

Down By the Tan-Yard Side

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I am a rambling hero,
With life I am ensnared,
Near to the town of Bonny Glas
There dwells a comely maid.
She is fairer than Diana bright,
She is free from earthly pride,
She's a lovely girl, and her dwelling-place
Lies near the tan-yard side.

I stood in meditation,
I viewed her o'er and o'er,
I thought she was Aurora bright
Descending down so low.
"Oh no, kind sir, I'm a country girl,"
She modestly replied,
"I labour daily for my bread
Down by the tan-yard side."

Her golden hair in ringlets rare
Fell o'er her snowy neck,
The killing glances of her eyes
Would save a ship from wreck,
Her two brown sparkling eyes
And her teeth like the ivory white,
It would make a man become her slave
Down by the tan-yard side.

For twelve long months we courted
Till at length we did agree,
And for to acquaint her parents
And married we would be,
Until her cruel father
To me he proved unkind,
He made me sail across the sea
And leave my love behind.

Fare ye well, my ancient parent,
Farewell to you I bid adieu,
I am crossing the main ocean
All for the love of you,
And if ever I return again

I will make you my bride,
I will enrol you in my arms, love,
Down by the tan-yard side.

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