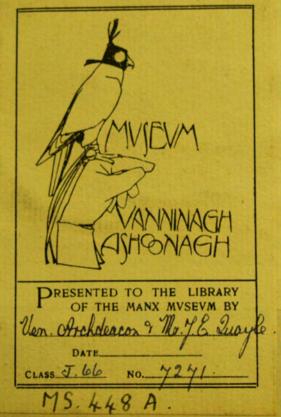
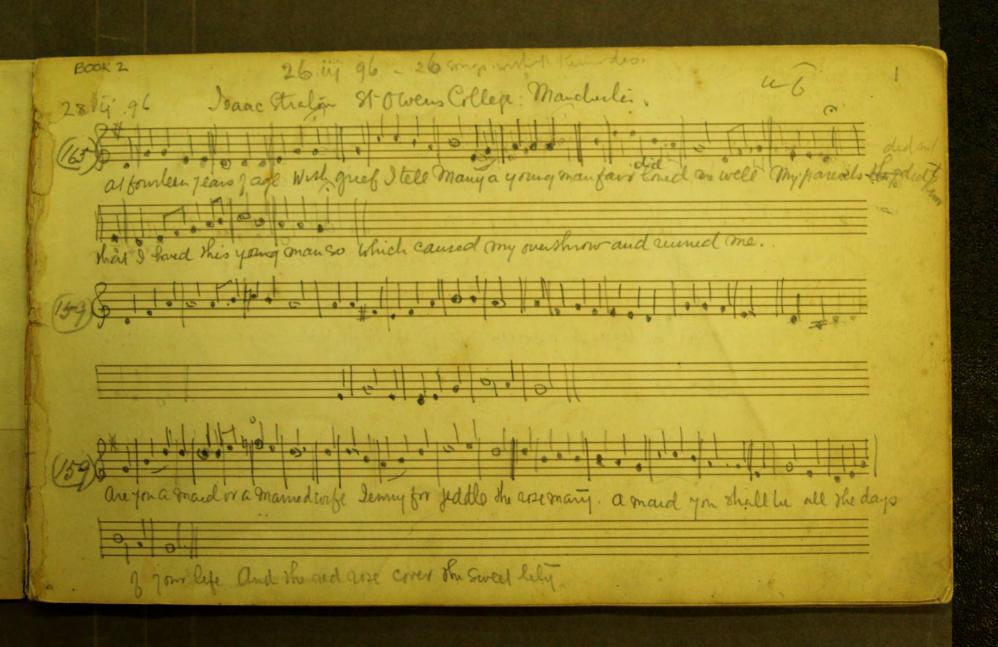
MS. 448 A. 166 7271 Folk Music Collected 62 D- John Clague. 1896 -Book II

