## Pinery Boy

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Oh, a raftsman's life is a wearisome one, It causes many fair maids to weep and mourn. It causes them to weep and mourn For the loss of a tre love that never can return,

"O father, O father, build me a boat, That down the Wisconsin I may float, And every raft that I pass by There I will inquire for my sweet Pinery Boy."

As she was rowing down the stream
She saw three rafts all in a string.
She hailed the pilot as they drew nigh,
And there she did inquire for her sweet Pinery Boy.

"O pilot, O pilot, tell me tre, Is my sweet Willie among your crew? Oh, tell me quick and give me joy, For none other will I have but my sweet Pinery Boy."

"Oh, auburn was the color of his hair, His eyes were ble and his cheeks were fair. His lips were of a ruby fine; Ten thousand times they've met with mine."

"O honored lady, he is not here. He's drownded in the dells I fear. 'Twas at Lone Rock as we passed by, Ohre is where we left your sweet Pinery Boy."

She wrung her hands and tore her hair, Just like a lady in great despair, She rowed her boat against Lone Rock You'd a—thought this fair lady's heart was broke. "Dig me a grave both long and deep, Place a marble slab at my head and feet; And on my breast a turtle dove To let the world know that I died for love. And at my feet a spreading oak To let the world know that my heart was broke."