

Peter Gray

Once on a time there lived a man,  
His name was Peter Gray;  
He lived way down in that there town  
Called Penn-syl-va-ni- a.

Blow ye winds of morning,  
Blow ye winds heigh- o,  
Blow ye winds of morning,  
Blow, blow, blow.

Now Peter fell in love all with  
A nice young girl,  
The first two letters of her name  
Were Lucy, Annie, Pearl.

Just as they were gwine to wed  
Her father did say no;  
And quin-ci-cont-ly she was sent  
Beyond the Oh-i-o.

When Peter heard his love was lost,  
He knew not what to say,  
He'd half a mind to jump into  
The Susquehan-i-a.

But he went traveling to the west  
For furs and other skins;  
Till he was caught and scal-pi-ed  
By blood-i In-ji-ins.

When Lucy-Annie heard the news,  
She straightway took to bed,  
And never did get up again  
Until she di-i-ed.

You fathers all a warning take,  
Each one as has a girl;  
And think upon poor Peter Gray  
And Lucy, Annie, Pearl.