

CASTLE HYDE.

As I roved out on a summer's morning,
Down by the banks of Blackwater side,
To view the groves and meadows charming,
And pleasure gardens of Castle Hyde.

'Tis there you'd see the thrushes warbling,
The dove and the partridge I now describe,
The lambkins sporting every morning,
All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde.

There are fine walks in these pleasant gardens
And seats most charming in shady bowers,
The gladiator who is bold and daring,
Each night and morning to watch the flowers.

There's a church for service in this fine harbour,
Where nobles often in coaches ride,
To view the groves and pleasant gardens,
That front the palace of Castle Hyde.

If noble princes from foreign places,
Should chance to sail to the Irish shore,
'Tis in this valley they could be feasted,
As oft heroes have done before.

The wholesome air in this habitation,
Would recreate your heart with pride,
There is no valley throughout this nation,
With beauty equal to Castle Hyde.

There are fine horses and stall fed oxes,
A den for foxes to play and hide,
Fine mares for breeding and foreign sheeping,
With snowy fleeces in Castle Hyde.

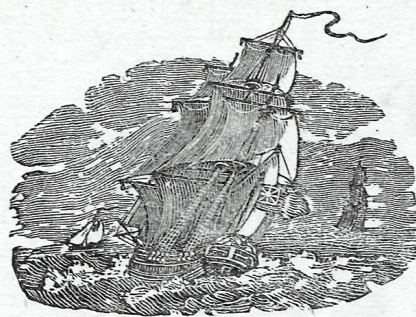
The grand improvements would there amaze you,
The trees are dropping with fruit of all kinds,
The bee's surprising the fields with music,
Which yields more beauty to Castle Hyde.

The richest groves in this nation,
In fine plantations you will see there,
The rose and tulip and sweet carnation,
All vying with the lilly fair.

The buck and doe, the fox and eagle,
They skip and play by the river side,
The trout and salmon always roving,
In the clear streams of Castle Hyde.

I rode from Blarney to Castle-Barnet,
To Thomastown and sweet Doneraile,
To Kilsharmack that joins Rathernack,
Besides Killarney and Abbeyfeal.

The flowing Nore and the rapid Boyne,
The river Shannon and pleasant Clyde,
But in all my ranging and serenading,
I saw none to equal Castle Hyde.



THE ORPHAN BOY.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a hapless orphan's tale;
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale.

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy,
But in the Nile's brave fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child, how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame.

To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life was bought,
And me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears,
Rejoice, rejoice, still cried the crowd,—
My mother answered with her tears.

O, why do tears steal down your cheek,
Cried I, while others shout with joy?
She kiss'd me, and in accents weak,
She called me her poor orphan boy.

What is an orphan boy? I said—
While suddenly she gasped for breath,
And her eyes closed—I shrieked for aid;
But ah! her eyes were closed in death.

My hardships since I will not tell;
But now no more a parent's joy:
Ah! lady, I have learnt too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy.

Oh! were I by your bounty fed;
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me I mean to earn my bread,—
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.

Lady, you weep, what is't you say?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ,
Look down, dear parents, look and see,
Your happy, happy, orphan boy.

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