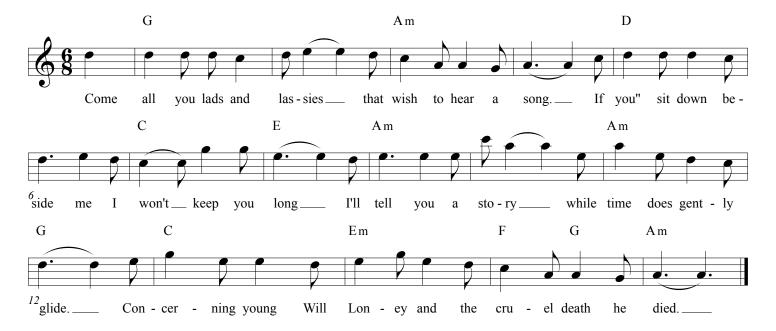
## The Death Of Young Bill Loney

Sung By Joseph Chisholm



Twas on the 24th of May, eighteen and sixty two He left his father's house and home to Williamstown to go He drove a pair of eagles white, with him they ran away And they left his body bleeding on the cold ground where it lay

He spent the day in Williamstown in merriment and glee In company with his neighbour boys it happened for to be His days were up, his hours were spent, his race of life was run And if he dipped too deep in wine, he's not the only one

They dragged him over hills and stones more than a mile of ground And when the glittering sun arose, his body there they found They took him to his father's house a-thinking he was dead The doctor then was sent for, to dress his wounded head

The clergy then was sent for to blot out all his sin Good people when you hear of this, I hope you'll say, "Amen" Likewise his wealthy parents, who he had left to mourn And his brother Alexander, with him no more shall roam

Some say he was a rover, and full of idle fun I never knew a wicked deed that Willie ever done He was a gallant worksman, in Spring and Autumn too He'd take his ill[?] and bear a smile whatever was to do