



Clonbolloge Bay.

As I roved out for pleasure,
Where'er my fancy lay,
Both day and night was my delight,
To view Clonbolloge bay;
I take a view of that harbour now,
With all her ships on sea,
There is no place through Erin's Isle
To match Clonbolloge bay.

Chorus—There was a time in bygone days
We had no ships on sea,
A piper he came sailing in
On board a cock of hay.

Our ship she now sails out, my boys,
Across the sea she goes,
With a pleasant gale, all round Cloncrane,
Straight a-head for Clonnyvoe;
On July the 12th, our ship she left,
Oh! rainy was the day,
To Rathangan town of high renown,
We sailed from Clonbolloge bay.

The morning rose, the sea got calm,
We crossed the raging main,
Among sharks and whales we sailed our way,
Bound for the hill of Shane,
We topped Shane hill, with heart and will,
We could see so far away—
Full thirty miles with the naked eye,
Upon a bright summer's day.

We turned about, and took our route,
For Ballykillen we set sail,
The grandest place in the county of King's
For its beauties never fail;
One of our seamen was cast overboard,
In a watery grave he is buried,
With a loud huzzay we sailed our way,
From Esker to Clongerret.



Bonny Labouring Boy,

As I roved out one morning,
All in the blooming spring,
I overheard a damsel fair,
Most grievously she did sing,
Saying cruel were my parents,
Who did me sore annoy,
They would not let me tarry,
With my bonny Irish Boy!

His cheeks are like the roses red,
His eyes are black as sloes,
He is meek in his behaviour
Wherever that he goes,
He is well sized both neat and wise,
Like a maiden's chastity,
If I had my will I would be still
In my love's company.

Says the mother to the daughter
Why do you speak so strange,
To marry a poor labouring boy,
The world far to range;
Some noble lord might fancy you
Great riches to enjoy,
So do not throw yourself away,
On a poor labouring boy.

Says the daughter to the mother
Your talk is all in vain,
For knights, lords, dukes and earls
Their efforts I disdain;
'd sooner live an humble life
Where time I would employ,
I'll wait happy prospects
With my bonny labouring boy.

