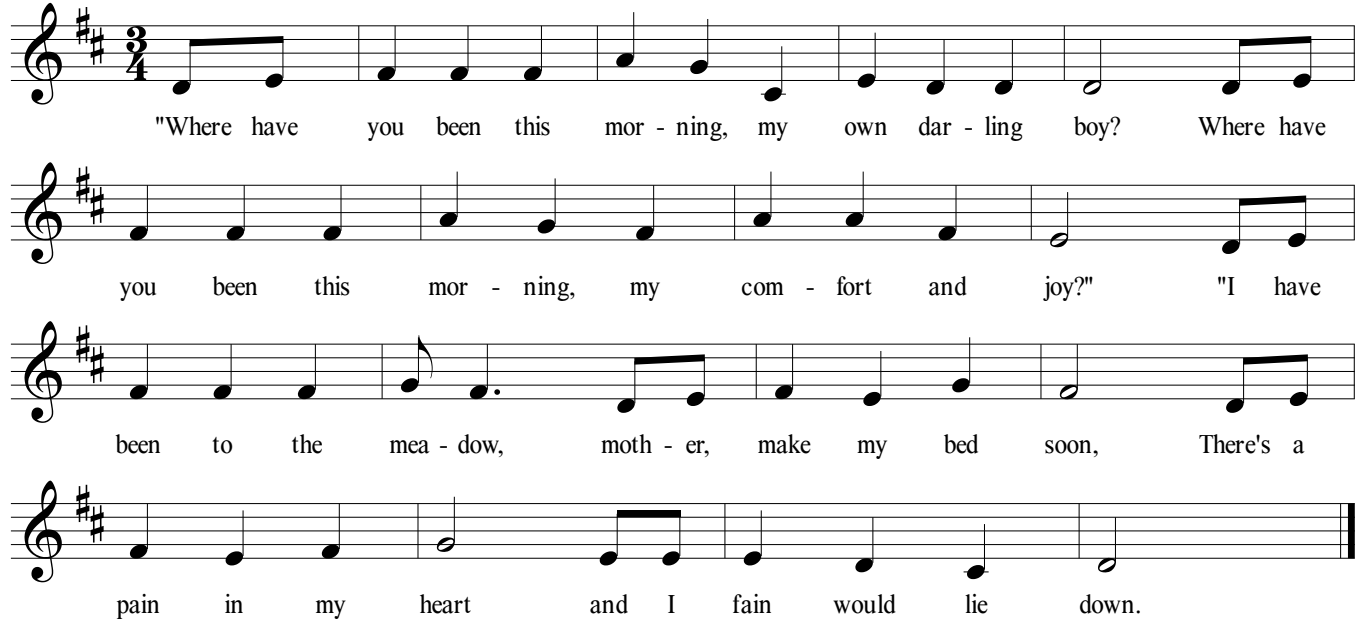


# My Own Darling Boy



"Where have you been this mor - ning, my own dar - ling boy? Where have  
you been this mor - ning, my com - fort and joy?" "I have  
been to the mea - dow, moth - er, make my bed soon, There's a  
pain in my heart and I fain would lie down.

"What did you have for your breakfast, my own darling boy?  
What did you have for your breakfast, my comfort and joy?"

"Three cups of cold poison. Mother, make my bed soon;  
There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie down."

"What will you will to your mother, my own darling boy?  
What will you will to your mother, my comfort and joy?"

"I will will her my gold. Mother, make my bed soon;  
There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie down."

"What will you will to your brother, my own darling boy?  
What will you will to your brother, my comfort and joy?"

"I will will him my ships. Mother, make my bed soon;  
There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie down."

"What will you will to your sister, my own darling boy?  
What will you will to your sister, my comfort and joy?"

"I will will her my harp. Mother, make my bed soon;  
There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie down."

"What will you will to your sweetheart, my own darling boy?  
What will you will to your sweetheart, my comfort and joy?"

"I will will her my tree that she may hang upon,  
That she may lament for the deed she has done."

Note: I heard this song sung by a young fellow who came to work for my uncle when I was a small child. His name was Lewis Watson, and after he left there he went to sea and I never knew what became of him.