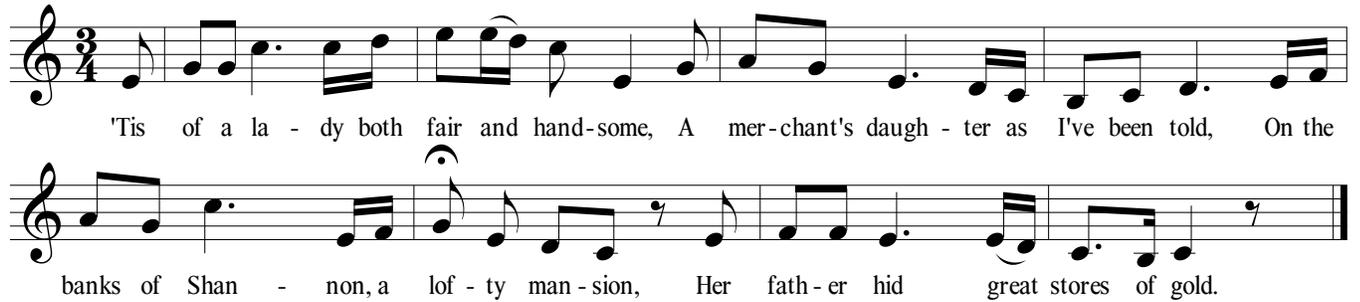


The Servant Man



'Tis of a la - dy both fair and hand - some, A mer - chant's daugh - ter as I've been told, On the
banks of Shan - non, a lof - ty man - sion, Her fath - er hid great stores of gold.

Her hair was black as a raven's feather,
Her form and feature describe who can,
But youth and folly belong to nature;
She fell in love with her servant man.

As Mary Ann and her love were walking,
Her father saw them and near them drew,
And when he heard the true lovers talking
Home in a passion her father flew.

Oh, when he found out their intention,
He like a lion loud did roar,
Saying, "From Ireland I will have you banished
Or with my broadsword I'll spill your gore."

To build a dungeon was his intention,
To part true lovers it was his plan.
The oaths he swore were too vile to mention,
That he'd part his daughter and servant man.

He built a dungeon of brick and mortar,
Three flights of stairs it was underground.
The food he gave her was bread and water,
The only cheer for her to be found.

Three times a day he most cruelly beat her,
Till to her father she thus began,
"I own, dear father, I have transgressed thee,
But I'll live and die for my servant man."

When Edmund found out her habitation,
It was well secured by an iron door,
He swore in spite of all the nation
He'd release his true love or be no more.

So, at his leisure he toiled with pleasure
To find releasement for his Mary Ann,
And when she saw him in the dungeon
She cried, "My faithful servant man."

She brought a suit of men's apparel
All for his true love to disguise.
"When your father sees me in the dungeon
It really will him surprise."

When the old man came with his bread and water,
He to her father thus began,
"I have freed your daughter, I own I love her.
The one at fault is your servant man."

When the old man saw him in the dungeon,
He fell a-fainting all on the floor,
Saying, "True lovers shall ne'er be parted
Since love's broke through an iron door."