



Mary-le-More.

As I stray'd o'er the 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 the green fern surrounded,
At her side speckled daises and wild flowers abounded :
To its utmost recesses her heart had been wounded,
Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary-le-More.

Her charms by the keen blast of sorrow were faded ;
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still played on her cheek :
Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daises hung loose round her neck.
While with pity I gazed, she exclaim'd, O my Mother !
See the blood on that lash ! tis the blood of my brother ;
They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip another ;
'Tis Connor the friend of poor Mary-le-More.

' Though his locks were as white as the foam of the ocean,
These wretches shall find that my father is brave ;—
My father !' she cried, with the wildest emotion,
' Ah ! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave ;
They have toll'd his death-bell, they've laid the turf o'er
him !
He is gone ! he is gone ! and the good will deplore him,
When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary-le-More.

A lark from the gold bosom'd furze that grew near her,
Now rose, and with energy caroll'd his lay ;
' Hush, hush !' she continued, ' the trumpet sounds clearer
The horsemen approach, Erin's daughter away !
Ah ! soldiers, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
And o'er a pale father, a wretch had been mourning :
Go, hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning,
Those ruffians have murder'd poor Mary-le-More.

' Away ! bring the ointment ! O God ! see those gashes :
Alas ! my poor brother, come dry the big tear ;
Anon we'll have vengeance for those dreadful lashes,
Already the screech-owl and ravens appear.
By day the green grave that lies under the willow,
With wild flowers I'll strew, and by night make my pillow,
Till the ooze and dark sea-weed, beneath the curl'd billow,
Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary-le-More.'

Thus raved the poor maniac in tones more heart rending,
Than sanity's voice ever pour'd in my ear ;
When lo ! on the waste, and their march towards her
bending,
A troop of fierce cavalry chanc'd to appear.
' O the fiends !' she exclaim'd, and with horror started ;
Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming she darted,
With an overcharged bosom I slowly departed,
And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary-le-More.

LITTLE MARY OF THE DEE.

I've got a little farm, and I've got a little house,
I've got a many pretty little milking cows,
And I've got a little dog, and I've got a little nag,
And I've got a little money in a silken bag,
My heart is ever light, as light, as light can be,
And I'm call'd little Mary, little Mary of the Dee.

No angry passion sways within my peaceful breast,
Nor at night do frightful visions e'er disturb my rest,
I care not for the scoffs or do I mind the frowns
Of the proud and haughty damsels in their satin gowns
No, no, I feel as blest, aye, as blest as blest can be,
For they do but envy little Mary, little Mary of the
Dee.

And yet I freely own that I now and then do feel
A something in my bosom that I cannot here reveal,
My heart goes a pit-a-pat and I feel a pleasing pain,
When I catch myself a thinking on a certain swain,
I pray you can you tell what this teasing thing can be,
That disturbs little Mary, little Mary of the Dee.

THE BANKS OF Allan Water.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the sweet spring time did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
The fairest of them all.
For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he,
On the banks of Allan Water,
None was so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown autumn spreads its store,
Then I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more :
For the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier false was he,
On the banks of Allan Water,
None was so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free,
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a cold corpse lay she.

George Walker, Jun., Printer, Durham.

