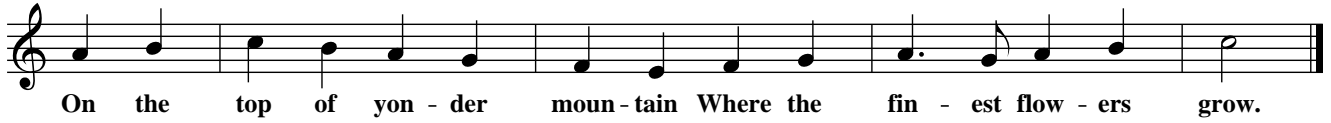


# Faithful Emma



The lambs they skip with pleasure,  
And the meadows are so green  
One of the finest mountains  
That ever eyes have seen.  
There's fine hunting, fine fishing,  
And fine fowling also  
On the top of yonder mountain  
Where the finest flowers grow.

At the bottom of the mountain  
There's a river runs so clear,  
And a ship from the West Indies  
Once lay at anchor there;  
With a red flag a-flying  
And the beating of a drum  
Sweet instruments of music,  
And the firing of a gun

On the top of yonder mountain  
There my true love's castle stands  
It is deck-ed up with ivy  
From the top down to the strands.  
There's fine arches, fine porches,  
And there diamond stones so bright,  
It's a pilot for the sailors  
On a dark and stormy night.

\* \* \* \* \*

If little Mary had proved faithful  
She might have been my bride,  
But her mind it was more fickle  
Than the rain upon the tide,  
Like a ship upon the ocean  
That is tossed to and fro,  
May the angels now direct her  
Wherever she may go!