

YOUNG WILLIE COOK

Hark my dear friends
Don't you hear the solemn sound
'Tis the (?) of Death that are waiting all around
There is one of our number
A youth in full bloom
Who's called away by death and
Now lies in his tomb

It grieves my heart sorely
To think that I must go
To be call-ed away to our long eternity
To leave my dear Mother and
My Father here behind
My sisters and my brothers
Who are so very kind

It's right here in Norland
I used to meet you all
"Til the (?) of Death it has given me a call
So now I must be going
I cannot stop long
(Sure?) a company of mourners
Will follow me on

And when I am dead and
Going to my grave
Four of you young men
So gallant and so brave
By the side of my coffin
I would have you to walk
And of my evil doings
I'd have you to talk

And when you reach the graveyard
Lay my body down
My friends and relations
Are weeping all around
Then open up the coffin lid
And there you'll look at me
My face it is a looking glass
my friends for to see

Then lower me down in
The cold clods of clay
Lower me down
'Til on earth I do lay
And shovel in that gravel
Which will call the solemn sound
My friends and relations
Are weeping all around

Oh my parents they taught me
They taught me full well
My parents they taught me
To shun the gates of Hell
But their counsel I slighted
My own way I took
Remember that young man
Whose name was Willie Cook

Now go down to yonder graveyard
And read the faithful cairn (care?)
And remember your body
Will soon be lying there
"Til the Resurrection Morn
And then your mortal body
Your soul shall adorn

George Howe, Norland, Ontario
Recorded by George Proctor