Sally Munro

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Come all you young maidens I pray you attend
Unto these few lines that I have here penned,
To all the sad troubles that I did undergo
Since I became acquainted with sweet Sally Munro.

James Dickson's my name, I'm a blacksmith by trade,
And in the town of Ayr I was born and bred
From that town to Belfast I late did go;
'Twas there I got acquainted wi' sweet Sally Munro.

I loved this young lassie as dear as my life;
It was my intention to make her my wife,
But though dearly I loved her, her parents said, "No"
Which caused me to mourn for young Sally Munro.

I unto this lassie a letter did send,
It was by a comrade whom I thought a friend,
But instead of a friend he proved to me a foe
For he never gave the letter to my Sally Munro.

He told her old parents to beware of me:
He said I had a wife in my own country.
Then said her old parents: "Since we've found it so,
He never shall enjoy his sweet Sally Munro."

I said if she'd come to Urie with me,
In spite of her parents there married we'd be.
She said: "No objections have I there to go,
If you only prove constant to Sally Munro."

"Here is my hand, love, and here is my heart;
Till death separate us we never shall part."
Next day in a coach we to Urie did go,
And there I got married to young Sally Munro.

It was at Newry Point the ship Newry lay
With four hundred passengers ready for sea.
We both paid our passage to Quebec also;
'Twas there I embarked wi' my Sally Munro.

On the fourteenth of April our ship did set sail

And hove down the Channel with a sweet pleasant gale
The parting of friends caused some salt tears to flow,
But I was quite happy wi' my Sally Munro.

When dreading no danger we met with a shock
When all of a sudden our ship struck a rock.
Three hundred and sixty went all down below,
And in among the number I lost Sally Munro.

Many a man on that voyage lost his life
And children they loved far dearer than life,
Yet I was preserved and my salt tears do flow.
Oh I mourn when I mind on my Sally Munro.

It was from her parents I stole her away,
Which will check my conscience till my dying day,
But she said: "No objections have I now to go",
And now I'll keep sighing for Sally Munro.

Note: The Newry was wrecked in the Llewn Peninsula, N. Wales, in April, 1830.
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