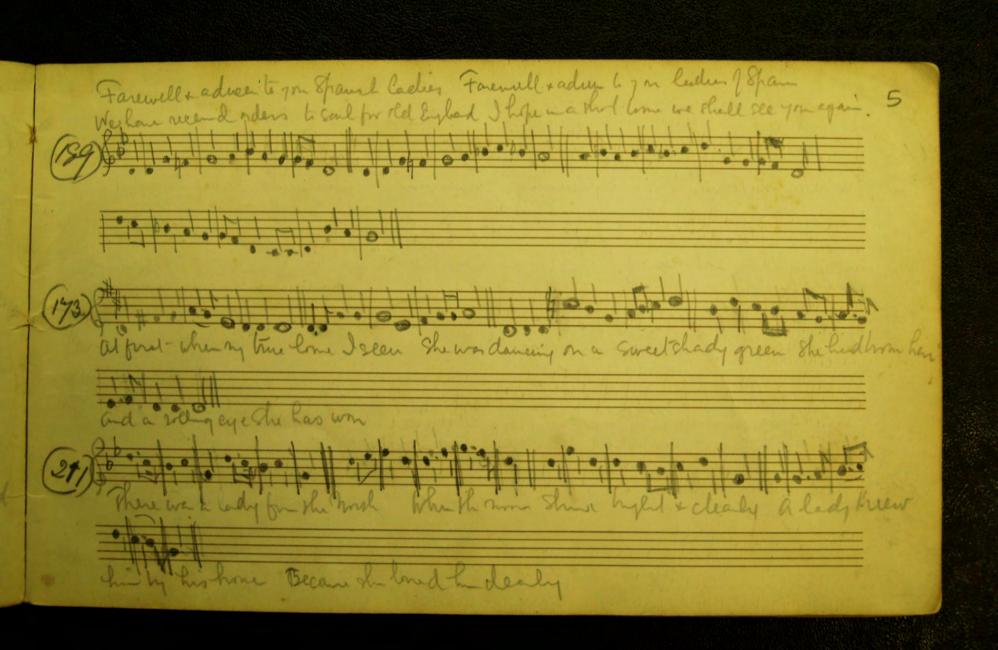
7271 Book B

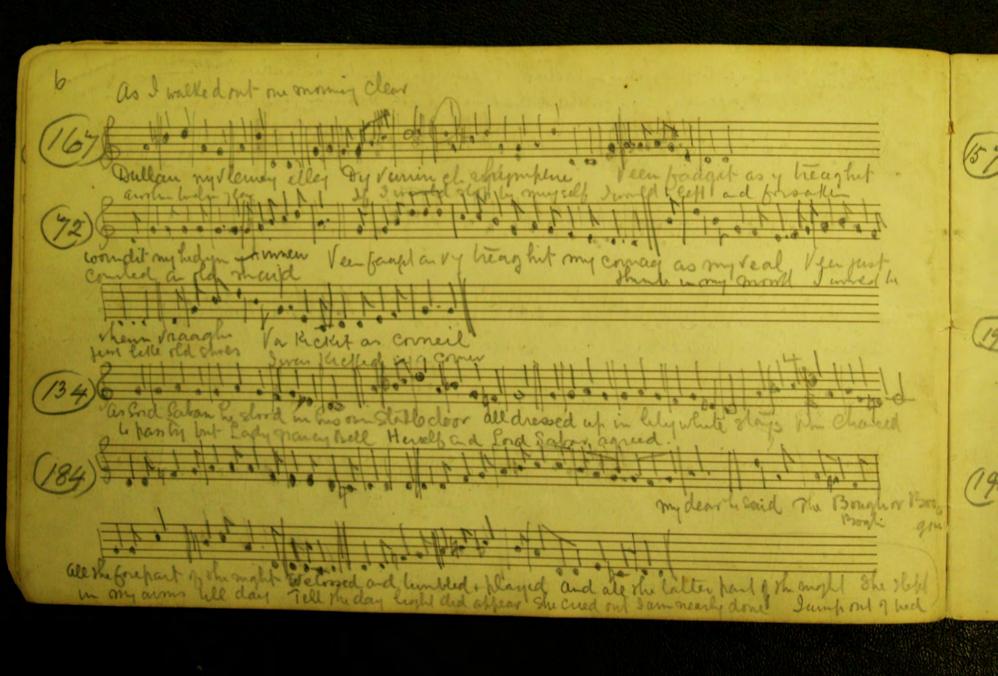




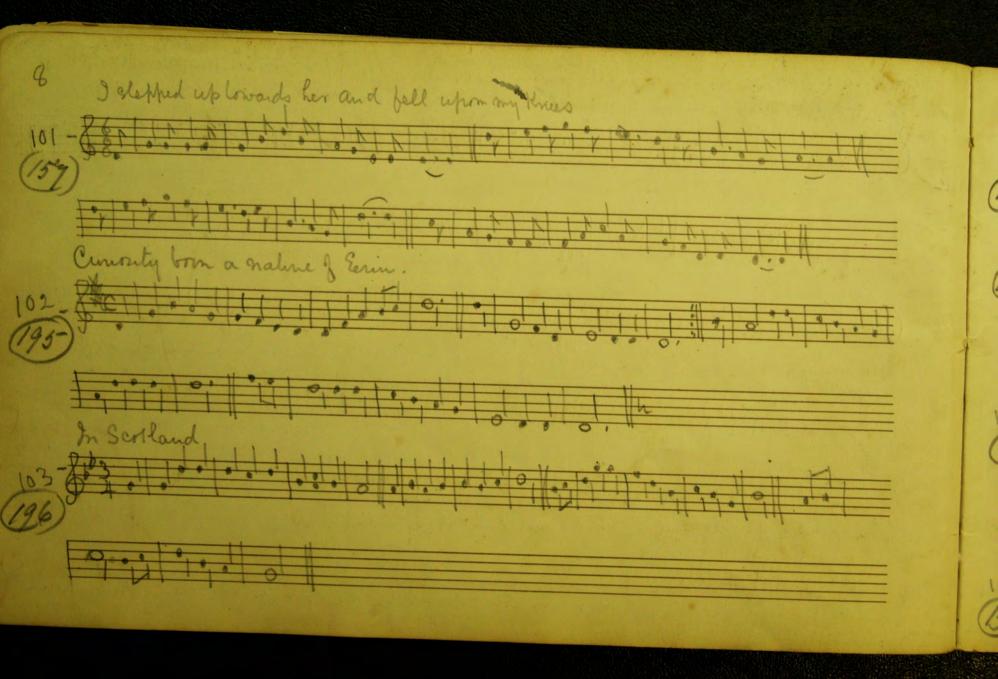
Hug et my fainy sonny three Dang Can Braldy Ta huggey e nowles cy cochney 3 hues Ta Casher enory & yn eruca as show van delight eckey areau In Ven as eckey faaght dyn corney Es as y shie worar ersong lest y que with the wind

