



The Crocodile.

Come list, ye landsmen, unto me,
To tell the truth I'm bound,
Of what happen'd me, whilst I was at sea,
And the wonders, there, I found—
Shipwreck'd was I, just off Peru,
Scarce half a league from shore,
So, resolved was I to have a cruise,
The country to explore.

Oh! ri tol de dol, &c.

I scarcely, there, had scudded out,
When close long side the ocean,
I saw something move, which, at first, I
thought,

Was all the world in motion!
I, quickly, bore long side of it,
And found 'twas a crocodile,
And from his nose to the tip of his tail,
It measured five hundred miles.

Oh! ri tol de dol, &c.

This crocodile, I could plainly see,
Was not of the common race—
I was obliged to climb a very high tree
To get a sight of his face;
My eyes! when he did open his jaws—
Now perhaps, you'll think it a lie,
'Twas above the clouds for miles three score,
And his nose quite touched the sky.

Oh! ri tol de dol, &c.

I being aloft, the sea ran high,
It blew a gale from the south—
Lost my hold, and away did fly
Into 'is crocodile's mouth;
He quickly closed his jaws on me—
Thinking to grab a victim—
But I ran down his throat, d'ye see,
And, that was the way I trick'd him.

Oh! ri tol de dol, &c.

I travell'd on, for a month or two,
'Till I got into his maw,
Where I found of rum kegs not a few,
With plenty of bullocks in straw;
Of life I banished all its cares—
For, of grub I wasn't stinted;
In this crocodile ten years I lived,
And was jolly well contented.

Oh! ri tol de dol, &c.

This crocodile, being very old,
Alas! one day, he died;
He was full five years a-getting cold,
He being so long and wide;
His skin was five miles thick I'm sure,
Or somewhere there about,
For, I was full six months, or more,
Cutting a tunnel to get out.

Oh! ri tol de dol, &c.

So, now, I'm here safe on land,
Determin'd no more to roam;
In a ship that pass'd I got a birth,
So, you see me now safe at home—
But, if my story you should doubt—
If you e'er should travel the Nile,
Just where he fell, you'll find the shell
Of this rummy, old crocodile.

Oh! ri tol de dol, &c.



MY

Gentle Colleen Bawn

For sixteen months I courted her,
My gentle Colleen Bawn;
With eyes like wells of Paradise,
And cheeks like rosy dawn;
'Twas on a Christmas morning,
When fields were white with snow,
The first sight of her sweet young face,
Set all my heart aglow.

Her hooded cloak was drawn so close,
But just one glimpse I caught,
As if the skies had opened,
And showed me heaven I thought
And, Oh! the newly-born child,
Was not from sin more free,
Than my darling in her innocence,
Her virgin purity.

I followed her to early Mass,
And offered up a prayer,
That God might keep her innocent,
As he had made her fair;
And all that day I haunted her,
From morning until night,
Bewildered by her angel face,
Her smiles so soft and bright.

Oh! 'twas a happy Christmas time!
For my *gra gal machree*
Though modest as a holy nun,
Smiled sweetly upon me;
Her friends all kindly welcomed me,
Whene'er I came the way,
And no one then looked black or sour,
However long I'd stay.

Then I was rich in land and stock,
My home was happy then,
A sweeter spot could not be found
In Aherlow's bright glen.
I was a match for any girl,
Where matches go by wealth;
Now I've lost all, but praise the Lord,
He left me youth and health.

I could have borne any thing,
Though much I had to bear,
If I were left but one sweet hope,
To save me from despair.
My cup of sorrow overflowed,
When I was lately told,
They'd force my own *colleen* to wed
An old man for his gold.

Oh! marriage is a holy tie,
Blest by the Lord above,
But woe be to such marriages,
Without one spark of love.
Why is it in our own dear land
Full of warm hearts and true,
They wed for money, not for love
As other nations do.

