

Melo-Dramatic, Tragi-Comic

MEDLEY.

Carry me back to Old Virginia,
To old Virginia shore, carry me back
To the little back house in old Virginia,
As there you will see old massa swing;
He plays on the old banjo to make himself happy,
All day and night the nigger sings.

Right down in the old Kentucky brake, there lived a nigger and
they called him Jack, he'd make the woods all round him ring, and
dis be de song he would sing—

Come, come, you darkies sing,
Don't you hear the banjo cling,
Zinka, zinka, sing—

My skiff is by de shore so light and so free,
My dearest Dinah I lub but dee,
As we glide along our song shall be,—
Buffalo girls will you come out to-night,
Come out to-nigh, come out to-night, and—
Dance the boatman dance,
Dance all night till the broad day-light, and—
We'll all go home in our own clothes,
We'll all go home in our own clothes and sing
As I roved out by the light of the moon,
Merrily singing this old tune,

I came across a big racoon singing on a rail—
I'm sitting on a stile Mary where we've sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago when first you where my bride,
The corn was springing fresh and green, the lark sang loud and
high,

The red was on your lip Mary, and the love light
All round my hat I will wear the green willow,
All round my hat for a twelvemonth and day,

And if anybody ask me why I wear it I'll tell them there was an
old woman rolled rolled up in a blanket seventeen times as high as
the moon, where she was going I did not ask her, he cried Moll
Brooks she went to be shaved sir, and the barber cut a sprig of shil-
lelagh and shamrock so green,—

Oh! had you the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory was there;
With his sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green,
He drack with his friends, for it was his delight,
He speers all the day, and comes home at night,
He goes into a tent and spends half a crown,
Comes out meets a friend and for love sings the groves of Blarney

I fell in love my boys do you see,
The girl that I loved was lovely Rosa May,
She's as lovely as the day;

Her eyes so bright we need no light
When de moon is gone away,—

And the moon lies on the lea,
The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh the ever free,
Without a mark, without a bound;

Some time ago, in a town I know,
An old alderman did dwell,

His whole delight was his appetite,
No wonder he should look well.

One day he eat himself to death, the cause to you I can't express.

Tiddy-iddy, tow-row-row,
If I had a good feed I could eat it now,
If poverty be the worst of crimes,
Go home and sing—

Come listen to me while I cry
"Songs three yards a penny;
And if you feel inclined to buy,
Encourage Chaunting Benny.



THE FELON'S RETURN TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

Thrice hail lovely Erin, the land of my sire,
Long time have I wandered a stranger from thee,
Since rancorous bigotry's forced to retire,

Increased the wide ocean thy green fields to see,
Long, long have I roamed in a strange distant nation,
Exiled from my home and my fertile plantation,
Oft times did I moan at my sad situation,
But now matchless Erin I'm come back to thee.

It's near half a century since from you I parted,
Oppressed with dull care I sailed off from your shore,
As I rolled on the deep I was ne'er broken-hearted,
And often I thought I would ne'er see you more,
Your mountains I view'd whilst my tears they kept flowing
And ne'er cast a thought on the place I was going,
Whilst blessings among you I still was bestowing,
But now matchless Erin I'm come back to thee.

In sweet Philadelphia I there took my station,
Where liberty smiles to the highest degree,
And there I found friends in a dignified station,
That felt for my woe and was kind unto me.
With greatest affection they always did treat me,
And often proposed for to re-instate me,
So now happy fortune I see does await me,
So matchless sweet Erin I'm come back to thee.

Since bigotry's fled and sweet freedom's returned,
I'll close my old eyes on thy unrivalled plains,
Thy air will repay me for all I have mourned,
When I take a walk by the clear purling streams,
The verdant sweet vales where does grow the nice daisy,
My health will restore and will leave my mind easy,
With rapturous joy I'm nearly gone crazy,
To think matchless Erin I'm come back to thee.

My sweet little cot that the bigots have plundered,
I'll quickly rebuild it more neat than before,
When it I beheld sure I stood and I wondered,
To think that the walls they were still to the fore,
The mantle green ivy preserved the foundation,
And seemed for to mourn my sad ruination,
But soon I will dwell in my own habitation,
Since matchless sweet Erin I'm come back to thee.

And now the vile band that did me disinheret,
They're melted away like the snow when it rains,
Their abominations it has got its merit,
They're hold in contempt like the tyrannic Danes,
Their lily has drooped there is none to defend her,
Their cause is despised which was held in such splendour,
Good sense put an end to their bribes and their grandeur,
And matchless sweet Erin once more will be free.