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# William and Harriet

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# WILLIAM AND HARRIET.

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

It's of a rich gentleman near London did dwell,  
And he had a young daughter a farmer lov'd well,  
Because she was handsome and lov'd him so true,  
But her father he ordered her to bid him adieu.

O father, dear father, I'm not so inclin'd  
To drive my young farmer quite out of my mind,  
Oh unruly daughter, confin'd you shall be,  
And I will send your young farmer far over the sea.

As she was sitting in her bower one day,  
Whilst William was waiting, he heard her to say,  
She sung like a linnet and appear'd like a dove,  
And the song that she sung was concerning her love.

She had not been there long when William pass'd by,  
And on his dear Harriet cast a longing eye,  
He said, your cruel father with mine did agree,  
For to send me a sailing straight over the sea.

She said my sweet William, with you I will go,  
Since my cruel father has served me so;  
I will pass for your shipmate, and do what I can;  
With William I will go like a jolly young man.

She drest like a sailor as near as could be,  
Saying we will both go together across the salt sea,  
So they both went together to some foreign shore,  
And never to old England return'd any more.

As they were sailing by some foreign shore,  
The wind from the ocean began for to roar,  
The ship she went down to the bottom of the sea,  
And cast upon an island was William and she.

They rambled together some place for to spy,  
They had nothing to eat and no where-for to lie,  
So they sat down together all on the cold ground,  
While the waves and the tempest made a terrible sound.

As hunger came on them and death drawing nigh,  
They folded together intended to die,  
What pair could be bolder to bid this world adieu,  
And thus they did moulder like lovers so true.

So all true lovers that pass ov that way,  
Pray drop a tear from your glittering eye,  
One tear drop with pity and towards the way,  
Where William and Harriet a slumbering do lay



## FLORA & DONALD,

OR, THE

## MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

Harkness, Printer, Church Street, Preston.

O dark lour'd the night on the wide distant heather,  
And the wild raven croak'd out the bodings of death,  
While the moon hid her beams in the clouds out of woe,  
Disdaining to gaze on the fields of Glencoe.

While sweet balmy sleep closed each eye in rest,  
And the chieftain he slumber'd with peace in his breast,  
Ne'er dreaming that hour that fate seem'd to shew  
That bloody and pale he should lie in Glencoe.

But a flash soon denoted,—the signal was given,  
And the thunders of death wak'd the meteors of heaven,  
While Flora, poor Flora, she wonder'd in woe,  
To seek for her Donald, the pride of Glencoe.

O! sudden a flash on her vision did glare,  
While a cannons loud thunder peal'd through the air,  
Awaken'd ten thousand brave heroes below,  
And roard through the caverns of mighty Glencoe,

The smoke now arose from my dear native glen,  
With the shrieks of the women, and cries of the men,  
Naked mothers were shot with their babes as they ran,  
For the English had risen to murder the clan:

O many a warrior that evening was slain,  
While the blaze of the village gleam'd far o'er the plain.  
Five hundred M'Donalds that night were laid low,  
And their blood stain'd the heath of their native Glencoe.

Then Flora she shriek'd while loose hung her hair,  
O where is my Donald, O tell me O where?  
But the tempest's loud torrent o'er the mountains did blow,  
And stretched and bloody he lies in Glencoe

When a sigh of despair then arose from her breast,  
And memory soon told her he slumber'd at rest,  
He slumbers for ever, now free from his woe  
And left his love Flora, the pride of Glencoe.

Her dark rolling eyes then they kindled in fire,  
She fell on his body and then did expire,  
No more lovely Flora again felt her woe,  
But in death found her Donald, the pride of Glencoe.

Now over their heads the green grass it does wave,  
And the wild flowers nod over their desolate graves,  
And the strangers that pass shed a tear as they go,  
For Flora and Donald, the pride of Glencoe.