

# When wilt thou meet me love

## THE COLLIER LADS, Who Labour under Ground.

## THE STAR OF SLANE.

Some attend awhile, you workmen, whatever you may be,  
I pray you give attention and listen unto me :  
It's concerning of poor collier lads—their equal ne'er was found,  
For all trades are depending on the lads that are under ground.  
In olden times the farmers used themselves to plough & sow;  
It was their glory and their pride to hold the painful plough;  
While Johnny led the team along he'd sing with joyful sound,  
Not thinking of the sufferings of the lads that are under ground.  
The plough's not made without the fire, nor fire without the coal.  
Do you see what is depending on a collier lad?—poor soul;  
If you search the wide world over, their equal is not found;  
We cannot do without the lads that labour under ground.  
The mariner, where'er he steers across the raging sea,—  
Mechanics, too—and artizans—with their machinery,—  
Have all to thank the collier lad, while danger does surround;  
So ne'er despise the gallant lads that labour under ground.  
Cold winter is approaching and the morn looks dark and drear,  
To see a collier take farewell of his wife and children dear;  
For when he does descend the shaft and to his work goes down,  
He never may return alive from his labour under ground,  
It is but a short time ago,—most shocking for to hear—  
Several poor lads they met their death near—  
The widows & orphans were relieved by the gentlemen around,  
Who knew the worth of collier lads that labour under ground.  
All trades they would be standing it's plainly to be seen;  
We cannot do without them, from the beggar to the Queen;  
If the gentlemen were asked how they got their thousand pounds  
They'd say 'twas by the collier lad that labours under ground.  
So to conclude my ditty, be merry and be wise,  
And from this time a collier lad never do despise;  
His health drink in a bumper and let the toast go round:  
Success unto all collier lads that labour under ground.

## WHEN Wilt thou meet me, love

When wilt thou meet me love, tell me I pray,  
When we fondly together unheed my stray,  
When the zephyr our fond vow may hear,  
And the sweet woodland echo softly fall on mine ear,  
Wilt thou meet me at noon by the rippling stream,  
When the sun on the waters does pour it's bright beam,  
And bask on its bank near the wild fragrant flowers,  
Of blossoms unheeded by all her safe hours.

When, when, when wilt thou meet me, tell me I pray?  
Wilt thou meet me at even when the daylight does fade,  
In the low forest glen or the op'ning glade,  
When the skies are all strewed with stars brightly gleaming,  
And the moon on the mountains its brightness is beaming,  
When wilt thou meet me love, &c.

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You brilliant Muses, who ne'er refuse,  
But still infuses in the Poet's mind,  
Your kindest favours to his poor endeavours,  
If his ardent labours but appear sublime;  
Preserve my study from getting muddy,  
My ideas ready to preserve my brain,  
My quill refine while I write those lines,  
On a nymph divine, called the Star of Slane.

In beauteous spring, when warblers sing,  
And their music rings thro' each silent grove,  
Bright Sol did shine, which did me incline,  
By the river Boyne for to go to rove;  
I was contemplating, and meditating,  
And ruminating as I paced the plain,  
When a charming fair then beyond compare,  
Did my heart ensnare near the town of Slane.

Had Paris seen this young maid serene,  
The Grecian Queen he would soon disdain,  
And straight embrace this virgin chaste,  
And peace would grace the Trojan plain;  
If ancient Cæsar would on her gaze, sir,  
He'd stand amazed for to view this dame,  
Sweet Cleopatra he would so freely part her,  
And his crown he'd barter for the Star of Slane.

There's Alexander, that famed commander,  
Whose triumphant standard did conquer all,  
Who proved a victor over crown and sceptre,  
And great warlike structures did before him fall;  
Should he behold her, he would uphold her, sir,  
From pole to pole he would then proclaim,  
For the human race in that large wide space,  
To respect the chaste blooming Star of Slane.

To praise her beauty, then it is my duty,  
But, alas! I'm footy in this noble part,  
And to my sorrow, sly Cupid's arrow,  
Full deep did burrow in my tender earth;  
In pain and trouble, yet I will struggle,  
Tho' sadly hobbled by my stupid brain,  
Yet backed by nature I will tell the features,  
Of this lovely creature call'd the Star of Slane.

Her eyes it's true are an azure blue,  
And her cheeks the hue of the crimson rose,  
Her hair behold it does shine like gold,  
In fine flowing rolls it so nicely grows;  
Her skin so white as the snow by night,  
Straight and upright is her portly frame,  
The chaste Diana or the fair Susana,  
Are eclipsed in grandeur by the Star of Slane.

Her name to mention it might cause contention,  
And it's my intention for to breed no strife,  
But to win her, as I am but poor,  
I am really sure she won't be my wife;  
In silent anguish, I here must languish,  
'Till time does banish my love-sick pain,  
And my humble station I must bear with patience,  
Since great exaltation suits the Star of Slane.

