

Kingston Trio, The

"The Unfortunate Miss Bailly"

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In seventeen forty-two, it was customary in the
township of Halifax
For a gentleman to partake occasionally of ratafia
Which was a light-flavored liquor of amazing potency
Which originated in middle sex
And which we suppose is the reason for this song

Oh, Miss Bailly! Unfortunate, Miss Bailly

A captain bold in Halifax who dwelt in country quarters
Seduced a maid who hung herself one Monday in her
garters
His wicked conscience smitted him, he lost his stomach
daily
He took to drinking ratafia and thought upon Miss
Bailly

Oh, Miss Bailly! Unfortunate, Miss Bailly

One night betimes, he went to bed for he had caught
the fever
Said he, "I am a handsome man and I'm a gay
deceiver"
His candle just a twelve o'clock began to burn quite
palely
A ghost stepped up to his bedside and said, "Behold,
Miss Bailly"

Oh, Miss Bailly! Unfortunate, Miss Bailly

"Avast, Miss Bailly," then he cried, "You can't affright
me, really"
"Dear Captain Smith," the ghost replied, "You used me
ungenteelly?
The coroner's quest goes hard with me because I've
acted freely
And Parson Biggs won't bury me though I'm a dead
Miss Bailly"

Oh, Miss Bailly! Unfortunate, Miss Bailly

"Dear Mam," says he, "Since you and I must once for
all accounts close
I have a one pound note in my regimental small clothes
'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave," the ghost then
answered gaily
"Bless you, wicked Captain Smith, remember poor Miss
Bailey"

Oh, Miss Bailey! Unfortunate, Miss Bailey

All's well that ends well, I suppose

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