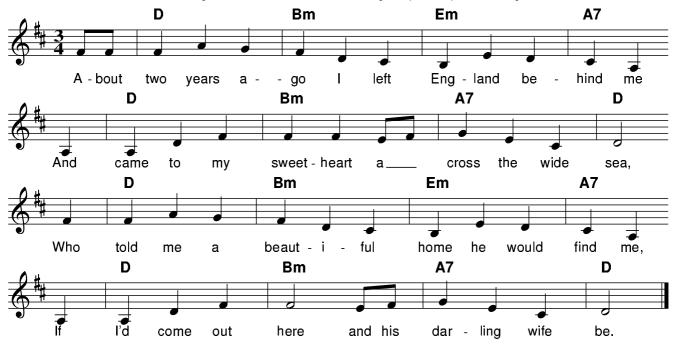
The Colonial Widow

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



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.