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The Suffolk Miracle

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- 1 Come all you people old and young
Pray don't do as I have done;
Pray let your children have their way
For fear that love breeds a decay.
- 2 When her old father came this to know
That she did love young Villian so,
He sent her off three hundred miles or more
And swore that back home she should come no more
- 3 This young man wept, this young man cried,
In about six months for love he died;
Although he had not been twelve months dead
Until he rode a 4white steed.
- 4 He rode up to his uncle's home
And for his true love he did call.
- 5 Here's your mother's coat and your father's steed
I've come for you in great speed.
And her old uncle, as he understood,
He hoped it might be for her good.
- 6 He jumped up, and her behind,
And they rode faster than the wind ;
And when he got near her father's gate
He did complain that his head did ache.
- 7 A handkerchief she pulled out
And around his head she tied it about,
And kissed his lips and thus did say:
My dear, you're colder than the clay.
- 8 Get down, get down, get down, says he,
Till I go put this steed away.
While she was knocking at the door
The sight of him she saw no more.
- 9 Get up, get up, get up, says he,
You're welcome home, dear child, says he,
You're welcome home, dear child, says he,

What trusty friend did come with thee ?

10 Dear old father, do you know-,
The one that I once loved before.
The old man knowing he had been twelve months dead
It made the hair rise on his head.

11 He summoned clerks and clergies too,
The grave was to open and him to view.
Although he had been twelve months dead
The handkerchief was around his head.

12 Come all of ye, both young and old,
Who love your children better than gold,
And always let them have their way
For fear that love might prey (?) decay.

Child #272

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