

The Lassie Mohee

THE LASSY MOHEE

Ed Mullins Arvin, 1941

As I sat amusin myself in the grass Who should I discover but a fair Indian lass.

She sat down beside me, she taken my hand Saying, Sir, yore a stranger in a strange land.

And if you will follow, yore welcome to come And dwell in the cottage, the place I call home.

Together we wandered, together we roam Till we came to the cottage where the coconuts grow.

This kind of expression she said to me If you will consider and stay here with me.

If you will consider and stay here with me And go no more roamin far over the sea,

And go no more roamin far over the sea I'll teach you the language of the Lassy Mohee.

Oh no my pretty maiden that never could be For I have a sweet lover far over the sea.

And I would not forsake her for I know she loves me And I know she's as true as the lassie Mohee.

It was early one morning, one morning in May To this kind young maiden these words I did say:

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I'm goin' to leave you so fare you well My ship's sails are spreading and at home i must dwell.

The last time I saw her she stood on the sand And as my boat passed her, she waved me her hand,

Saying when you have landed on yore na-ti-ive shore With friends and relatives around you once more,

Well when I had landed on my na-ti-ive shore With friends and relatives around me once more

I gazed all around me no one could I see That was fit to compare with my lassie Mohee

The girl I had trusted had proved false to me I'll turn my course backward far over the sea.

I'll turn my course backward far over the sea I'll spend my last days with the lassie Mohee.