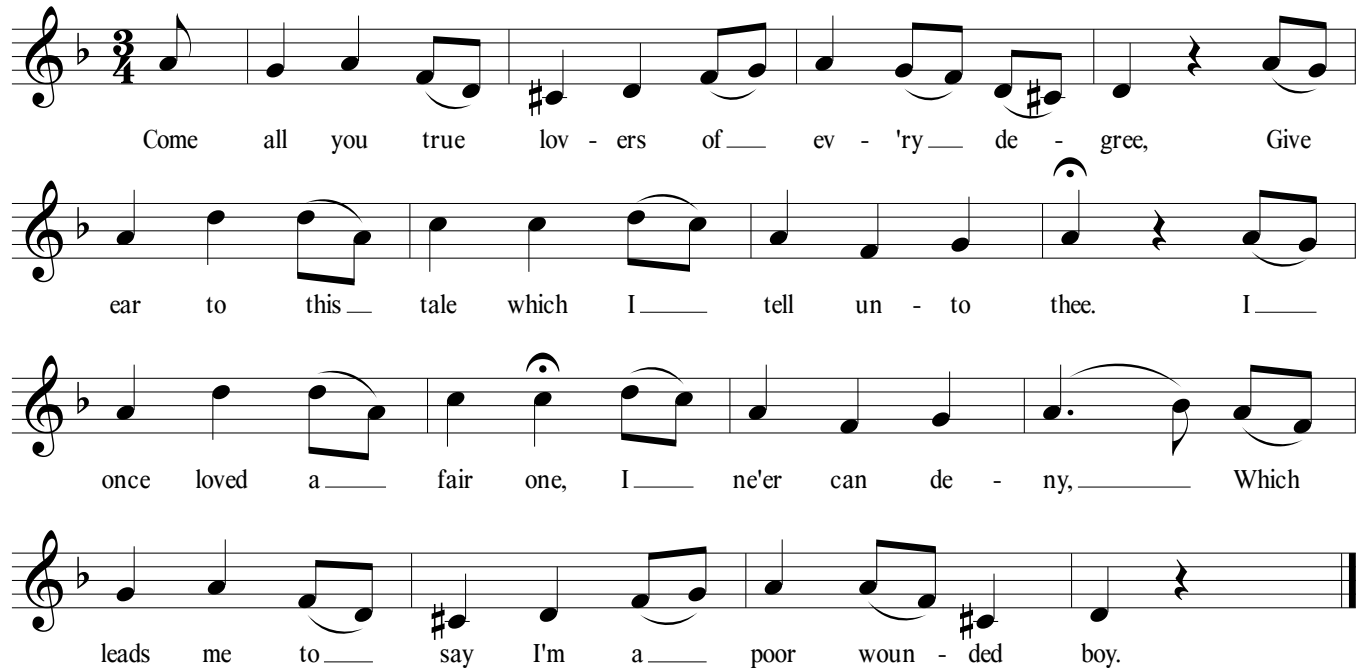


The Poor Wounded Boy



Come all you true lov - ers of ev - 'ry de - gree, Give
ear to this tale which I tell un - to thee. I
once loved a fair one, I ne'er can de - ny, Which
leads me to say I'm a poor woun - ded boy.

When first that I saw her from love I was free,
But now I've proved captive in the fairest degree,
Come grant me your favor and do not deny,
I pray you take pity on a poor wounded boy.

Her cheeks like red roses began to increase
When she heard I was a stranger just come to that place.
She blushed and made answer, "Young man, don't decoy,
Can you tell me from whence came this poor wounded boy?"

"My name it is Johnnie, quite plain as you can see,
Far away from my friends and my own country.
I came to this country my fortune to try
And through you I am titled a poor wounded boy."

"Oh, Johnnie, dear Johnnie, your love it is good,
But for to go along with you it is more than I could.
Get leave of my parents and if they don't deny
No longer you'll be titled a poor wounded boy."

Then Johnnie got leave and away he did steer
A-plowing of the ocean without dread or fear.
From sweet Philadelphia to fair Donegal
He took his own Nancy in spite of them all.

Oh, now to conclude and to finish my fame
This couple got married without dread or shame,
Five thousand a year he has gained by his love,
May they still have a blessing from the great God above.

Note: Brother Lewis learned this in the lumber woods. I have never heard anyone else sing it.