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Lucy Long

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THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

As I went a walking one morning in the breeze,
I observed the leaves as they fell from the trees;
They were nip'd by the frost, and withered withall,
As the cold came upon them, it caused them to fall.

CHORUS.

By further observations at last I did perceive,
That man he has his seasons as well as the trees;
For a while in this world he may appear both fresh and gay,
But like the leaves he will wither and at last fall away.

Those leaves in some places lay thick upon the ground,
Yet while looking on the trees there is more to be found;
And all in a motion they seem for to be,
While those that are withered, are still falling from the tree.

'To look at those leaves but a little while ago,
How beautiful and green on the trees they did grow,
But now their short season, it's coming on apace,
They are falling from the trees every day more or less.

To view the Church Yard what dead bodies we may see,
That have fallen from this world like the leaves from the
tree,

And now with old age and infirmities withall,
Like the leaves they are withering continually to fall.

Now the season is over and the leaves are all gone,
Back again to the trees never more to return;
But it is not so with man for the Scriptures tell us plain,
Out of the bed of dust we must all rise again.

The Scriptures plainly tell us of something more beside,
We must stand in judgment and there to be tried,
Before our Blessed Saviour both rich and poor must stand,
And happy will they be who go to his right hand.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

LUCY LONG.

—○○○○○○—

'Twas way down Ole Varginy, a nigger used to dwell,
She was a handsome yaller gal, dis darkie knew her
well.

O such a lubly creatur as you s'hall plainly see,
Much better than a Venus, and very much like me.
Oh, take your time, Miss Lucy, lubly Lucy Long!
Rock de cradle, Lucy, while I sing you a little song.
Hey down, get out ob de way now,
White folks mind what I say now.

Talk about your Taglioni, and say she jumps so high
Miss Lucy leapt a five-barr'd gate, made all the
niggers fly,
And when eber Lucy trables, she always leave de mark
Of, her footsteps in de gravel you can see them in
de dark.

Oh, take your, &c.

Miss Lucy she is handsome, all ober she is chaste,
Just five yards round de shoulders and six yards
round de waist,
She went to a ball toder night, you never see de like
efore,
She danced about so very light, and went bang
through de floor.—Oh, take your, &c.

Oh, I does like that nigger man, I tink he does like
me,
And if I had him by my side, how happy I should be.
I like de white man and de black, and every one of
de rest;
I like dat man dat does like me, but I like myself de
best.—Oh, take your, &c.

THE LOG HUT, OR MY HAPPY HOME.

—◆◆◆◆—

My home, my home, my happy home,
Spot ever, ever dear to me!
Where'er I go, where'er I roam,
My heart still fondly clings to thee.
Though far away in distant lands,
Or toss'd upon the sea,
On ice-bound rocks, or burning sands,
Thou art still the same to me,—
My home, my happy home!

I've journey'd from thee far and near,
But never, never found a spot
To me so welcome or so dear
As thee, my own, my native cot.
My birth place and my happy home,
Thou art dearest still to me,
When I in life no longer roam;
Oh I rest in peace with thee,—
My home, my my happy home