

Take a Trip on the Canal if You Want to Have Fun (part 3 of 3)/ William Was a Royal Lover

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AFS 1605 A1

Oft after a rain we'd get stuck on a bar, Then rig up our captain's spin blocks for more power. And if near a lock horse the paddles would swell, For this is unique and I know it works well.

But now comes excitement, lay over or race, You would have to go son if you would keep your place. State robbers were late but eventually come, Take a trip on the canal if you want to have fun.

With mosquitoes and bed bugs we always had wars, The [cuties?] and spars gladly signal your snores. An old gal and nippers pet your pate and nose, While the pest of the cupboard would nip at your toes.

The roaches, moth, crickets, were gay allies too, Your food, cloths, and longings, they all love to chew. I vision creation all lands everyone, No place like the canal if you want to have fun.

Each day something new Father Time sure had wings, We're busy and happy all nature would sing. The beautiful scenery was beyond compare, The breath of the waters and flowers filled the air.

The circus, the acre, anything or show, We're sure of that number exceedingly slow. You'd wake up and see you were blind, deaf, and dumb, To the real life of living was the way we had fun.

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So haul in the towline and take up the slack, Take a reef in your shirttail and straighten your back. Whatever you do be sure, don't forget, Tap the news gently while the cook is on deck.

Oh, those were gay times and no equal have they, Whatever the weather, we'd run night and day. If I owned the world on the ditch I would run, For no other place has such oceans of fun.

William was a Royal Lover

AFS 1605 A2

William was a royal lover, But disobeyed the King's command, His jewel was of humble station, But to him was most noble grand.

The King's decree must be respected, The foreign service best said he, And keep him under observation, Not from his jewel, to know or see.

He plead for grace but was rejected, All royal rights he would forfeit, But solid was his royal master, As upon his throne he proudly sat.

Poor William he was pressed in service, Not from his jewel did he hear, But to his promise he was faithful, And the thought of her was always dear.

In course of time the King recalled him, William thought that was his promised bride, Not knowing she was dead and buried, With thoughts of her he was occupied.

When he arrived to her home he hastened, The truth he learned, he wept and cried, The sunshine of his life had vanished, Soon, soon he sickened and then died.