

Brother of Penryn

Seth Lakeman

The rain it taps upon the door, the night is dark and grim
This lonely daughter sits at home, so pretty and so trim
Sir, my father is in bed and my mother is in show
I fear I cannot let you in, although your voice I know

I am your brother, roving Mike, the one you loved so dear
Who ran away to sea to join the dashing buccaneers
Now my fortunes have been made, returning to Penryn
I hear my father's wealth has gone, he's a poor man once again

You shall tell your story, in the morning brother mine
Come into the guest room, now, and sleep in linen fine
Father will forgive me, for I let no stranger in
You've come to mend misfortunes in the lives of old Penryn

In the morn' the father woke before the birds had left
He saw the bags of gold belonging to his unknown guest
"Wife, here lies the cure to all the sorrows we have seen
"If our daughter marries well, a rich man lies within"

"Husband, if she marries, still the gold to him belongs
kill him, we must steal the bag and tell her he has gone"
She crept into the silent room, where lay our precious guest
Quickly in the darkness put a dagger to his chest

Jane awoke to hear her father weeping for his son
He cried out loud, "Damn you wife, you'll pay for what you've done"
Penryn's son now lies here dead, and he slays his wicked wife
As the daughter runs to the room he falls upon his knife

So my friends come take this warning, from this mother's deed
Treasure most the things you love, not the things you need
Learn a lesson from this tale I have humbly told
Remember life itself is sweeter, than diamonds, pearls or gold