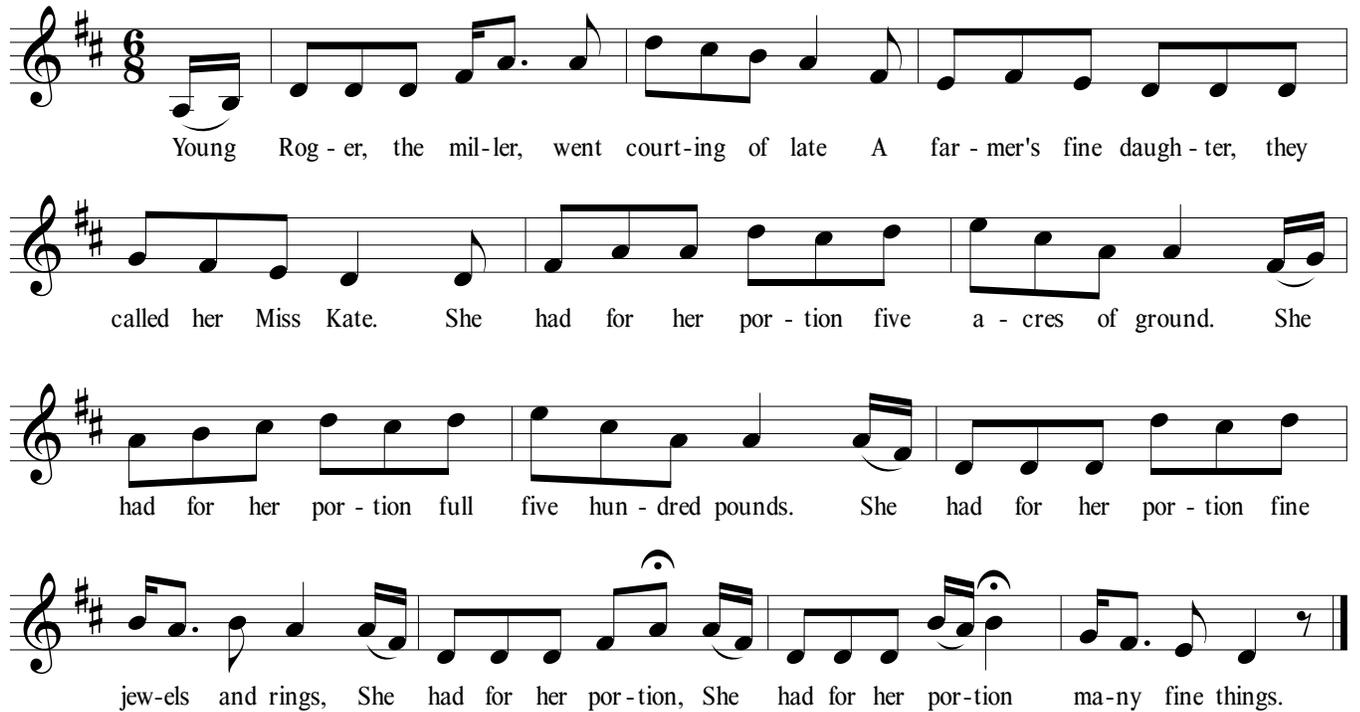


Her Father's Gray Mare



Young Rog - er, the mil-ler, went court-ing of late A far - mer's fine daugh - ter, they
called her Miss Kate. She had for her por - tion five a - cres of ground. She
had for her por - tion full five hun - dred pounds. She had for her por - tion fine
jew-els and rings, She had for her por-tion, She had for her por-tion ma-ny fine things.

When supper was over, the money laid down,
It was a fine portion, full five hundred pounds.
It was then that young Roger arose as he said,
"I own that your daughter is charming, indeed,
I own that your daughter is charming and fair,
But yet I won't have her, but yet I won't have her
Without the gray mare."

At this the old man arose with great speed.
"I thought you were courting my daughter, indeed,
But since it's no better, I'm glad it's no worse;
I can put my money again in my purse.
And as for my daughter, I solemnly swear
That you shall not have her, that you shall not have her,
Nor yet the gray mare."

The Roger, the miller, was turned out of doors,
And plainly was told for to come there no more,

* * * * *
* * * * *

Which caused him to rend his long locks of hair
And wish he had never, and wish had never
Mentioned the gray mare.

Her Father's Gray Mare

'Twas six months or over, and summer about,
That he met this fair lady as she walked out.
He says, "Miss Kitty, now do you know me?"
"I think I have seen you somewhere," said she,
"Or a man to your likeness with long locks of hair
Who once came a-courting, who once came a-courting
My father's gray mare."

"It was not the gray mare a-courting I came,
But his beautiful daughter, Miss Kitty by name.
I thought that the old man would have no dispute,
But would give me his daughter and the gray mare to boot,
All to secure such a dutiful son,
But now I am sorry, but now I am sorry
For what I have done."

"Oh, as for your sorrow I value it not,
There are young men enough in the town to be got.
I think that a girl would be at her last prayer
To marry a man who went courting a mare.
The price of the gray mare it was not so great,
So far you well, Roger, so fare you well, Roger,
Go mourn your sad fate."

Note: This song was a great favorite with my grandfather, my mother's father, and I have heard my father sing it often. I also heard it sung by an old lady with whom I boarded when I was going to school at Gould Academy, when I was fifteen years old. She said that she and her sister sang it together at an entertainment when they were young girls. She did not sing the same tune that my father used.