

Hark Hark my young friends hear is a melancholy
Song the arrows of Death they fly swiftly a long
Hear is one of your numbers was all in her bloom
She was call away by Death And she Lies in her tomb.

Altho she is dead she invites you to come Singing go
In you churchyard and you will find it on her tomb
Singing go in your churchyard and read it with care
And remember it will not be long before your bodies meet ^{by their}

James El Constanet
Becker's Ice Tray 2nd 1819 W.

has verses.