

# The Unfortunate Lass

As I was a - walk - ing one fine sum - mer's morn - ing, One fine sum - mer's  
 morn - ing all ear - ly in May, O, who should I spy but my own daugh - ter  
 Ma - ry, All wrapped up in flan - nel some hot sum - mer's day.

As I was a-walking one fine summer's morning,  
 One fine summer's morning all early in May,  
 O, who should I spy but my own daughter Mary,  
 All wrapped up in flannel some hot summer's day.

"O mother, O mother, come sit you down by me,  
 Come sit you down by me and pity my case.  
 It's of a young officer lately deserted,  
 See how he has brought me to shame and disgrace."

"O daughter, O daughter, why hadn't you told me?  
 Why hadn't you told me, we'd took it in time,"  
 "I might have got salts and pills of white mercury,  
 But now I'm a young girl cut down in my prime."

"O doctor, O doctor, come wash up your bottles,  
 Come wash up your bottles and wipe them quite dry,  
 My bones they are aching, my poor heart's a-breaking,  
 And I in a deep solemn fashion must die."

Have six jolly fellows to carry my coffin,  
 Have six pretty maidens to bear up my pall,  
 Give to each pretty fair maid a glass of brown ale  
 Saying, "Here lies the bones of a true-hearted girl."

Come rattle your drums and play your fifes merrily,  
 Merrily play the dead marches along,  
 And over my coffin throw handfuls of laurel  
 Saying, "There goes a true-hearted girl to her home."