Frieden

Peter Maffay

Unknown
Miscellaneous
Peter Emberly
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My name 'tis Peter Emberley, as you may understand.
I was born on Prince Edward's lsland near by the ocean strand.
ln eighteen hundred and eighty-four when the flowers were a brilliant hue
I left my native counterie my fortune to pursue.

I landed in Mew Brunswick in a lumbering counterie'
I hired to work in the lumber woods on the Sou-West Miramichi.
I hired to work in the lumbei woods where they cut the tall spruce down
While loading teams with yarded logs I received a deadly wound.

There's danger on the ocean where the waves roll mountain high,
There's danger on the battlefield where the angry bullets fly.
There's danger in the lumber woods, for death lurks sullen there,
And I have fell a victim into that monstrous snare.

I know my luck seems very hard since fate has proved severe,
But victor death is the worst can come and I have no more to fear.
And he'll allay those deadly pains and liberate me soon.
And I'll sleep the long and lonely sleep called slumber in the tomb.

Here's adieu to Prince Edward's lsland, that garden in the seas,
No more I'll walk its flowery banks to enjoy a summer's breeze.
No more I'll view those gallant ships as they go swinrming by,
With their streamers floating on the breeze above the canvas high.

Here's adieu unto my father, it was him who drove me here.
I thought he used me cruelly, his treatments were unfair.
For 'tis not right to oppress a boy or try to keep him down.
'Twill oft repulse him from his home whcn he is far too young.

Here's adieu unto my greatest friend, I mean my mother dear,
She raised a son who fell as soon as he left her tender care.
'Twas little did my mother know when she sang lullaby,
What country I might travel in or what death I might die.

Here's adieu unto my youngest friend, those island girls so true.
Long may they bloom to grace that isle where first my breath I drew.
For the world will roll onjust the same when I have passed away,
What signifies a mortal man whose origin is clay?

But there's a world beyond the tomb, to it I'm nearing on.
Where man is more than mortal, and death can never come.
The mist of death it glares my eyes and I'm no longer here,
My spirit takes its final flight unto another sphere.

And now before I pass away there is one more thing I crave,
That some good holy father will bless my mouldering grave.
Near by the city of Boiestown where my mouldering bones do lay.
A-waiting for my saviour's call on that great Judgement Day.

From Penguin Book of Canadian Folk Songs, Fowke
@Canada @logging @death @work

```
filename[ PTRMBRLY
play.exe PTRMBRLY
RG
```


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