Johnny Sands

John Sinclair, 1842

1. A man whose name was John-ny Sands, Had mar-ried Bet-ty Hague, And though she brought him gold and lands, She proved a ter-ri-ble plague; For, oh, she was a scold-ing wife, Full of ca-price and whim, He said that he was tired of life, And she was tired of him, And she was tired of him, And she was tired of him; Says he, "Then I will drown my-self, The riv-er runs be-low;" Says

2. "For fear that I should cour-age lack, And try to save my life, Pray, tie my hands be-hind my back," "I will," re-plied his wife,— She tied them fast, as you may think, And when se-cure-ly done, "Now stand," she says, "up-on the brink, And I'll pre-pare to run, And I'll pre-pare to run, And I'll pre-pare to run." All down the hill his lov-ing bride Now ran with all her force, To

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,

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

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."