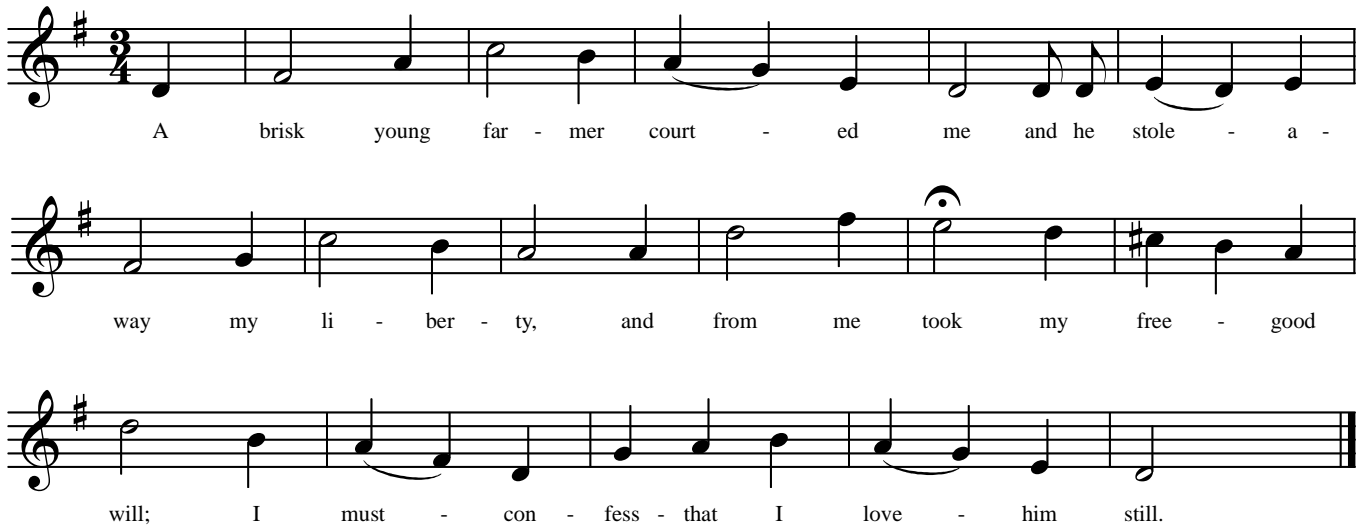


Died for Love - Mr William Debbage ('Barlow')



A brisk young farmer court - ed me and he stole - a -
way my li - ber - ty, and from me took my free - good
will; I must - con - fess - that I love - him still.

1

A brisk young farmer courted me
and he stole away my liberty,
and from me took my free good will;
I must confess that I love him still.

2

There is a flower, I've heard him say,
will give me ease both night and day.
I wish this flower I could but find,
that would give ease to my troubled mind.

3

There is an alehouse in yon town
where my love goes and sits him down,
and takes a strange girl on his knee;
now don't you think that's a grief to me?

4

A grief! a grief! I'll tell you why,
because she's got more gold than I.
Her gold will waste, her beauty will blast,
she'll become a poor girl like me at last.

5

I wish this baby it were born;
sitting on its daddy's knee,
and me myself laid in the grave,
with green grass growing all over me.

6

This young man came all in last night,
searching for his heart's delight;
he ran upstairs and a door he broke,
and found his love hanging on a rope.

7

He took his knife and cut her down,
and in her bosom this note was found:
'If I am to be this young man's wife
all in this room I'll end my life.

8

Dig me a grave both long and deep;
a marble stand at head and feet,
and up above two turtle doves;
let all the world see I die for love.