

# Nic Jones, Billy Don't You Weep For Me

&quot;Sally where are you going? that you do look so gay&quot;  
&quot;I know that I've not asked you to take a walk today&quot;  
&quot;You have not asked me; well indeed, it's a tidy cheek of you&quot;;  
&quot;For you think that there's no more young chaps; I've got a dozen or two&quot;; !  
&quot;Billy don't you weep for me&quot;;  
&quot;I'm going to St. James Park, me cousin Joe to see&quot;;  
&quot;Cousin Joe, now who is he - he's a soldier I can tell&quot;;  
&quot;For I know that you're fond of lobsters both raw and boiled as well&quot;;  
&quot;My Cousin Joe's a guardsman, and he is a handsome chap&quot;;  
&quot;And he wears a fine moustache, he goes in a stunning furry cap&quot;;  
&quot;Oh Billy don't you weep for me&quot;;  
&quot;I'm very fond of Cousin Joe, and he's very fond of me&quot;;  
&quot;We're going to the play tonight, Jack Sheppard for to see&quot;;  
&quot;And when that it is all over, we'll all have a jolly good spree&quot;;  
&quot;I've got money for a pint of stout and when we're short of tin&quot;;  
&quot;I'll even go and pawn my smock to buy us a bottle of gin&quot;;  
&quot;Billy don't you weep for me&quot;;  
&quot;I'm going after Cousin Joe and I'll sit all on his knee.  
&quot;Ask - what is the use of him? - he never can keep you - &quot;;  
&quot;You'll have to work from morn 'till night, that's what you'll have to do&quot;;  
&quot;You'll have to make sure, to the penny each, or else stand at the (wash)tub !&quot;;  
&quot;And mark my words, as many a day he'll go where he's sure to grub&quot;;  
&quot;And then, Sally, you'll cry for me&quot;;  
&quot;But go on back to Cousin Joe, and sit all on his knee !&quot;;  
In about a twelve months after, young Sally came back to me,  
She said that she was sorry that she'd ever been on that spree  
- Wanted me to take her back - says I, &quot;It is no go&quot;;  
&quot;For do you think that I'm such a fool? Go back to Cousin Joe !&quot;;  
&quot;Sally I can't come over - I see you have a baby to dance all on your knee&quot;;  
&quot;Oh Billy how can you serve me so? You really drive me mad !&quot;;  
&quot;I'll have you up before the beak, (magistrate) and I'll swear you are it's dad&quot;;  
&quot;When that you get before the bench they will not let you speak&quot;;  
&quot;And you'll have to keep the young one on 30 pence a week&quot;;  
&quot;So, Billy, how can you serve me so? for I'm sure the child belongs to you&quot;;  
&quot;And not to Cousin Joe&quot;;  
Well in a week she gets this summons but she found it was no go,  
And the magistrate decided that the child belonged to Joe.  
She went up to Billy's back yard, quickly the door she shut,  
And when at last they found her, she'd drowned in the water butt.  
So young women take a warning from me, never love a soldier or sit all on his knee.