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# Mary Blane

Author Unknown

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## I'M AFLOAT, I'M AFLOAT.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, on the fierce rolling tide,  
 The ocean's my home and my bark is my bride,  
 Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea;  
 I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is free.  
 I fear not the monarch, I heed not the law:  
 I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw;  
 And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,  
 While my guns carry shot or my belt wears a steel,  
 Quick, quick, trim her sail, let the sheet kiss the wind,  
 And I'll warrant we'll soon leave the sea-gulls behind  
 Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea,  
 I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is free!  
 I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is free!

The night gathers o'er us, the thunder is heard:  
 What matter? our vessel skims on like a bird!  
 What to her is the dash of the storm-ridden main?  
 She has braved it before, and will brave it again:  
 The fire-gleaming flashes around us may fall—  
 They may strike, they may cleave, but they cannot  
 appal.

With lightning above us, and darkness below,  
 Through the wild waste of waters right onward we go.  
 Hurrah! my brave comrades, ye may drink, ye may  
 sleep;

The storm-fiend is hush'd— we're alone on the deep;  
 Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea!  
 I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is free!  
 I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is free!

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

[ 11 ]

## WHO'S DAT KNOCKING AT DE DOOR.

Ib just come down on a little bit ob spree,  
 Im' berry well acquainted wid de gals I come to see,  
 I went to de house, but dey was all gone to bed,  
 And out ob de winder a colored lady said,  
 Who is dat a knocking at de door?  
 Am dat you, Sam? No, it am Jem.  
 Well you aint good looking, and you can't come in,  
 And dare is no use knocking at de door any more.

Who is dat knocking at de door?  
 Making such a noise wid his saucy jaw,  
 I'll call de watch, and tell dem how  
 Dat you come down here to kick up a row.  
 Who is dat knocking at de door?  
 Am dat you, Sam? No, it am John,  
 Well you aint good looking, and you can't come in,  
 And dare is no use knocking at de door any more.

Den she open de door, and she let me in,  
 And I sat by de fire, and I warm my shir.  
 In came a watchman, two or three,  
 Says come along, nigger, you must come wid me.  
 Who is dat knocking at de door?  
 Am dat you, Sam? No, it am Harry,  
 Well you aint good looking, and you will hab to tarry,  
 And dar is no use knocking at the door any more.

They took me to de watch-house, and I stay all night,  
 And I neber sleep a wink until de broad day-light.  
 De day began to break and de chicken crow,  
 And some one kept a knocking at de door.  
 Who is dat knocking at de door?  
 Am dat you, Sam? No, it am Jem.  
 Well your hair don't curl, and you can't come in,  
 And it is no use knocking at the door.

## MARY BLANE.

I once did lub a pretty gal,—I lub'd her as my life,—  
 She came from Louisiana, and I made her my dear wife.  
 At home we lib'd so happy, Oh, free from grief and pain,  
 But in de winter time of year I lost my Mary Blane.  
 Oh! fare de well, poor Mary Blane! one feeling heart  
 bids you adieu,—  
 Oh, fare de well, my Mary Blane! we'll never meet  
 again.

I went into de woods one day to hunt among de cane,  
 De white man come into my house, and took poor  
 Mary Blane.  
 It grieve me bery much to tink, no hope I entertain  
 Of eber seeing my deargal, my own poor Mary Blane.  
 Oh, fare de well, &c.

When toiling in de cotton field, I cry and say, good bye,  
 Unto my broder comrade, dat, oh, soon,—oh, soon I die,  
 My poor wife gone,—I cannot lib amidst dis world ob  
 pain,—  
 But lay me in de grave to find out my poor Mary Blane.  
 Den fare de well, dear Mary Blane, do we are parted  
 here on earth,  
 Oh, fare de well, dear Mary Blane, we soon shall  
 meet again.