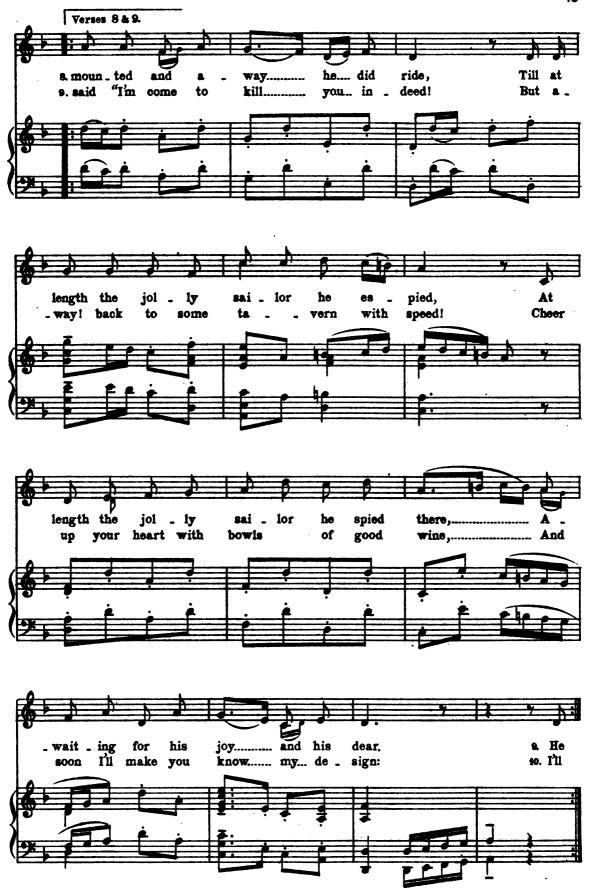
Bristol Town.













н. 5878.

In Bristol Town, as I have heard tell, A rich merchant there did dwell. He had a daughter beautiful and bright, On her he fixed his own heart's delight.

Courted she was by many in the town, Courted she was by many a clever man, Courted she was by many a clever man, But none could this young lady's heart gain.

Till a brisk young sailor he came from the seas, He did the lady well please. He was a brisk young man although a sailor poor, And the lady did the sailor adore.

And when her father came for to be told She was courted by this jolly sailor bold, "No! never, never, oh! while I do live, Not any portion unto you I'll give!"

"As for your portion I do not care, Ill wed the man whom I love so dear, I'll wed the man that I do love so, If along with him a-begging I go!"

Her father kept a valiant servant man, Who wrote a letter out of hand; This letter was the sailor to invite To meet her in the valley by night.

Her father kept a valiant Irishman, And fifty pounds he gave him out of hand, And a brace of pocket pistols likewise, He mounted, and away he did ride.

He mounted and away he did ride, Till at length the jolly sailor he espied, At length the jolly sailor he spied there, A-waiting for his joy and his dear.

He said "I am come to kill you indeed, Away! back to some tavern with speed; Cheer up your heart with bowls of good wine, And soon Ill make you know my design:

I will go back to my master with speed, Saying "Master, I have killed that man, indeed! I have buried him all in his grave so low, Where streams and fountains over him do flow."

In course of time the rich merchant died, Which filled the lady's heart full with pride; Now she's married to that man, you know, so brave, Who her father thought was dead, and in his grave.

[Sung by M? H. Burstow, 1893.]