King Henry, my Son.







1

"Oh, where have you been wandering, King Henry, my son? Where have you been wandering, my pretty one?"
"I've been to my sweethearts, mother; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to the heart, and would fain lay me down."

3

"And what did she give you, King Henry, my son?

Oh! what did she give you, my pretty one?"

"She fried me some "paddocks, mother; make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to the heart, and would fain lay me down."

3

"And what will you leave your sweetheart, King Henry, my son?
Oh! what will you leave your sweetheart, my pretty one?"
"My garter to hang her, mother! make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to the heart, I would fain lay me down."

[Air, with a longer version of the ballad, sung by Miss Margaret Scott, some years before 1868.]

"Old English for "toads"