

Taken down from Anne Roberts, Scobbetor, by F.W.B. Sept. 30, 1890



Taken down from Jas. Potter, Hartland, Post Bridge by F.W.B. Sept. 22, 1890



Taken down from an old man near Newton Abbot. & sent me.



Same as tune in "Pills to purge Melancholy" III. 292.



Taken down from H. Westaway, Belstone by F.W.B. Oct 1894



Think on when you sm-o - - ke To-bac-co

1. Tobacco is an Indian Weed,
Grows green at morn, cut down at eve,
Shows our decay, all flesh is hay,
Pray think on this, when you smoke tobacco.
 2. The pipe that is so lily-white
Wherein so many take delight,
Gone with a touch, man's life is such,
Pray think on this, when you smoke tobacco.
 3. The pipe that is so foul within,
Shows how the soul is stain'd with sin,
It doth require the purging fire,
Pray think on this, when you smoke tobacco.
 4. The ashes that are left behind,
Do serve to put us all in mind,
That unto dust return we must,
Pray think on this, when you smoke tobacco.
 5. The smoke that doth so high ascend,
Shows that our life must have an end,
The vapour's gone, man's life is done
Pray think on this, when you smoke tobacco.
- B. See Bell's "Songs & Ballads of the English Peasantry" p. 232.
Chappell's "Pop. Music of Olden Times" II. 564
D'Urfey "Pills to Purge Melancholly" 1719, III. 292