The Lakes of Col Flynn

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On a fine Sunday morning Willie Leonard arose,
Straightway to his companions he instantly goes,
Cries,"Rise, loyal comrades, let nobody know,
It's a fine Sunday morning, and bathing we'll go.

As they went walking up New Jersey Street
A handsome young jay (blade?) they chanced for to meet;
He advised them from bathing to return home again
From the deep and false water in the Lakes of Col Flynn.

Willie, he stripped off and swum the lakes around
Swum to the island, but not to dry ground.
Cried, "Comrades, loyal comrades, don't you venture in
Here is deep and false water in the Lakes of Col Flynn."

Willie, he went off to swim it once more
Swum it 'most over, but did not reach shore;
Swum to the island, no more to be seen
Till his body was found floating in the watery main.

Early next morning (his) sister Mary arose,
Straightway to her mother she instantly goes;
Mother, dear mother, I've had a sad dream
Brother Willie lies drownded in the watery main.

Early next morning his mother was there
A-wringing her hands and tearing her hair;
"Good God in Heaven, was nobody near
That would venture their life for the sake of my dear?"

"Did anyone see him? Where did he fall in?
In the deep and false waters, in the Lakes of Col Flynn?"
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If you had seen Willie's funeral, it was a fair sight
Twenty-four lads, all dressed up in white;
They carried him up throught Kingston town
Till they came to the graveyard and they laid Willie down.

From Folk Songs of the Catskills, Cazden, Haufrecht, Studer

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