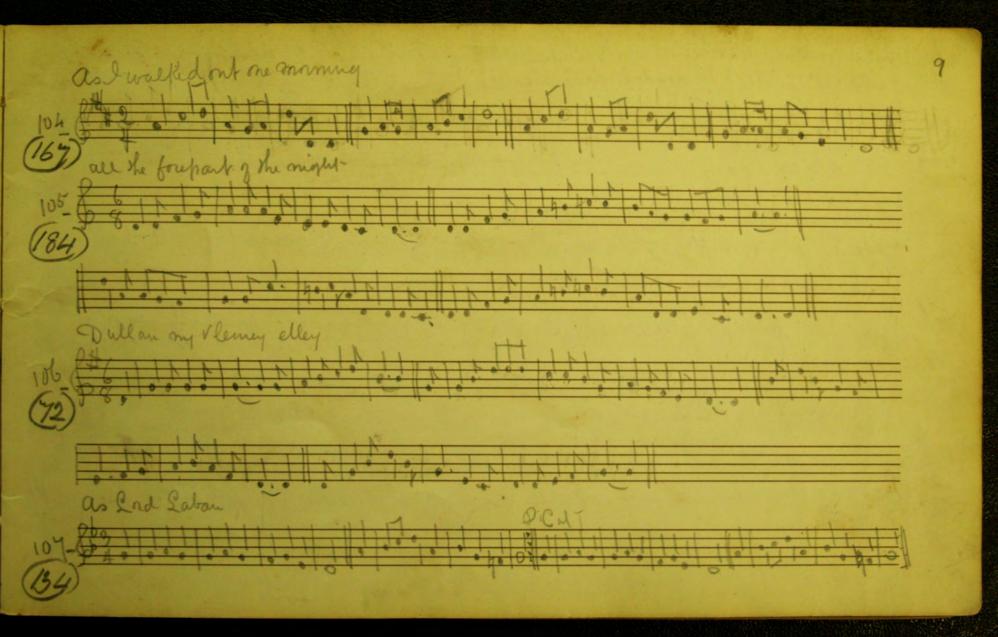
who we suffer at sea Ta Te la guigher sheal a you gurrane se y Rea as I was a walling in a forduling stome I called at a ale home to show a I sal don smoring on sides a glass By chave they came in a your 4 adminal Benton The vorym my quellegoleg accomagle a release Charow gearl merymoly togher myngow benjuly browagh - as moh to her you as thearms veg mish as oh brugdy brush yn Scollag acy neesht. the Iwas going + to any prime To the seas I heal to roam my freds by the conting To hand of the form enjoy my havaye paid bond for amenca To the East Ladies we were bond The gallet ship tisteen and every league is



