

NEWPORT STREET

The words of this song were inserted into the manuscript on a separate sheet and were reproduced in the Folk Song Journal Vol 8. These like the last song may have been copied from a ballad sheet.

In Newport Street it was reported
A comely damsel there did dwell
And by a servant man was courted
Who loved her exceeding well

He says my dear let us get married
Oh dearest love don't dislike me
For I'll work for you both late and early
If you my wedded wife will be

She says let us consider
We are both yet too young to wed
O when we are married we are bound together
Let us live single another year

Then he saw her dancing with some other
A jealous thought run into his mind
And for to destroy his own true lover
He gave her poison in a glass of wine

She drunked the wine and then she halted
O dearest love, O pray take me
For the glass of wine you just now gave me
Makes me as ill as ill can be

And as they were walking home together
These very words to her did say
That is a glass of poison I just now gave you
It will soon take your sweet life away

And I myself I'll take another
And what a silly young man was he
And in each other's arms they died
Therefore young men don't jealous be

Newport Street

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by a servant young man was courted who loved her ex - ceeding well