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The Constant Pair

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THE
Constant Pair;
 OR, THE PRETTY
PRENTICE BOY.



COME BACK
 TO
ERIN.

London:—H. SUOH, Machine Printer & Publisher,
 177, Union Street, Borough. S.E.

COME all you pretty maidens and a story I'll tell,
 Of a rich merchant's daughter near Liverpool did dwell,

Her cheeks were like roses, with a pretty black eye,
 She fell deeply in love with her father's prentice boy.

She was the fairest creature that ever had been seen,
 And as for her age it was scarcely fifteen; (sigh,
 As she walked thro' the shady groves, she oft-times did
 While her heart gently beat for her pretty prentice boy.

Oh, when that her father came to understand,
 Says he, I'll banish him to some foreign land;
 You never shall bemean yourself, her father did reply,
 Tomarry with young William, your pretty prentice boy.

He sent him on board of a ship of great fame,
 She was bound to the Indies—the Caroline by name;
 At parting she tore her hair, and bitterly did cry,
 For ever I'll live single for my pretty prentice boy.

When she dress'd like a sailor from the head to the foot,
 And engaged with a captain all in the same fleet;
 She engaged with the captain as his own cabin boy,
 And sailed on the ocean till the Indies drew nigh.

And as they were ploughing thro' the watery main,
 Her father broken-hearted at home did remain;
 Says he, twenty thousand I'd give in bright gold,
 If my own dearest daughter I once more could behold.

And when she arrived on the Indian land,
 She went to the captain and told him out of hand;
 She said, I am a pretty maid, I never can deny,
 I have left my dear parents for my prentice boy.

Then the captain together this couple did bring,
 The music did play, and the sailors did sing;
 On board the same vessel he put them out of hand,
 And soon they returned to old England.

And when that they came to her own father's hall,
 On their bended knees the young couple did fall,
 She said, dearest father, stab me to the heart,
 Before from young William you force me to part.

To see these two lovers, the tears run down his face,
 He took them in his arms and did them embrace,
 Saying, to-morrow you shall be married by break of day
 And fifty bright thousand your portion shall be.

So now this young couple are joined heart and hand,
 With fifty bright thousand all at her command,
 So all you young lovers be constant and true,
 Since no one can tell what true lovers can do.

COME back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
 Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy birth,
 Come with the shamrock and spring time, Mavourneen,
 And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
 Sure, when we lent you to beautiful England,
 Little we thought of the cold winter days,
 Little we thought of the hush of the star-shine,
 Over the mountains, the bluffs, and the braes.
 Come back to Erin, &c.

Over the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
 Long shone the white sail that bore thee away,
 Hiding the white waves that fair summer morning,
 Just like a Mayflower afloat in the bay.
 Oh, but my heart sunk when clouds came between us,
 Like a grey curtain the rain falling down,
 Hid from my sad eyes the path of the ocean,
 Far, far away, where my colleen had flown.
 Come back to Erin, &c.

O may the angels, O wakin' and sleepin'
 Watch o'er my bird in the land far away,
 And it's my prayers will consign to their keeping,
 Care of my jewel by night and by day.
 When by the fireside I watch the bright embers,
 Then all my heart flies to England and thee,
 Craving to know if my darling remembers,
 Or if her thoughts be crossing to me.
 Come back to Erin, &c.

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