

LAMENT

ON THE LATE

J. P. ROONEY,

Comic Vocalist and Author,

Written by MR. JAMES SHANDLEY, of Ranelagh.

SUNG BY MR. J. C. PHILLIPS,

At the **MONSTER SALOON**, Crampton Court, Dublin.

I.

The blossom of the hawthorn scarce
Threw perfume on the gale,
When Erin's sons are called upon
With sorrow to bewail--
He who scarce had time to pen the lines
On Erin's noblest son,
But alas, his turn was next to come,
For poor Paddy Rooney's gone.

II.

His heart was noble, soft and kind,
Whate'er he could he gave,
The only thing he grieved for was
He was born and rear'd a slave ;
He left many a faithful comrade,
And I myself am one,
Who grieve to think the mirthful laugh
Of Paddy Rooney's gone.

III.

We'll miss him in the horney's garb--
In that he was a treat ;
To see him in his suit of blue
Going round upon his beat ;
The turf boats on the Grand Canal
To Robertstown have flown,
And the Mud Gabbards sunk beneath the waves,
Since Paddy Rooney's gone.

IV.

His laugh had scarcely sounded
To the music of "The Harp,"
When death with stealthy footsteps shot
His arrow sure and sharp ;
And with that dread unerring aim
To fail is never known,
And put one more victim on the list,
So poor Paddy Rooney's gone.

V.

So let us pray in silence,
While we quaff the flowing bowl,
Peace be to his memory,
And heaven to his soul ;
May the giver of all goodness,
Who rules upon His throne,
Have mercy on poor Rooney's soul,
Since he from us is gone.

