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1856

## Mister Sawyer

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# Mister Sawyer

briskly  $\frac{3}{4}$ ,  $\bullet = 180$



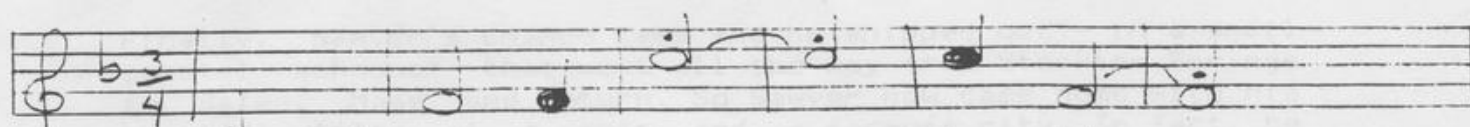
Oh Mister Sawyer he was so true, he said he could



plow the o-cean through, He said he could plow the o-cean



round, till he a-rrived in Sa-lem Town, Ah Tu-ra-



Lu-ra - Lu-ra lu — ra li —

Oh! Mr. Sawyer he was so true  
He said he could plow the ocean through  
He said he could plow the ocean 'round  
Till he arrived in Salem town.

La-tu-ra-lu-ra-lu-ra-lu-ra-lie

Oh! Mr. Sawyer he went on shore  
To view the city o're  
He viewed the city with great delight  
Says he we'll have a fight this night.

(chorus)

Oh! Mr. Sawyer went into the hall  
Amongst the ladies all  
Says he "I'll take the head of this dance"  
And up and down the hall he pranced.

(Chorus)

Oh! Mr. Sawyer came home at last  
He found the doors all fast  
He gave kick a thump and a sound  
Says he I'm right from Salem town.

(Chorus)

Oh! Old Miss Ellis she jumped for joy  
To welcome home her darling boy  
Says she you are a noble lad  
And you're the image of your dad.

(Chorus)

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MISRA

Back in Stockton Springs, Maine there lived a man named Sawyer Ellis. Sawyer attended school there and when he graduated continued to stay in town, whither to take care of his widowed mother or to have the protection of his mother, non ever really knew. Meanwhile, all his school chums left and went off to the far corners of the world on the tall ships, either whalers or merchantmen headed for the romantic far east. They were gone for three or four years or more at a time and came back with glorious tales of where they had been and what they had done. Sawyer was envious but, still, he stayed home with his mother.

Finally, Sawyer's chance came and he shipped out - in a small coastal schooner that went all the way from Stockton Springs to Salem, Mass and return. So Sawyer now came home with his boastful tales of a ship and a far-off city. In fact, he became so obnoxious with his tales that the local people in Stockton Springs even commemorated him in song. That song somehow came into your Grandfather's possession and has been used as a lullaby in the family ever since. It goes like this:

Dr. W. D. Small  
Boise, Idaho

\* William C. Small, b. Stockton Springs in 1856

Given to BMLL by Cmdr. Donald Small, grandson\*

