



THE TIDE'S A FLOWING

As I roved out one May morning,
Down by some rolling river,
Where the larks did sing, and the fish did swim,
How rejoiciful was the weather.
I carelessly strolled on that way,
A viewing of the daisies gay ;
How sweet she sang her simple lay,
Just as the tide was flowing.

Good morning, I said, my pretty fair maid
What brings you out so early,
Sure my heart would break for you,
Or I could love you dearly.
For I'm a sailor that's came from sea,
If you will accept of my company,
To talk and view yon fishes play,
Just as the tide's a flowing.

Her dress was of the neatest silk,
Her robes they did adorn her,
Her stockings were as white as milk,
She appeared like some lady of honor.
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown,
Her hair in ringlets hanging down,
Her lonely looks without a frown,
Just as the tide was flowing.

No more we strayed along this way,
We both went on together,
We both being weary, and sat down,
Beneath yon shade with the branches round,
And what was done should ne'er be told,
Just as the tide was flowing.

The more we went along that way,
Her colors they kept changing,
I said my dear and comely lass,
Don't let your mind be ranging.
She gave me fifty pounds in store,
All for to meet her one day more,
For my jolly sailor I do adore,
Just as the tide's a flowing.

No more we roamed along that way,
Jack tar does drink ale and brandy,
For to keep his shipmates in good tune,
This lady's gold came handy.
Then with some other pretty girl Jack goes,
To the public house where the brandy flows,
And he drinks to the girl he does adore,
Just as the tide's a flowing.



THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

'Twas a cold winter's night, and the moon shone bright
And the piercing winds whistled by,
As a mother she sat, with her child on her knee,
And listened with grief to its cry.

CHORUS.

Oh, Dermot, dear Dermot,
Oh, come home to me,
To assuage my grief, and give me relief,
Then how happy we shall be.

The time rolled on and the clock struck one,
Waiting her husband's return ;
She sang her sweet lay to drive sorrow away,
By the fire, that so dimly did burn.
Oh, Dermot, &c.

She listened to hear his footsteps so dear,
As she oft had done so before ;
My child, she did say, is pining away,
And, alas ! all my hopes are o'er.
Oh, Dermot, &c.

Oh, husband, tho' wild, come home to thy child,
It is dying with want I fear,
When death gave the stroke, its poor heart was broke
And claimed the infant so dear.
Oh, Dermot, &c.

The drunkard came home with a tottering step,
Just as the clock struck four,
With tearful eyes he saw with surprise,
His wife and child lay dead on the floor.
Oh, Dermot, &c.

Oh, Mary, dear Mary,
Oh, speak once again,
To give me relief, and assuage my grief,
And no more I will cause thee pain.
Oh, Dermot, &c.

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