

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
And came to my sweet - heart a cross the wide sea,
Who told me a beaut - i - ful home he would find me,
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.