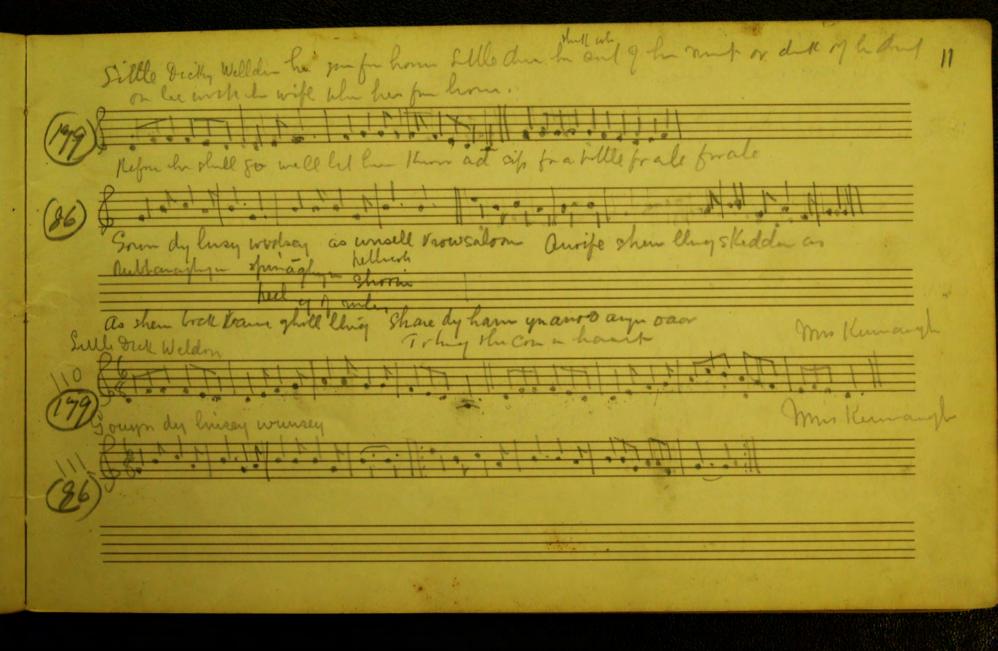


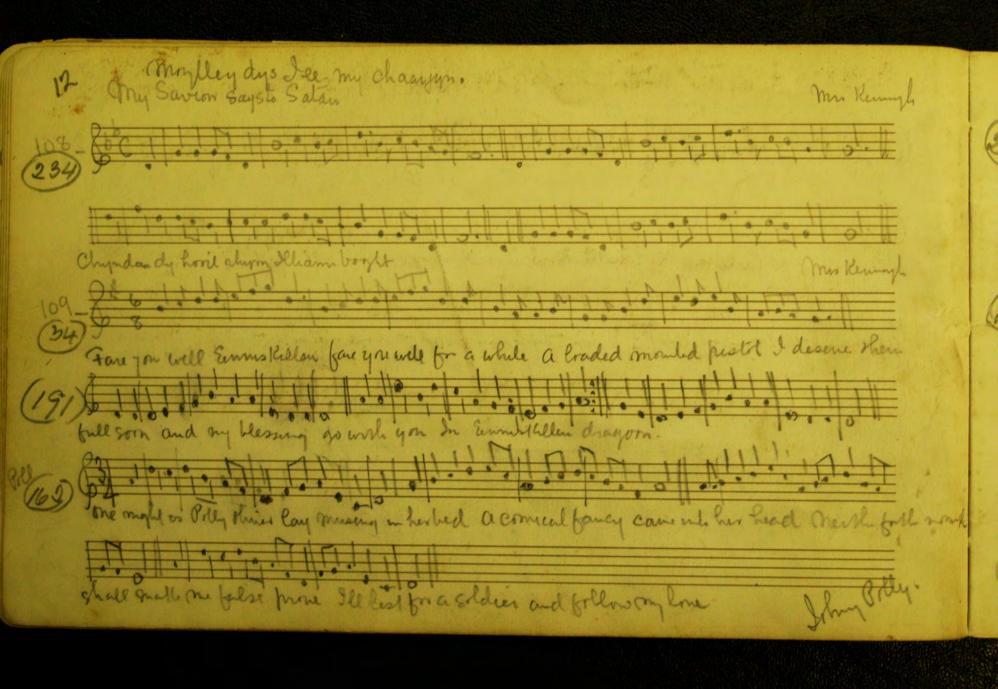
You hadon it is granted the lady affect For I know you help to the treamso wide. Costimonly born a maline format To View Ho gay banks of the Planis the a enferr he sour (196) In Selled in Selled in many Selland There listed there hother free three One of the Cut lite on the the two To see who would stand where when the sall sea To manteum his two hother and hoe.

