



# Mary-le more

J. Pitts Printer, and Wholesale Toy Warehouse 6, Great st Andrew Street 7 Dials

**A**s I stray'd o'er a common on Cork's rugged border,  
While the dew drops of morn the sweet Primrose array'd  
I saw a poor female whose mental disorder,  
Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd  
On the sward she reclin'd by green fern surrounded,  
At her feet speckled daises & crow flowers abounded  
To the inmost recess her poor heart had been wounded  
Her sighs were unceasing it was Mary-le-More

Her charms by the keen blast of sorrow was faded  
Yet the soft tint of beauty still play'd on her cheek;  
A tress a wreath of pale primroses braced,  
And strings of fresh daises hung loose on her neck  
While in pity I gaz'd she exclaim'd oh my mother  
See the blood on that lash 'tis the blood of my brother  
They have torn his poor flesh & they now strip another  
'Tis Conner the friend of poor Mary-le-more,

Tho' his locks are as white as the foam of the ocean,  
These soldiers shall find that my father is brave,  
My father she cry'd with the wildest emotion.  
Ah no no my poor father now sleeps in his grave,  
They have toll'd his death bell they have laid the turf  
o'er him,

His white locks where bloody no aid would restore him  
He is gone he is gone and the good will deplore him,  
When the blue waves of Erin hides Mary-le more

A lark from the gold blossom'd furze that grew near  
Now rose and with ene gy carrol'd the lay, (her  
Hush. hush, she continued the trumpet sound clearer  
the horseman approach. Erin's daughter away,  
Ah soldiers; 'twas foul while the cottage was burning,  
And o'er her pale father a wretch had been mourning,  
Go hide with the sea wew, ye maid and take warning  
These ruffians have ruined poor Mary-le-More,

Thus roar'd the poor maniac in tone more heart rending.

Then fancy's voice ever pour'd on my ear,  
When lo e'en the waste they march toward her bed-  
A fierce troop of cavalry came to appear; (ding;  
Oh, the fiends, she exclaim'd and with wild horror  
started; (darted;  
Then through the fell fern loudly screaming she  
With bosom o'ercharged then I slowly departed,  
And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary-le-More

