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# Sweet Jane of Tyrone

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## DONALD'S Return to Glencoe.

As I was walking one evening of  
 When Flora's gay mantle did the fields decorate,  
 Carelessly wandered where I did not know,  
 On the banks of a fountain that lies in Glencoe.  
 Like her who the prize on Mount Ida had won,  
 There approached me a lassie as bright as the sun;  
 The ribbons and tart around her did flow,  
 That once graced Macdonald, the pride of Glencoe.  
 With courage undaunted I to her drew nigh,  
 A red rose and lily on her cheek seemed to vie;  
 I asked her name and how far she'd to go;  
 She answer'd me, Kind sir, I am bound to Glencoe.  
 .said, My dear lassie, your enchanting smiles  
 And comely sweet features my heart has beguil'd;  
 If your kind affections on me you'll bestow,  
 You'll be the happy hour we met in Glencoe.  
 Young man, she made answer, your suit I disdain:  
 I once had a sweetheart, young Donald his name;  
 He went to the wars about ten years ago,  
 And a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glencoe.  
 Perhaps your young Donald regards not your name,  
 But has placed his affections on some foreign dame,  
 And may have forgotten, for ought that you know,  
 The lovely young lassie he lov'd in Glencoe.  
 My Donald's true valor, when tried in the field,  
 Like his gallant ancestors, disdaining to yield;  
 The Spaniard's and French he will soon overthrow,  
 And in splendour return to my arms in Glencoe.  
 The power of France, love, is hard to pull down,  
 They have caused many heroes to die in their wounds,  
 And with your own Donald it may happen so;  
 The man you love dearly perhaps is laid low.  
 My Donald can ne'er from his promise depart;  
 His love, truth, and honour are found in his heart;  
 And if I ne'er see him I single will go,  
 And mourn for my Donald, the pride of Glencoe.  
 Now, finding her constant, I pull'd out the glove,  
 Which, at parting, she gave me as a token of love;  
 She hung on my bias while tears down did flow,  
 Saying, Are you my Donald returned to Glencoe?  
 Cheer up, my dear Flora, your sorrows are o'er,  
 While he does remain we will never part here:  
 The rude storms of war at a distance may blow,  
 But our seats of contentment reside in Glencoe.

## SWEET JANE OF TYRONE.



& Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court  
 Seven Dials; and 35, Hanover Street, Poolesea  
 where upwards of four thousand ballads are con-  
 tinually on sale, together with forty new penny  
 song-books.



My father oft told me he would not control me  
 He'd make me a draper would I stay at home  
 But I took a notion to a higher promotion,  
 For to try other parts in the county Tyrone.  
 We were at variance when I parted from my parents:  
 So, little they knew the road I had gone;  
 But thank my instructor and kind conductor,  
 That landed me safe from the county Tyrone.  
 When I came from Newry I fell a weaving:  
 I courted a girl for a wife of my own:  
 With quick apprehension she quickly made mention,  
 Saying, where is your character you brought  
 from Tyrone?  
 As for my character, you need never mind it:  
 I never was married nor promis'd to one.  
 She said, are you not contented with your  
 chance,  
 And travel with me to the county Tyrone  
 Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,  
 We travell'd from Kideock by three mile stone  
 The guard did pursue us, but never could view us  
 I wish'd from my heart I'd my love in Tyrone.  
 As we were walking and lovingly talking,  
 We met with an old man who was all alone:  
 He told them he met us, and where they could ge  
 us,  
 And that we were talking of the county Tyrone  
 This eased their trouble, their steps they did down  
 They swore if they caught me they'd break all  
 my bones;  
 They swore if they caught me, a prisoner they'd  
 make me—  
 Transport me to Antigua, hang me in Tyrone.  
 A canal being nigh, where vessels did lie,  
 And all my whole story to them I made known  
 They threw a plank to us, and on board they drew  
 us  
 And old us the vessel was bound for Tyrone.  
 As my love lay pining, lamenting and dying,  
 I offer'd her comfort, which I brought from home:  
 With a quick apprehension she quickly made men-  
 tion—  
 Love, I'll be without them till I come to Tyro  
 e  
 When that we were landed in our native country,  
 And all my whole story to my parents mad  
 known,  
 Five hundred pounds he gave us: if that would ne  
 do,  
 They crown us with glory in the county yrona  
 These two live together in joy and great pleasue,  
 And if you want to know how we mus go to  
 Tyrone  
 My love's name, Martin,  
 and myself, the county