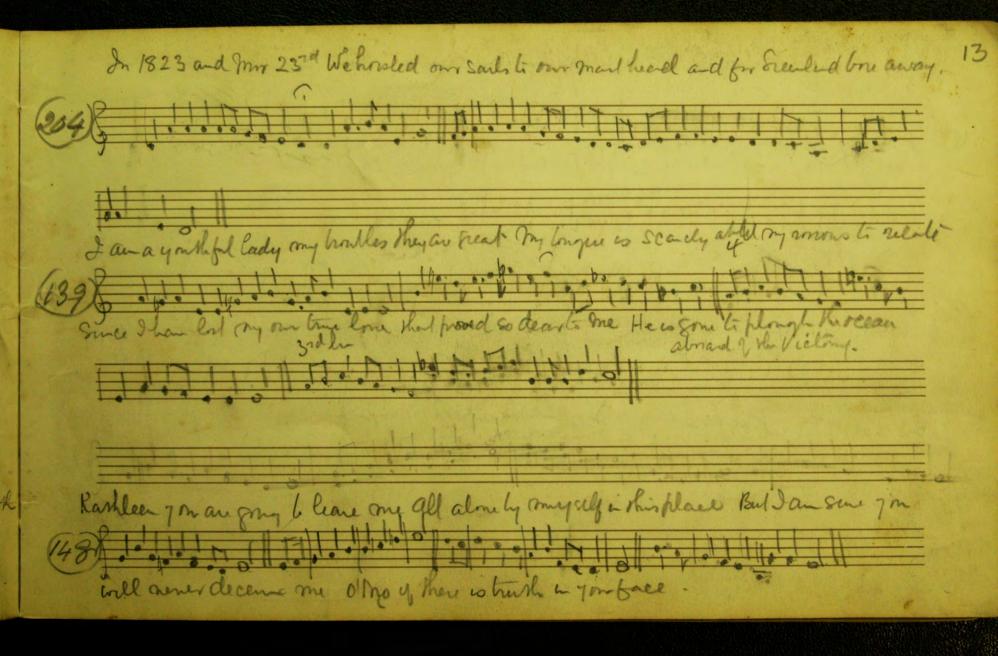


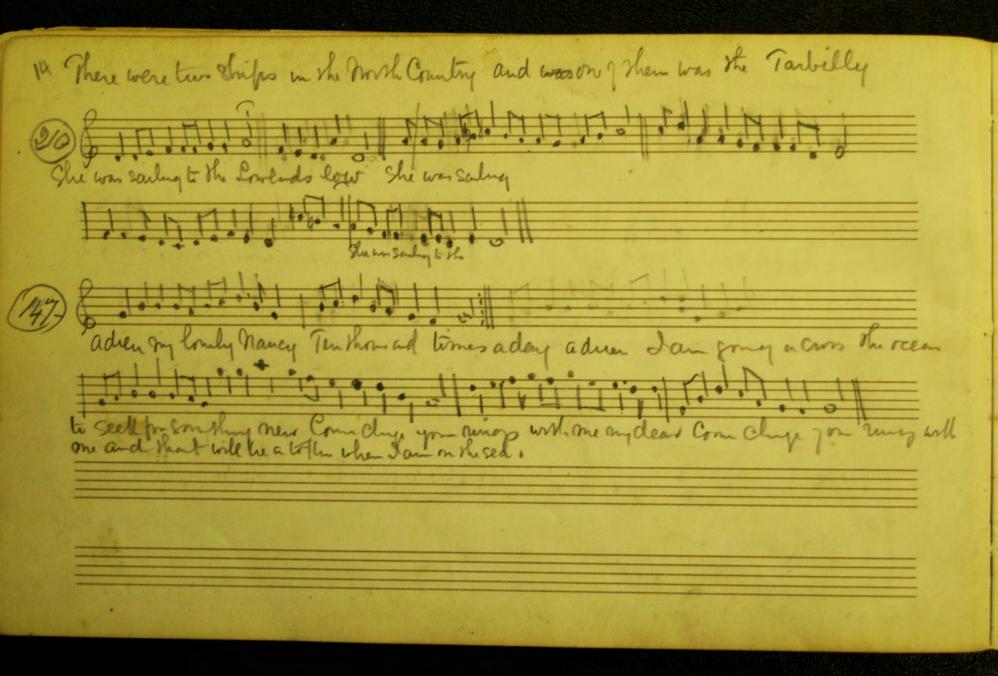


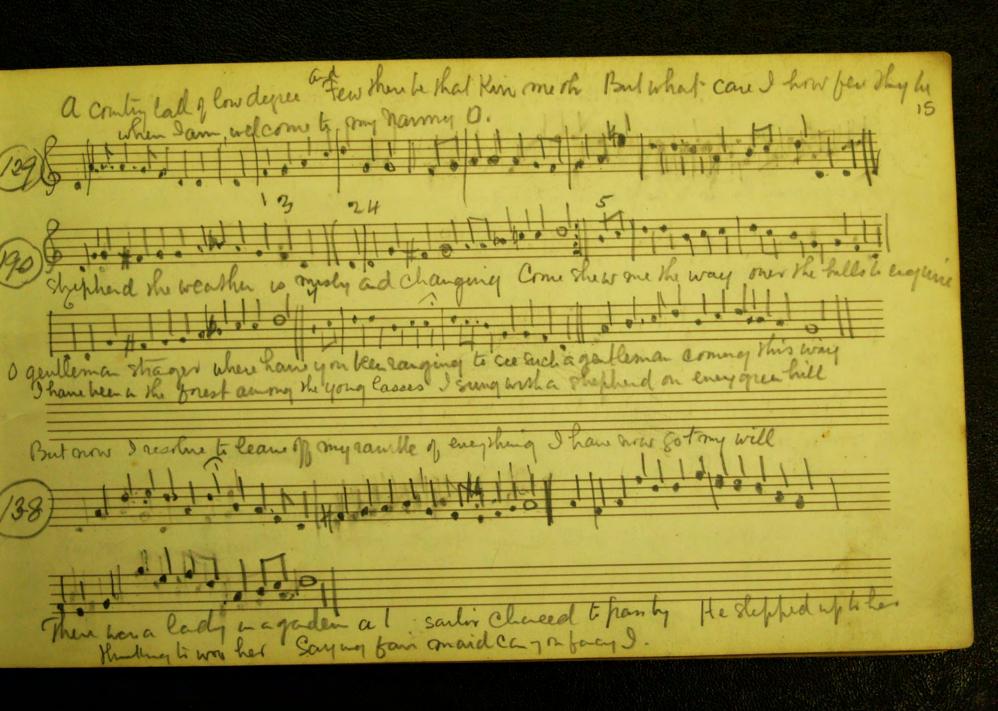
my Samme Sup to Salaw O why Salaw of Why Thom Very well dost Know For som I walt die I died to sama world & sin and sin I have left to there I died to save prose summer who have but their trust in me. Set the book I life he find and wing leaf afold The somen on one is there and augh reasy Curris jig as capas clock as currus er golagh Tare Vil as wo dear History food dy low our ushey marsh y corp. Chydan dy hovel alyn William bright as sweeping William bright dys y greent.

