

Unknown Artist, Angus Hempstead

ANGUS HEMPSTEAD

(Grit Laskin)

A fair maid walking all in her garden
A crushing flower beds all the while
She just ignores the cobblestone pathway
Thinks I she'll be easy to beguile
So I stepped in view saying, "How do you do, ma'am?"
And may I ask your true love's name
O Angus Hempstead is my true love
Have you brought me news from the raging main
Well, if Angus Hempstead is your true love
Who for many long years has been out to sea
He has become a well known legend
And it's news of this I bring to thee
Twas while the wars were raging fiercely
Both sides decided to stop for tea
And thinking to catch some fish for supper
Bold Angus threw hook and line to sea
Now he hooked a shark that pulled him over
Unto the seabed dragged him down
The sunken ships there tore his body
But still our Angus refused to drown
Well they surfaced every twenty minutes
And as they did we caught a view
Of torn and mangled Angus Hempstead
Whose blood in profusion did spew
His long intestines hung beside him
His single arm, it had no hand
From where we stood, his neck looked broken
And from his mouth and nose fell lumps of sand
Now when this fair maid heard my story
Her stomach, it grew pale and sore
Somehow from this act I decided
She was loyal, so I said, Fair maid, feel sick no more
I am your true love, Angus Hempstead
Here is the ring you gave to me
Through thick and thin, through fair and foul
I've had this ring to remember thee
But a ring like that I've never owned, sir
Twas a coin twas broke twixt Angus and me
I think you are either terribly mistaken
Or somewhat twisted as I can see
So this couple never did get married
And soon to bed they did not go
They never lived in a country cottage
And of her cuckoo's nest, he'll never know
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