Riding on the Elevated Railroad / The Cruel Ship's Carpenter (part 1 of 2)

Riding on the Elevated Railroad

AFS 1607 A1

While riding on the elevated railroad, I'll tell you all about it in my song. I looked in all the second story windows, While the little train was moving right along.

Some were eating, some were drinking, some were sleeping, Some were laughing and some they'd cry. Some were funny sights I saw there, I looked it in as we went by.

Riding on the elevated railroad, It's pleasant and it just suits me. Take it day or night, you'll say I'm right, Some very funny sights you will see.

The Cruel Ship's Carpenter (part 1 of 2)

AFS 1607 A2

In London sweet city a fair damsel did dwell, Her wealth and her beauty, no tongue could I tell. She was courted by a sailor, for to be his bride, And to him his trade was a ship carpenter.

[*Note: Nye begins song again.*]

The Ship's Cruel Carpenter

In London sweet city a fair damsel did dwell, Her wealth and her beauty, no tongue could I tell. She was courted by a sailor, for to be his dear, And him to his trade was a ship's carpenter.

He say's, “ My Miss Mary, if you will agree, If you will consent and go along with me. I'll lead you from trouble or sorrow and fears, If you will but marry your ship's carpenter.”

Through braces and kisses, they parted that night, She started next morning, for to meet him by light. He led her though ditches, and valleys so deep, To the length this fair damsel begin for to weep.

She says, “My sweet William, you've led me astray, On purpose my innocent life to betray.” He says “My Miss Mary, you have guessed it right, For I was digging your grave all last night.”

She turned her head and her grave as she spied, Saying, “Is this a bride's bed for me you've provide? Oh, pardon sweet William, and spare me my life, Let me be distressed if I can't be your wife.”

“For pardon sweet William, is the worst of all men, Heaven will reward you when I'm dead and gone.” No time for to weep nor no time for to stand, He instantly taking his knife in his hand.

Into her fair body, his knife then did go, And the blood from her body, like a fountain did flow. He covered her all up, straight homeward return, Left no one to mourn but the small birds alone.

The captain then summoned the whole of his crew, He said, “My brave boys I'm afraid some of you, Have murdered some damsel before we came way, That will cause us to haste upon the whole sea.”