

Bolakins

Sung by Mrs. Nicola "Aunt Nicky" Pritchard  
(Turbyfill). Elk Park, N.C., Derek Piotr,  
July 13, 2020.

Cf. Child, no. 93.

Bolakins was a very fine mason as ever laid stone.  
He built a fine castle, and nay he got none.

Where is the gentleman, is he at home?  
He's gone to Marion, visit his son.

Where is the lady, is she at home?  
She's upstairs sleeping said the foster to him.

How will we get her down such a dark night as this?  
We'll stick the little baby full of needles and pins.  
They stuck the little baby full of needles and pins.

The foster she rocked, Bolakins he sang,  
While blood and tears the cradle did run.

Daughter Pessie climbed up in the tower so high,  
And saw her father come riding hard by.

Oh father, oh father, can you blame me?  
Old Bolakins has killed your baby.

Oh father, oh father, can you blame me?  
Old Polakins has killed your lady.

They hung old Polakins to the sea-gallows tree,  
And tied the foster to the stake of stand-by.