August 2019

Teddy O'Neale

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Teddy O'Neale" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 675.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/675

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TEDDY O'NEALE.

W. S. FORTEY, Printer and Publisher, Monmouth
Court, Seven Dials.

I've seen the mud cabin he danced his jigs in,
As neat a mud cabin as ever was seen,
Considering he used to keep poultry and pigs in,
I'm sure it was always kept elegant and clean;
But now all around seems sad and most dreary,
All sad, and all silent, no piper, no reel,
Not even the sun through the window shines clearly,
Since I lost my own darling, sweet Teddy O'Neale.

I dreamt last night, och! bad cess to be dreaming,
I'd die if I thought twould come really to pass:
I dreamt as the tears down my pale cheeks was
streaming,

That Teddy was courting another fair lass.
Oh! did not I wake with the weeping and wailing,
The thought of my dream was too much to conceal,
And my mother cries, "Norah, Child, what is it you're
ailing?"

When all I could answer was Teddy O'Neale.

Can I ever forget when the big ship was ready,
The time it had come for my love to depart,
I cried like a colleen, and said, "Good-bye Teddy,"
With a tear in my eye, and a stone in my heart;
He said 'twas to better his fortune he went roving,
But what is the gold to the joy I could feel,
If he would only come back to me, honest and loving,
Though poor is my own darling Teddy O'Neale.