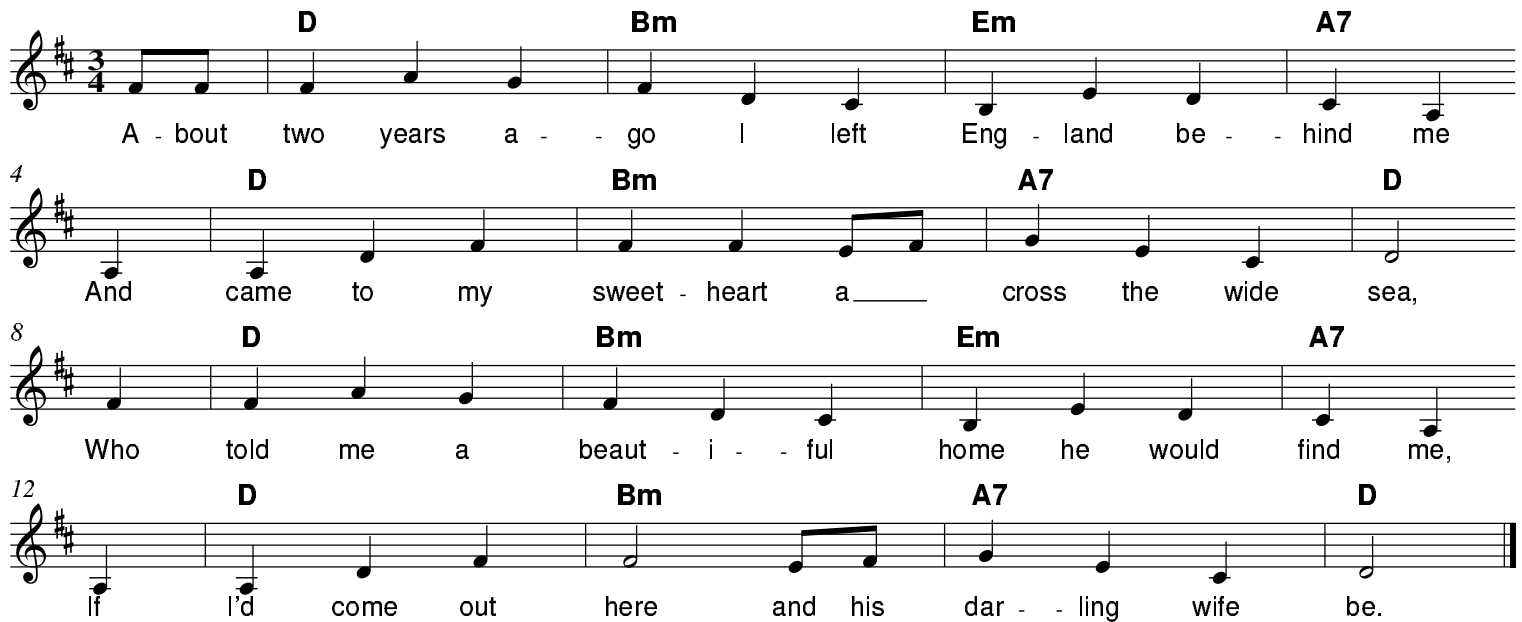


# The Colonial Widow

*This song comes from Coxon's Comic Songster (1858–9) where it is given the air 'Nora McShane'.*



A - bout two years a - - go I left Eng - land be - - hind me

4 And came to my sweet - heart a \_\_\_\_\_ cross the wide sea,

8 Who told me a beaut - i - - ful home he would find me,

12 If I'd come out here and his dar - - ling wife be.

We stayed one week in Melbourne, and then off we started,  
And by coach away to the diggings we went,  
But at our journey's end I was quite broken-hearted,  
To find my fine home was a rotten old tent.

And he'd go with his mates to a grog tent close handy,  
And drinking and fighting all day there remain,  
Then reel home at night with a bottle of brandy,  
And beat me if ever I dared to complain.

One night this kind husband of mine, not returning,  
I thought his career had received a slight check,  
But imagine my joy next morning when learning,  
He'd fallen down an old hole and broken his neck.

So now I'm a widow, some call me good looking,  
Of ardent admirers I've got a long train,  
Though the bait must be rich that will make me be hooking,  
Myself on the line of a husband again.