



A new Song called **Rory of the Hill.**

At Slevenamon I met a man who asked was
Scully doad,
I cannot give you that account but I hear he's
bad in bed
He turned my mother out of the door but I
might might meet him still

I am the bold tip mountaineer said Rory of
the hill.

Chorus—

I am the bold Tip mountaineer said Rory of
the hill.

When I saw my dwelling hurled to the ground
I got desperate mad
Both Scully and the agent to me they acted
bad

To leave the house where I was reared it was
against my will
But I meet meet him on the whip said Rory
of the hill.

The mountains of tip I have rambed thro and
fro
The Galaymore I know quite well and the glen
of Aherlow
A bad agent and landlrd I cannot bear them
still
I'd give them all what Baker got—said Rory
of the hill

Oh Erin are your daughters gone the foremost
day
And your gallant sons the best of men were
forced to cross the seas
They went from cruel landlords that are in
grip still
But boys keep your powder dry said Rory of
of the hill.

The boys of tip they best of all
they are always fit to meet their mark and
cause the tyrant to fall
if the landlord be contrary and persevering be
still
I'll meet him him at his own hall-door said
Rory of the hill.

One time I left this country and went
across the seas
Because I shot a tyrant and so d d Mich-
ael Aayes

I found no pleasure in that—but my
thoughts are Ireland still
So here I'm back to you once more said
Rory of the hill

I ask you am I welcome as I left New
York behind
I never enraged any man that would be
just and kind
It grieved my heart to see the lnd waste
that I did till
But the good days will shortly come says
Rory of the hill.