

Farewell To Old Bedford

From: Lee Monroe Presnell

Farewell to Old Bedford, I'm bound for to leave you
Likewise those pretty girls I nevermore shall see;
My portion is small but I truly confess it
What little I have, it is all my own.

Well might I have enjoyed it, all in pleasure
If my cruel parents had left me alone;
I will drown away sorrow in a full-flowing bumper
I will drown away sorrow in a bottle of wine.

Eight drams a bottle is, and I don't care for folly
Now never let trouble come into your mind,
I will drown her away in a full-flowing bumper
I will drown away sorrow in a bottle of wine.

Eight drams a bottle is, and I don't care for folly
I play on my fiddle and dance all the time,
My fingers are frozen, My bow it needs rosin
My sound post is down, and my bridge it won't stand