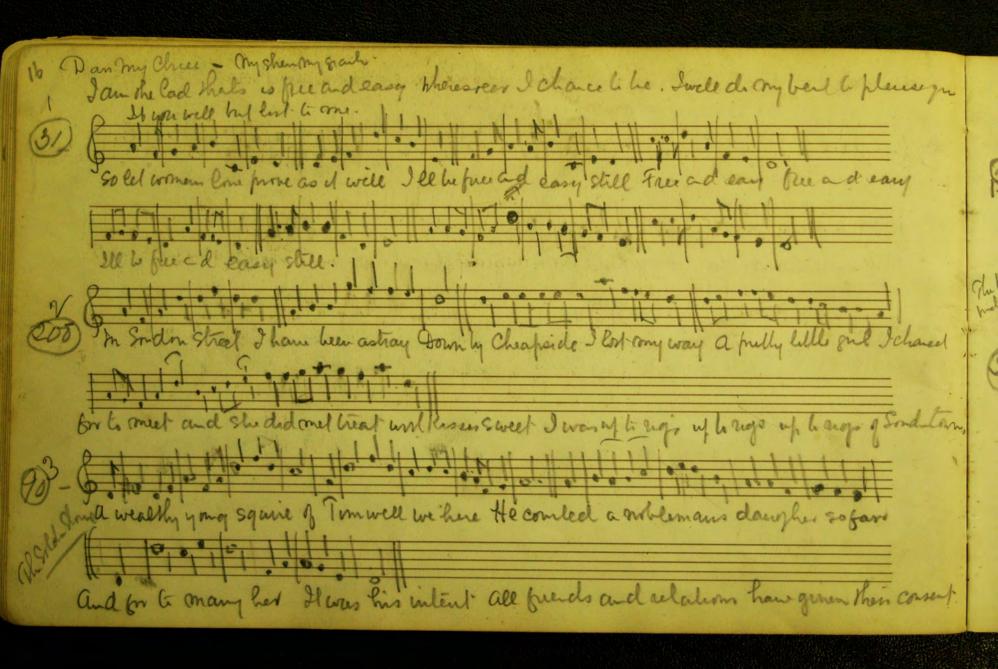




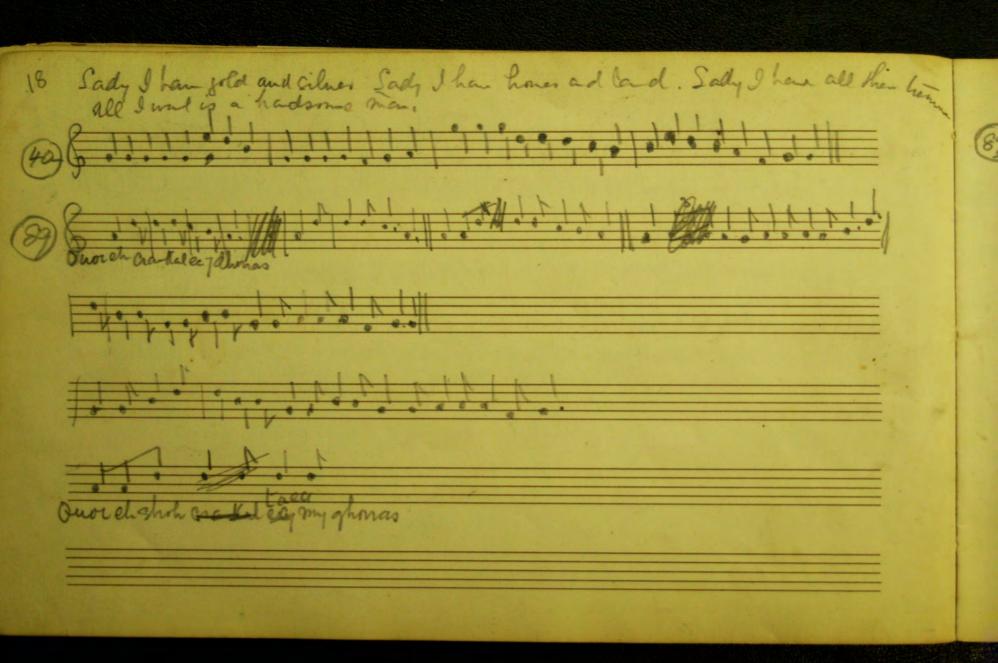




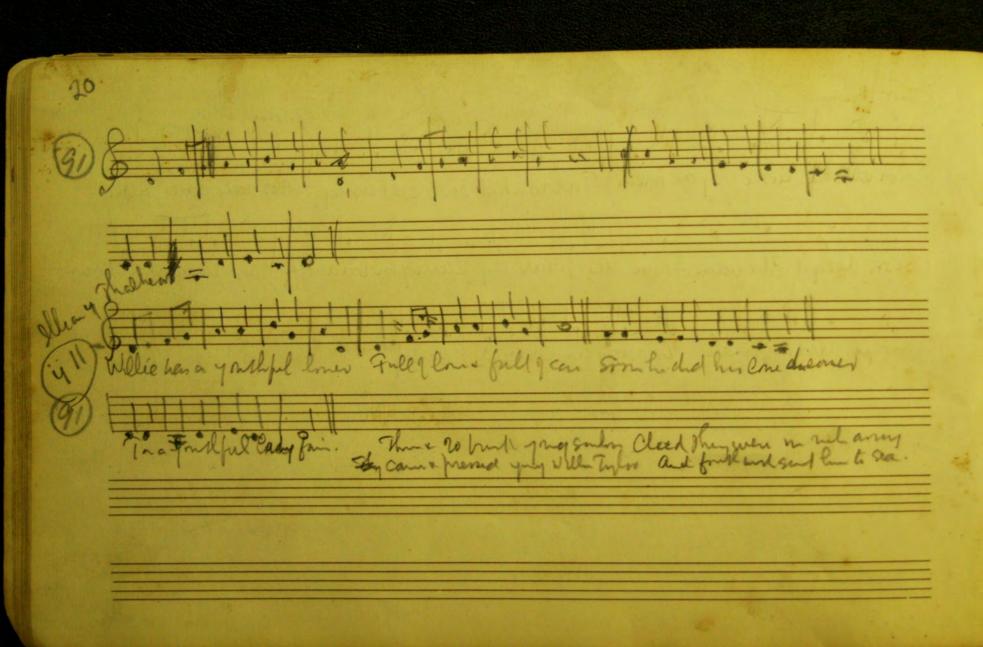


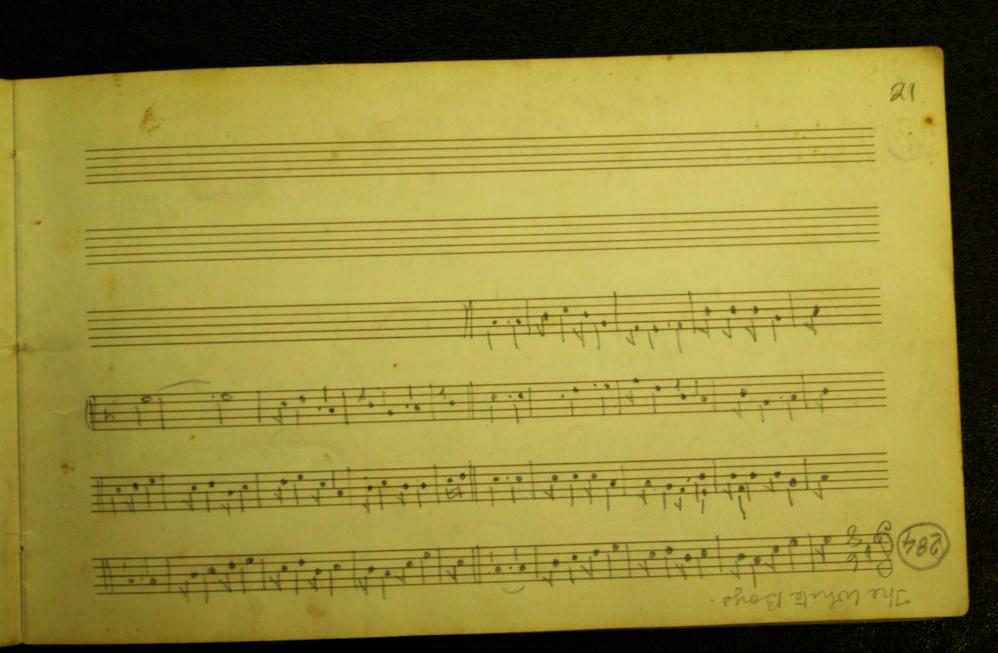


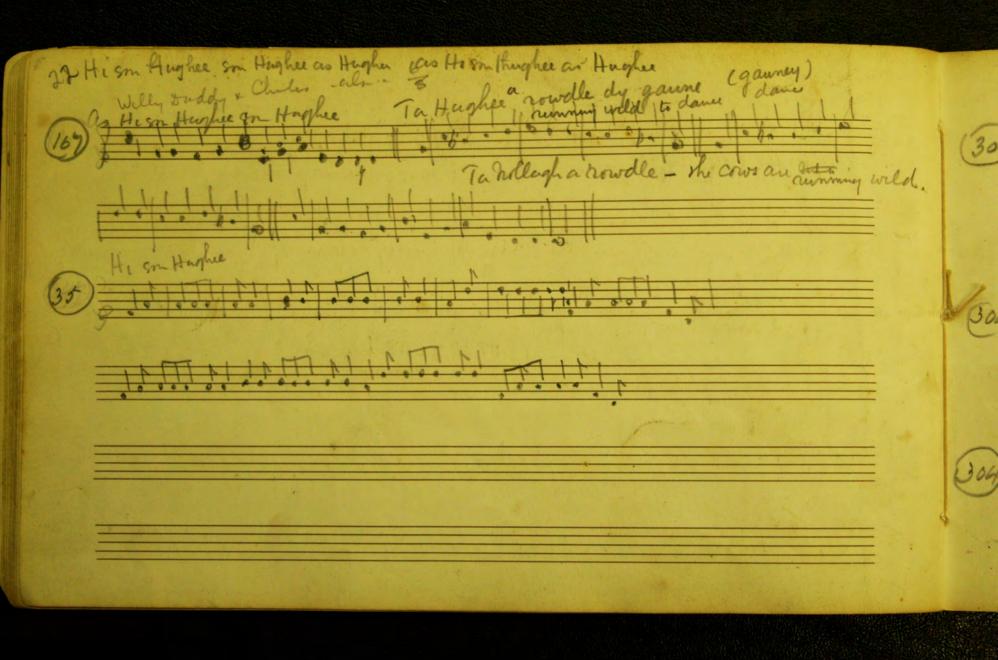
