

## ALLEN'S FAREWELL TO HIS LOVE.

Farewell love, farewell love, I am going to leave thee,

The pale moon is shining her last rays on me,  
In truth I swear I did never deceive thee,  
For next to my heart was green Erin and thee.  
Come near to my bosom, my first and fond true love,  
And cherish my heart that beats only for thee,  
And let my cold grave with green laurels be strewed love,

For I die for my country, green Erin, and thee.

Oh, never again in the moonlight we will roam love,  
When birds are at rest, and the stars they do shine,  
Oh, never again will I kiss thy sweet lips love,  
Or wander by streamlet with thy hand pressed in mine.

But should a mother's love make you forget me,  
Oh, give me a promise before that I die,  
That you will come to my grave when all others forsake me,  
And there with the soft winds breathe sigh for sigh.

My hour is approaching, let me take one fond look love,

And watch thy pure beauty till my soul does depart,  
Let thy ringlets fall on my face and my brow love,  
Draw near till I press thee to my fond and true heart.

Farewell love, farewell love, the words are now spoken,

The pale moon is shining no longer on me,  
Farewell love, farewell love, I hear the death-token,  
Never more in this wide world young Allen will you see.

Farewell to my parents and my loving sister,  
With a brother's affection, I bid you adieu,  
Farewell to the cause for which I am dying,  
To you I have been always both constant and true.  
Farewell to my comrades that always proved loyal,  
Farewell to my country I thought to see free,  
Farewell to O'Brien, Larkin and family,  
We three die together for sweet liberty.

## SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS PARENTS.

Dear Parents I do write, though I'm weeping day and night,

A wound I have received into my breast;  
And no one can I find to ease my suffering mind,  
But I hope in heaven God will give me rest.

CHORUS.

Oh! my poor mother dear, you'll drop a silent tear,  
This letter I have written you in pain;  
If I never see you more on my dear native shore,  
I hope in heaven we shall meet again.

I am thinking night and day of my home far away,  
Whilst I'm dying on India's burning shore;  
Since I left my happy home, and crossed the briny foam,

I'm thinking I shall never see you more.

Oh! my mother, &c.

Now on a soldier's bed I must rest my aching head,  
Thinking of the friends that I adore;  
My love to all I send—to each and every friend,  
Not forgetting the one that I adore.

Oh! my mother, &c.

Dear parents do not cry, for though your son may lie

In a soldier's grave, far, far away;  
No matter where I die, kind providence is nigh,  
To protect the weary soldier night and day.

Oh! my mother, &c.

