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In Memory of William Bray, More Commonly Known "Billy" Bray. Born 1794. Died 1868

Author Unknown

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IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM BRAY,

BORN 1794.



MORE COMMONLY KNOWN
"BILLY" BRAY.

DIED 1868.

 DIRGE for th' Cornish Miner,
For "Billy" Bray the brave;
He was not born to honour,
Such as the world would crave;
But in the vale of labour,
His lot it was to tread;
Till Jesus called him higher,
Where rests his weary head.

His fare was sometimes scanty,
And earnest was the fight;
But his dear Lord provided,
And with him all was right.
In dress was always homely;
In dwelling somewhat poor;
But the presence of his Saviour,
Made up for that and more.

While in his face contentment,
Was beaming like the sun;
And so did it continue,
Till life and toil were done.
His soul possessed of patience,
The cross he meekly bore,
In honour of his Master,
Who did the like before.

He had a cottage closet,
In which he loved to dwell,
In secret heart-up-breathing,
A duty prized he well:
So God his Heavenly Father
Might through him ever be,
Adored and highly honoured,
And he His glory see.

The Bible was his guide-book,
In which he daily read,
Of Jesus Christ who died,
But not of Christ the dead;
And drinking thus of water,
So living, full, and clear,
He every day had strength,
To combat sin and fear.

In many a congregation,
His voice was often heard,
Proclaiming free salvation,
Through Christ the living Word,
In manner, gentle, simple,
In spirit, kind and rare,
His life one holy living,
Of humble, earnest prayer,

The aged and afflicted,
The mourner bending low,
Found in him a comforter,
Such as but few could know.
But now his work is ended,
His journey o'er and done;
With earth he too had finished,
With heaven just begun.

Nor doubt we for a moment,
He and the angels vie,
In th' land of sweetest pleasure,
Where goodness cannot die.
Over the swelling river,
Where fields are always green!
With "Billy" Bray the famous,
How changed must be the scene.

High on the hills of Eden,
With angels on the wing;
Shouting his favourite saying,
"I AM THE SON OF A KING!"
Climbing the dew-clad mountain,
Of God's eternal truth,
In all th' vigour of manhood;
In all th' beauty of youth.

A basking in the fulness,
Of that eternal day:
Where beauty ever brightens,
And pleasures ne'er decay:
Where glory, fairer, greater,
Than ever warrior won;
Shall gild his path forever,
Even brighter than the sun.

A dancing to the harpers,
On the floors of solid gold!
Where the music's ever new,
And the song never old;
A dweller with the angels;
At home among the blest;
"Where the wicked cease from troub-
And the weary are at rest." [ing,

So much for his religion
Saving in all her powers;
Whate'er our rank and station,
God grant the like be ours.
Then in this higher life-land,
We meet again e'er long;
Where tears shall all be wiped away,
And every note a song.