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I'll Deck My Brow With Flowers

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HER BRIGHT SMILES HAUNT ME STILL.

'Tis years since last we met,
And we may not meet again ;
I have struggled to forget,
But the struggle was in vain.
For her voice lives on the breeze,
And her spirit comes at will ;
In the midnight, on the seas,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

Chorus.

For her voice lives on the breeze,
And her spirit comes at will ;
In the midnight, on the seas,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

At the first sweet dawn of light,
When I gaze upon the deep ;
Her form still greets my sight,
While the stars their vigils keep.
When I close mine aching eyes,
Sweet dreams my senses fill,
And from sleep when I arise,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

I have sailed 'neath alien skies,
I have trod the desert path ;
I have seen the storm arise,
Like a giant in his wrath.
Every danger I have known,
That a reckless life can fill,
But her presence is not flown,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

I'LL DECK MY BROW WITH FLOWERS.

I'll deck my brow with flowers,
The false one will be there,
The gems which others gave to me,
Shall shine amidst my hair ;
Not even those that love me,
Will deem my heart less light,
No one shall know how I suffer,
For I'll be all smiles to-night.

I'll sing that song he taught me,
Without a trembling voice,
And when the dance commences,
Oh' how I will rejoice ;
When the flatters gather around me,
I'll hail them with delight,
Tho' my heart may break to-morrow,
I'll be all smiles to-night.

When in the room he enters,
With his bride upon his arm,
Then I will gaze upon him,
As tho' to me a charm ;
And when he gazes upon her,
As he used to smile on me,
When with his tongue he flatters,
He will find no change in me.

The Drunkard's CONFESSION.

London : Printed at the "Catnach Press," by
W. S. FORTEY, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court,
Seven Dials, London. The Oldest and Cheapest
House in the World for Ballads (4,000 sorts),
Children's Books, Song Books, &c.

I've drunk away my precious time,
Since the year of 'sixty two,
And since that time, in many a crime,
Of sprees I've had a few ;
With pot companions once my boys,
We formed a jolly crew,
And from that mob, so-help-my-bob,
I've lately bid adieu.

Chorus.

Then love your children as yourself,
To your wife be kind and true,
And never sit down with a landlord's
frown,
For he is no friend to you.

I had no wife to comfort my life,
My beard was like a Jew,
In rags and dirt, with an old black shirt
Of friends I had but few.
I once did wear, I do declare,
One stocking, a clog, and a shoe,
The tail of my shirt was hanging out,
And plainly seen to view.

I once did fear, as you shall hear,
Each bobby dressed in blue,
In many a gaol, I did bewail,
That made me sadly rue ;
With kicks and blows, and drunken
foes,

I once had many a do,
With cards, and dice, and every vice,
Of games I've had a few.

I reformed my life, and gained a wife,
Of children I've got two,
To cards and dice, and all such vice,
For ever I've bid adieu.
You drunkards that have heard me
sing,

You'll find my song is true,
My cot is small, but my garden wall,
Just keeps the sun in view.