



## The Mantle so Green

As I went out a walking one morning in June,  
To view the fields and the meadows in full bloom,  
I espied a young damsel, she carped like a queen,  
With her costly fine robes and her mantle so green,

I stood with amazement and was struck with surpris  
I thought her an angel that fell from the skies.  
Her eyes were like diamonds, her cheeks like the rose,  
She is one of the fairest that nature composed.

I said, my pretty fair maid, if you will come with me  
We'll both join in wedlock, and married we'll be,  
I'll dress in rich attire, you'll appear like a queen,  
With costly fine robes and your mantle so green.

She answered, young man, you must me excuse,  
For I'll wed with no man, you must be refused,  
To the woods I'll wander to shun all men's view,  
For the lad that I love is in famed Waterloo.

If you wout marry tell me your love's name,  
For I being in battle I might know the same.  
Draw near to my garment, and there will be seen,  
His name all embroidered on my mantle of green.

In raising her mantle there I did behold,  
His name and surname were in letters of gold,  
Young William O'Reilly appeared to my view  
He was my chief comrade in famed Waterloo.

We fought so victorious where bullets did fly,  
In the field of honor your true love does lie,  
We fought for three days till the fourth afternoon,  
He received his death-summons on the 18 of June.

But when he was dying I heard his last cry,  
If you were here, lovely Nancy contented I'd die,  
Peace is proclaimed, and the truth I declare,  
Here is your love token, the gold ring I wear.



## THE ROUND TOWER OF IRELAND.

When an Irish man leaves his land of his birth,  
And crosses the deep sea,  
His heart will fly back to the land that he leaves,  
No matter how distant it be;  
And oft on the plains of some far foreign soil,  
As if wafted across o'er the seas,  
An image will rise and fill him with sighs,  
And this is the picture that he sees.

### CHORUS—

There's a glorious old Round Tower in Ireland,  
And the pretty little Shamrock so Green;  
There's the Wolf Dog lying down and the Harp beneath  
the Crown,  
And the Sunburst of Ireland between.

In the halls of the great, and the cot of the poor,  
Tis a sight that will always be seen;  
Like the dear little Shamrock whose leaves we adore,  
And whose memories we always keep green,  
Though the flags of the stranger may wave o'er our land  
Tis a banner each Irishman bears;  
Tis engraved on his heart with pencil of love,  
And these are the emblems that he wears.

Long may these memories remain on his breast,  
While he sees the Round Towers that stands,  
May the shine of past glories never depart,  
While the sun sets her rays o'er our land,  
And the harp so long silent may rise from her gloom,  
And sounds her brave songs as of yore,  
May the Green Flag of Ire and once more be unfurled  
And float over her own native shore.

