

## JOHNNY SANDS

John Sinclair, 1842

1. A man whose name was John - ny Sands, Had mar - ried Bet - ty Hague, And  
 2. "For fear that I should cour - age lack, And try to save my life, Pray,

though she brought him gold and lands, She proved a ter - ri - ble plague; For, oh, she was a  
 tie my hands be - hind my back," "I will," re - plied his wife, — She tied them fast, as

scold - ing wife, Full of ca - price and whim, He said that he was tired of life,  
 you may think, And when se - cure - ly done, "Now stand," she says, "up - on the brink,

And she was tired of him, And she was tired of him, And she was tired of  
 And I'll pre - pare to run, And I'll pre - pare to run, And I'll pre - pare to

him; Says he, "Then I will drown my - self, The riv - er runs be - low," Says  
 run." All down the hill his lov - ing bride Now ran with all her force, To

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she, "Pray do, you sil - ly elf, I wished it long a - go." Says he, "Up-on the  
push him in, he stepped a-side, And she fell in, of course; Now splash-ing, dash-ing,

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brink I'll stand, Do you run down the hill, And push me in with all your might." Says  
like a fish, "Oh, save me, John - ny Sands." "I can't, my dear, though much I wish, For

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she, "My love, I will," Says she, "My love, I will," Says she, "My love, I will."  
you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands."