

George Collins

George Col - ins walked out ___ one May ___ morn - ing,
When may ___ was all ___ in bloom
And there he be - held a pret - ty fair maid ___
A - - wash - ing her mar - - ble stone.

George Collins walked out one May morning,
When may was all in bloom,
And there he beheld a pretty fair maid,
A-washing her marble stone.

She whooped, she holloed, she highered her voice,
And held up her lily-white hand,
"Come hither to me, George Collins," she said,
"And thy life shall not last thee long."

George Collins stepped up to the fair water-side,
And over the water sprang he,
He clasped her round her middle so small,
And kissed her red rosy cheeks.

George Collins went home to his own father's gate,
And so loudly he did ring,
(And who should come down but his own father dear,
To let George Collins in)

"Arise, my dear father, and let me in,
Arise, dear mother and make my bed,
Arise, my dear sister and get me a napkin -
A napkin to bind round my head.

And if I should chance to die this night,
As I suppose I shall,
Bury me under that marble stone,
That's against fair Helen's wall."

Fair Helen sits in her room so fine,
A-working her silken skein,
Then she saw the finest corpse a-coming,
That ever the sun shone on.

She said unto her Irish maid,
"Whose corpse is this so fine?"
"It is George Collins' corpse a-coming,
That once was a true-lover of thine."

"You go upstairs and fetch me the sheet,
That's wove with a silver twine,
And hang it over George Collins' corpse,
To-morrow it shall hang over mine."

"Come, put him down, my six pretty lads,
And open his coffin so fine,
That I might kiss his lily-white lips,
For ten thousand times he has kissed mine."

The news was carried to fair London town,
And wrote all on fair London's gate,
That six pretty maids died all of one night,
And all for George Collins' sake.