



# GREEN



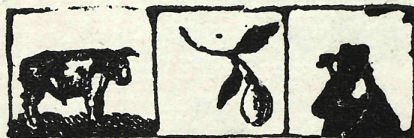
Early one morning in the month of May,  
To hear the birds whistle and the lambs for to play  
I heard a young damsel, how sweetly sang she,  
Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to  
meet me.

I will buy you fine beavers, and fine silken gowns  
With fine silken petticoats, flounced to the ground  
If you'll forsake your true love, and go along  
with me,  
Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to  
meet me.

I want none of your beavers, nor none of your  
hose,  
Do you think I'm so poor as to marry for clothes  
But if you'll prove loyal and constant to me,  
I'll forsake my own true love, and go along with  
thee.

Come let us be going, kind sir, if you please,  
Come let us be going from under these trees,  
For yonder he is coming, so cheerful and free,  
Down by the green bushes where he thinks to  
meet me.

When he came there, and found she was gone,  
He stood like some lambkin that was quite  
forlorn,  
She is gone with some other and forsaken me  
So adieu the green bushes for ever said he



# HIBERNIA'S LOVELY JANE.

M'Call, Printer, Cartwright Place, Byron B  
Liverpool

Departing from the Scottish shore,  
And the Highland mossy banks,  
To Germany we first set sail,  
To join the hostile ranks ;  
At length in Ireland we arrived,  
After a long campaign ;  
Where a bonny maid my heart betray'd,  
Hibernia's lovely Jane.

Her cheeks were of the rosy hue,  
And the bright glance of her eye,  
Sparkled like pure drops of dew,  
That spangled the meadows green,  
Jane Cameron was ne'er so fair,  
Nor Jessy of Dunblaine,  
Nor Proserpine could ne'er outshine,  
Hibernia's lovely Jane.

I oft have faced the daring foe,  
While in the blood-stained field ;  
I oft have 'scaped death's fatal blow,  
But now to love must yield.  
Cupid's dart hath pierc'd my heart,  
With love's tormenting pain,  
Since first I saw that false brow,  
Hibernia's lovely Jane.

My tartan plaid I will forsake,  
My commission I'll resign ;  
That very nymph my bride I'll make,  
If the false will be mine.  
In Hibernia's Isle, where grasses smile,  
For life I will remain ;  
In Hymen's bands join heart and hand  
With Hibernia's lovely Jane.

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