

# The Evicted Farmer's Farewell.

Farewel, farewell, my native shore,  
Sweet Erin's Isle or Paddys land,  
To leave you my poor heart is sore  
I feel misfortunes icy hand.  
Yet I must go, to my sad woe,  
Which is the cause of my complaint,  
And leave the ground where virtue's found,  
I mean the lovely Isle of saints.

Ah! Erin dear with heart sincere,  
I bid adieu to your sweet soil;  
Your rosy plains and purling streams  
Where nymphs and swains were free from toil  
Your fields are green, yourself's serene,  
The Nightingales their throats have strained  
The larks on high do charm the sky,  
In the sweet lovely Isle of saints.

No reptile sure the land endure,  
No poisonous snake or ugly toad,  
No savage bear dare once appear  
For to offend you on your road.  
Both night and day the lambkins play,  
In mournful lays I still lament,  
To leave behind that land so fine,  
I mean the lovely Isle of saints.

Should trade but smile in Grannas Isle,  
As it has done in former days,  
I'd stay at home and ne'er would roam,  
Nor once attempt to cross the seas.  
But ah, alas! its come to pass,  
That poverty has no restraint,  
Which makes me moan both sigh and groan,  
To leave the lovely Isle of saints.

Our Parliament away being sent,  
Brought discontent and hardships great,  
Left us exposed unto our foes,  
To suffer woes early and late.  
The natives cries do pierce the skies,  
May heaven hear their sad complaints,  
And trade restore on Paddys shore,  
I mean the lovely Isle of saints.

The poets name to find the same,  
Take the one forth of Israels King,  
As much unite of that great light,  
That helps the man thro' this world of sin;  
A falsehood next will suit the text,  
That oft was told to shun complaints;  
This part transpose and then disclose,  
The bard who loves the Isle of saints.