My ancient father has gle-lome told one That my wicked ways & would run me quite. But I never held him what he would say to me among the sailons I took my delight By the dangers of the ocean one morning in the month June The feathered wastron Songsters Their charming ontes so sweet did tune There I exped a female seemly in gruef their



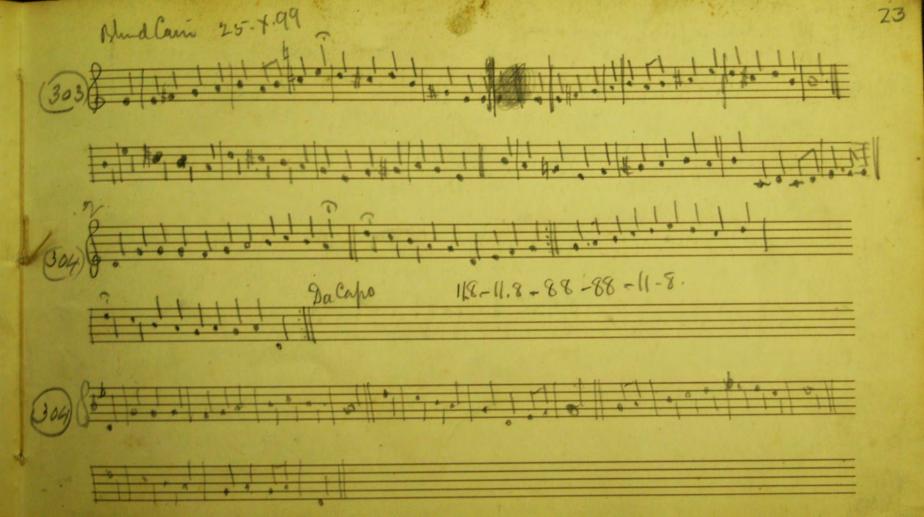












It December is fairer than may (88)