



DAWNING

OF THE

DAY.

As I walked out one morning fair, all in the summer-time,
Each bush and tree was drest in green, & valleys in their prime
Returning home from a wake, thro' the fields I took my way,
And there I met a comely maid, by the dawning of the day

No shoes or stockings, cap or cloak, this comely maid did wear,
Her hair, like shining silver twist, hung o'er her shoulders bare,
With milking-pail within her hand, so noble and so gay,
And she appeared like Venus bright, at the dawning of the day

Her cheeks were like a rose in bloom, her skin like lillies fair,
Her breath like lavender perfumes that scents the balmy air:
She did appear like Helen, fair, or Flora, queen of May:
This angel bright did me delight, at the dawning of the day.

Said I sweet lovely female, where are you for so soon?
I'm going a milking, sir, she said, all in the month of June,
The pasture where that I must go, it is so far away.
I must be there each morning clear, by the dawning of the day.

You've time enough, my dear, said he, suppose it was a mile,
So on this velvet primrose bank, let's sit and chat awhile:
O, sir, she said, my hurry will admit of no delay,
Look round, the morning breaks, 'tis the dawning of the day

As thus she spoke, my arms entwined about her lovely waist,
I set her on a primrose bank, and there did her embrace:
Leave off your freedom, sir, and let me go my way,
The time has come—I can't delay, it's the dawning of the day.

But when this lovely damsel came to herself again,
With heavy sighs and downcast eyes, she sorely did complain;
Young man, she said, I'm much afraid that you did me betray,
My virgin bloom you've got too soon, by the dawning of the day

I missed my love at parting, and then crossed o'er the plain,
And in the course of seven months we there did meet again,
She seemed to be dropsical as she walked o'er the lea,
And carelessly I passed her by the noontide of the day.

I said fair lovely damsel I hope you will me excuse,
To join with you in wedlock's bands, indeed I must refuse:
For I lately have been married to a maid near Bantry Bay,
With whom I got three hundred pounds by the dawning of the day



MAGUIRE.

Place,

You muses nine, with me combine, assist my slender quill,
Assist my weary notion to every line I fill,
My name is Pat Maguire, and how can I conceal,
For the cruelty of Mary Kays, I lie in Liffey Jail.

My Parents rear'd me tenderly, and very well it's known,
They gave me education for the Church of Rome;
Still thinking they would comfort have, with me in future days
But now I lie in irons, for cruel Mary Kays.

When I came from the college my parents for to see,
She did her whole endeavours, to prove my destiny;
She says, young Pat Maguire, come join in wedlock bands
Agree with me and marry me, or leave your native land.

For to marry with you, Mary, my parents would me blame,
Besides, not to be ordained, would be a sin and shame,
And in the most holy order I mean to lead my life,
So, Mary, dear, don't persevere, you ne'er can be my wife.

It was on a Monday morning, before the sun did rise,
The cavalry surrounded me, unto my great surprise,
The captain says, Maguire, rise up and do not fail,
For I must do my duty, you are bound to Liffey Jail

When I read my commitment, I quickly then did send
A letter to Captain Hamilton—I knew he'd be my friend,
Now when he read this letter an answer he sent down,
Saying, I will bail Maguire, should it be ten thousand pounds

When my dear aged father, this letter did receive,
He says, my child, and only son, don't be the least dismay'd,
For I have money plenty, and I will be your friend,
For Shiel's a noble counsellor, on him you may depend

Now to conclude and to finish, and let the world see,
In spite of all her intrest, the jury set me free,
They sent me out of Liffey Jail, with honor I got home
In hopes to be a member of the holy Church of Rome

