



### *Hurrah for an Irish Stew.*

Hurrah ! for an Irish Stew !  
Hurrah ! for an Irish Stew ;  
It's season'd so fine, and it's flavour's divine,  
Hurrah ! for an Irish Stew.  
It's *plummy* wid pepper and salt,  
It's good wid parates a few,  
And nothing can equal in this *grubbing* world  
An elegant Irish stew.

Hurrah, &c.

If you ax a young lover to dine,  
And you'd have him behave kind to you,  
And you'd make love come out of his beautiful mouth.  
You should stuff it wid Irish stew.  
Here's a health to John Bull and his beef,  
Here's a health to Sandy and brew,  
Here's a health to Paddy, good luck, and in brief,  
Success to his Irish stew.

Hurrah &c.

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## Burns's FAREWHEEL.

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Ae fond kiss and then we sever ;  
Ae fareweel, alas ! for ever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs aud groans I'll wage thee.  
Who shall say that fortune grieves him  
While the star of hope she leaves him ?  
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me ;  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
Naething could resist my Nancy ;  
But to see her, was to love her :  
Love but her, and love for ever :  
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first fairest ?  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !  
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !  
Ae fareweel, alas ! for ever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

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*George Walker, Jun., Printer, Durham. Sold by  
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### *Turn again, thou fair Eliza.*

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,  
Ae kind blink before we part,  
Rew on thy despairing lover !  
Canst thou break his faithful heart ?  
Turn again, thou fair Eliza :  
If to love thy heart denies,  
For pity hide the cruel sentence  
Under friendship's kind disguise !  
Thee, dear maid, hae I offended ?  
The offence is loving thee :  
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,  
Wha for thine wad gladly die ?  
While the life beats in my bosom,  
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :  
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,  
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.  
Not the bee upon the blossom,  
In the pride o' sunny noon ;  
Not the little sporting fairy,  
All beneath the simmer moon ;  
Not the poet in the moment  
Fancy lightens in his e'e,  
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,  
That thy presence gies to me.