The Water Drinker,

Drink ! drink ! drink !
Thou pale eyed moody thinker—
Bacchus hater ! water drinker !
Drink, drink, drink, drink, the ruby wine !
'Twil l give thee many years and jolly,
And 'twill chase away pale melancholy,
From those cheeks of thine.
Drink, drink, &c.

See the water sot replieth,
Wate r in its brightness vieth,
Vieth with the wine tree's soul
And longer liveth, wiser thinketh,
The sober sage that never drinketh
Of the boasted bowl.
Drink, drink, &c.

Well give me, give m e the wine god's berry
They are more wise than merry,
Let them drink—let them drink with thee.
Water seasons not my dishes,
'Tis a tripple for the fishes,
Not a drink for me,
Drink, drink, &c.

Slee p Gentle Lady.

Sleep gentle Lady, the flowers are closing,
The very waves and winds reposing ;
Oh ! may our soft and soothing numbers,
Wra p thee in sweeter, softer slumbers !
Peace be around thee, Lady bright ;
Sleep while we sing " Good night—good night."

(60.)

The Irish Emigrant.

I' m sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride,
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sung loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day's as bright as then,
Th e lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
Bu t I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see it's spire from here ;
Bu t the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep
Wit h your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor find no new friends ;
But oh ! they love thee better still.
The few our father sends,
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride ;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
I n the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Where it fifty times as far.

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