



THE Martyrs Grave

And must I leave my native shores,
and cross the distant seas;
While the wide ocean threatening roars,
and death is in the breeze.

Must thoughts of home like burning tears
bedew these cheeks of mine—
The hopes, the joys of coming years
launched on the treacherous brine

And what is more than all beside,
those dreams of love and truth;
Which early friendship's honest pride
had formed for us in youth.

O father dear! O mother kind
one last, one long embrace—
Still to your aching bosom bind,
the remnant of your race.

For stranger forms surround us now,
and features new and strange.
Gaze on me with indifferent brow—
Great God, how great the change!

THE CAVALIER.

I was a beautiful night, the stars
shone bright,
and the moon o'er the waters played;
When a cavalier to a bower drew near
a lady to serenade. (chords,

To tenderest words he swept the
and many a sigh breathed he;
While o'er and o'er he foudly swore,
'sweet maid, I love but thee!'

He raised his eye to her lattice high,
while he softly breathed his hopes—
With amazement he sees, swing about
with the breeze,

all ready a ladder of ropes.
'Up, up, he has gone, the bird is flown
what is this on the ground?' quoth he;
Oh, it's plain that she loves, here's
some gentleman's gloves,
She is off—and it is not with me—
for these gloves they never belonged
to me.

Of course you'd have thought he'd
have followed and fought,
That being the dueling age;

But this gay cavalier he quite scorned
the idea
of putting himself in a rage.
More wise or far, he put up his guitar,



THE Maid of Bon Clody.

Were you ever at the moss house where the
birds do increase,
At the foot of mount Leinster or some silent
place,
Near the streams of Bon Clody where all
pleasurers do meet,
And all I request is one kiss from my
sweet.

If I was in Bon Clody I would think myself
at home,
'Tis there I would have sweet hearts but
here I have none,
Drinking strong liquor in the height of my
cheer,
Here's a health to Bon Clody and the lad
I love dear.

The cuckoo is a pretty bird, it sings as
she flies,
It brings us good tidings, and tells us not
lies,
It sucks the young birds eggs to make its
voice sound clear,
And it never cries cuckoo 'till the summer
draws near.

If I was a clerk and loved to write small
hand,
I would write to my true-love that she
might understand,
I am a young fellow who is wounded in
love,
Once I lived in Bon Clody, but now has
removed.

If I was a lark and had wings I then could
fly,
I would go to yon harbour where my love
he does lie,
I'd proceed to yon harbour where my true-
love does lie,
And on his fond bosom contented I would
lie.

The reason my love slights me, as you may
understand,
She has got a freehold and I have no land,
She has a great store of riches, and a large
sum of gold,
And every thing fitting a house to uphold.

So fare you well father and likewise my
mother,
So good-bye sister, as I have got no brother
I am bound for America my fortune to