

August 2019

Drover Boy

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, "Drover Boy" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 723.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/723

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.



Drover Boy.

J. Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.

I'm a merry hearted mountain drover boy,
And a Switzer brave and free;
My days are pass'd in a round of joy,
And none so blythe as me.

At morn from the hill with right good will
My scrip I fill so gay, O!
My horn I blow with a merry hey ho,
And away goes the drover boy.

Hey ho, &c.

I'm a captain bold of a troop so fine
As you'd see on a summer's day;
An ill word 'gainst that brave herd of mine
I should like to hear who'd say.

At eve to the spring my kine I bring,
My sweet little flock so gaily, O!
When my horn I blow, you should hear,
how they low,

At the call of the drover boy.

Hey ho, &c.

I've a pretty little love like the snow-drop
Whose smile is the soul of glee; [fair,
Say an ill word of her, if any dare,
They must answer it well unto me.

At eve with the drove, as homeward I rove
To my little drover so gaily, O!
When my horn I blow, how well does she
The call of her drover boy. [know,

Hey ho, &c.



Pirate's Bride.

John Harkness, Printer, Preston.

Good bye, my love, good bye,
My bark is in the bay,
And I must reach the Isle Hydra,
Before the blush of day!

But weep not though I go,
to the perils of the main;

My blood red flag ere long,
Shall meet thy gaze again!

Hark! I hear the signal gun,
Day's bright orb its course has run,
Fare thee well my lovely one;

List: again the signal gun,
One kiss, my love, good bye! one kiss,
my love, good bye,

Good bye, &c.

the breeze is blowing sweet, love,
the crew now wait for me:

Yonder like some wild bird,

My bark's white sails I see!

then think not, love, of danger,

Dry up the timid tear;

thou art the corsair's bride,

And should not harbour fear.

Hark! 'tis the signal gun, &c.