Caroline of Edinburgh Town

(alternate:)

Caroline of Edinburgh Town

Come all you men and maidens attend unto my rhyme
It's of a young damsel who scarce was in her prime
She beat the blushing roses admired by all around
Was lovely young Caroline of Edinburgh Town

Young Henry was a Highland man a-courting to her came
And when her parents came to know, they did not like the same
Young Henry was offended and unto her did say
"Arise my dearest Caroline and with me run away.

"We will both go to London, love, and there we'll wed with
speed
And then lovely Caroline shall have happiness indeed."
Now enticed by young Henry, she put on her other gown
And away went young Caroline of Edinburgh Town.

Over hills and lofty mountains together they did roam
In time arrived at London, far from their native home
Said Henry, "I will go to sea, your parents did on me frown
So beg your way without delay to Edinburgh Town.

"The fleet is fitting out at Spitzhead dropping down
And I will join the fleet to fight for King and crown
The gallant tars may feel their scars or in the water drown
Yet I never will again return to Edinburgh Town."

Oppressed with grief without relief this damsel she did go
Into the woods to eat such fruit as on the trees did grow
Some strangers they did pity her and some did on her frown
And some did say, "What made you stray from Edinburgh Town?"

There many a day she passed away in sorrow and despair
Her cheeks, though once like roses, were grown like lilies fair
She cried, "Where is my Henry?" and often she did swoon
Crying, "Sad is the day, I ran away from Edinburgh Town."

'Twas beneath a balmy oak where she sat down to cry
A-watching of the gallant ships as they were passing by
She gave one shriek for Henry and plunged her body down

And away floated Caroline of Edinburgh Town.

A note, likewise her bonnet, she left upon the shore
And in the note a lock of hair, with words, "I am no more."
And fast asleep into the deep, the fish were watching round
Once comely young Caroline of Edinburgh Town.

Come all young tender parents, ne'er try to part true love
You're sure to see, in some degree, the ruin it will prove
Likewise young men and maidens, ne'er on your lovers frown
Think on the fate of Caroline of Edinburgh Town.

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tune is a variant of Irish Girl, or Farmer and Shantyboy
collected from Ella Warner Fisher in 1932
tune "CAROEDN3" from Songs the Whalemen Sang, Huntington

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