

COMMINS'S
Farewell to Ireland

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FAREWELL to the River Bann,
The place of my nativity,
And all along the pleasant strand,
The shores of Paddy's country.
Some youthful pleasures I embrace,
Some happy seasons I have seen,
Adieu you bonny Irish braes,
I'll mind the oft, tho' far awa'.
I do protest within my breast,
Your memory I'll not neglect,
And when I am in foreign lands,
I'll think you worthy of respect.
When I am cheering at my quart,
And none but strangers round me are;
I'll think upon my own sweatheart,
When I am boozing far awa'.

The silver glances of the moon,
Has often times conducted me
Through dreary parts of midnight gloom,
Pale Cynthia has conducted me.
Those happy scenes are now declined,
Those witching shades I bid adieu!
Your memory in my heart shall rest
Dear friends, when I am far from you.

Drumbo it is a bonny place,
Down by the handsome Castle shore,
Adieu! you bonny Irish braes,
I'll never, never see you more.
When walking round the Temple Green,
Where monthly you assemble a',
Far, far beyond the foaming main,
I'm at devotion far awa'.

Some pleasant evenings I have spent,
Down a bonny standaline,
To dance one summer's night we went,
To crown our joys in altho breen.
But now these pleasures are declin'd,
My blessing may attend you a',
But fairly schools I'll never miad,
When I am dancing far awa'.

Our ship she is in readiness,
My loving friends I'll bid good-bye,
I'll give you a long parting kiss,
And thank you for a last convoy.
I turned round with heart felt sighs,
My loving friends I could see no more,
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I parted from the Irish shore.

You lonesome mountains of Drumbo,
No more about you I'll remain,
No more I'll fear the daring foe,
Bold Tippoo, or his war-like train;
For when I'm dead and in my grave,
And none but strangers round me a'
Far, far, beyond the briny wave,
My bones lie rotting far awa'.

