



A New Song called, 9

## The Black Horse.

Come all you airy bachelors, a warning  
take by me,  
I would have you shun night walking,  
likewise bad company,  
I lived as happy as a prince when I lived  
in the north,  
And the first of my misfortunes was  
enlist in the Black Horse.

It was on a certain Tuesday to Galway I  
did go,  
Meeting with a small officer which prov'  
my overthrow,  
I met with sergeant Atkinson in the mar-  
ket as I went down,  
He said, young man would you enlist and  
be a light dragoon.

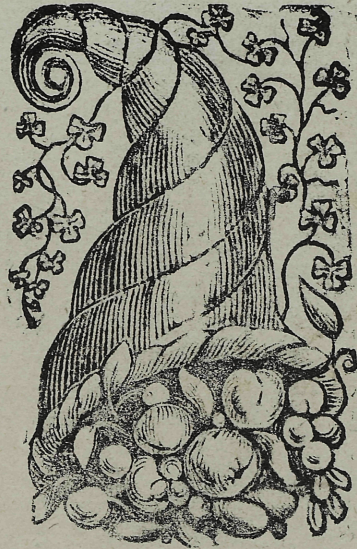
O no! kind sir, a soldier's life with me  
would not agree,  
Nor neither will I bind myself down from  
my liberty;  
I lived as happy as a prince,—my mind  
does tell me so,  
So fare you well, I'm just going down my  
shuttle now to throw.

So are you in a hurry?—or are you go-  
ing away?  
Now won't you stand and listen to those  
words I'm going to say?  
Or do you live far from this place the  
name I'd wish to know?  
Your name, kind sir, then, if you please,  
I'll name me before you go?

Then I am in a hurry, and my dwelling  
is not far,  
My place of habitation lies six miles  
behind Armagh;  
Charles Egan is my name, from Armagh  
town I came,  
I ne'er intend to do a crime that I should  
deny my name.

He said, now cousin Charles, perhaps you  
might do worse,  
Now leave your native country, boys, and  
enlist in the Black Horse;  
By all his kind persuasiveness with him I  
did agree,  
And I left my native country, boys, and  
fought for heresy.

So fare you well, dear father, likewise my  
sisters three,  
So fare you well, dear mother, your face  
I ne'er will see,  
When we are going through Armagh  
town, they will run in our mind,  
So fare you well, dear Carlow town, and  
the girl I left behind.



## THE SHAMROCK SHORE.

You Muses nine, with me combine,  
And grant me some relief,  
While here alone I sigh and moan,  
And overpowered with grief;  
I am left here in dread and fear,  
Far from my friends at home,  
With a troubled mind no rest can find,  
Since I left the Shamrock Shore.

In the blooming spring when birds do sing  
And the lambs do sport and play,  
My way I took, my friends forsook,  
Till I came to Dublin Quay;  
I entered as a passenger,  
For Liverpool I sailed o'er,  
And I bid farewell to all my friends,  
And the girl of the Shamrock Shore.

To Glasgow fair I did repair,  
Some pleasure there to find,  
For 'twas a pleasant place,  
Down by the banks of Clyde  
The people there were every nice,  
And rich were the pearls they wore,  
I seen none there that could compare,  
To the maids of the Shamrock Shore.

'Tis when at night I go to bed,  
For rest I cannot find none,  
When I compose my eyes to close,  
I think on the joys at home;  
'Tis when I drink I always think,  
As I often did before,  
When I thought long to compose my song  
In praise of the Shamrock Shore.

Now to conclude, God bless my friends,  
For my quill begins to fail,  
Farewell unto you, mother dear,  
I hope you won't bewail;  
Farewell now to my comrades all,  
And the girl I do adore,  
And I think long to sing my song,  
In praise of the Shamrock Shore.

## Maiden, why so sad & lonely.

Maiden, why so sad and lonely?  
Why those oft repeated sighs?  
Is it hope deferred, or only  
Fancied woes that dew those eyes

Young and lovely, all thy moments  
Ought to fleet on golden wings,  
And thy pure heart's rich endowments

