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The Death of Parker

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The Death of PARKER.

THE Gods above protect the widow,
And with pity look down on me,
Help me, help me out of trouble,
And out of all calamity.
For by the death of my brave Parker,
Fortune has proved to me unkind,
Tho' doomed by law he was to suffer,
I can't erase him from my mind.
Parker he was my lawful husband,
My bosom friend I loved so dear,
At the awful moment he was going to suffer,
I was not allowed to come near.
In vain I strove, in vain I asked
Three times o'er and o'er again,
But they replied, "You must be denied,
You must return on shore again."
First time I attempted my love to see,
I was obliged to go away,
Oppress'd with grief and broken-hearted,
To think they would not let me stay.
I thought I saw the yellow flag flying,
A signal for my husband to die ;
A gun was fired, as they required
As the time it did draw nigh.
The boatswain did his best endeavours,
To get me on shore without delay,
When I stood trembling and confounded,
Ready to take his body away.
Though his trembling hand did wave
As a signal of farewell,
The grief I suffered at this moment,
No heart can paint, no tongue can tell.
My fleeting spirit I thought would follow
The soul of him I love most dear ;
No friend or neighbour would come nigh me,
For to ease me of my grief and care.
Every moment I thought an hour,
Till the law its course had run,
I wished to finish the doleful task,
His imprudence had begun.
In the dead of the night 'tis silent,
And all the world are fast asleep,
My trembling heart that knows no comfort,
O'er his grave does often weep.
Each lingering moment that passes,
Brings me nearer to that shore,
Then we shall shine in endless glory,
Never to be parted more.
Farewell Parker, thou bright genius,
That was once my only pride,
Tho' parted now it won't be long,
Ere I am buried by thy side.
All you that see my tender ditty,
Don't laugh at me in disdain,
But look down with eye of pity,
For it is my only claim.



THE BOLD FISHERMAN.

London:—H. SUCH, Printer and Publisher
177, Union Street, Borough. S.E

AS I walked out one May morning,
Down by the river side,
There I beheld a bold fisherman
Come rolling down the tide.
Good morning to you fisherman,
How came you fishing here ?
I've come a fishing for your sake,
All on the river clear.

Then he lashed his boat unto a tree,
And to the lady went,
He took her by the lily white hand,
It was his full intent ;
Then he untied her morning gown,
And gently laid her down,
There she beheld a chain of gold
Hung dangling three times round,

Down on her bended knees she fell,
And loud for mercy she did call,
In calling you a bold fisherman,
I'm sure you are some lord.
Get up, get up, get up, I say,
And off your bended knees,
There's not one word that you have said,
Has in the least offended me.

I will take you to my father's hall,
And married we will be,
Then you shall have a bold fisherman,
To roll you on the sea.

No. 455.