



## THE BANKS

OF

## INVERARY.

William McCall, Printer, No. 4, Cartwright Place,  
Byrom-street, Liverpool.

Early one summer's morning, along as I did pass,  
On the banks of Inverary I met a bonny lass;  
Her hair hung o'er her shoulders broad, her eyes like  
stars did shine,

On the banks of Inverary I wish'd she had been mine

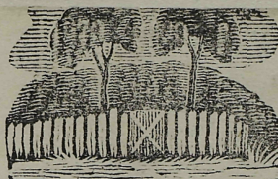
I did embrace this fair maid, as long as e'er I could;  
Her hair hung o'er her shoulders broad, just like  
threads of gold, [drops of dew,  
Her hair hung o'er her shoulders broad, her eyes like  
On the banks of Inverary I'm glad to meet with you.

I pray young man give over embracing of me so,  
For after kissing then comes sorrow, after that comes  
grief and woe; [thee,  
If my poor heart should be ensnar'd, and I beguil'd by  
On the banks of Inverary, I'm glad you for to see.

Some people say, I know you not, but I know you,  
said she,  
On the banks of Inverary, to flatter maids like me.  
For once I used to flatter maids, but now it must not be  
On the banks of Inverary I have found my wife said he

I put my horn unto my mouth, and blew both loud  
and shrill, [ter's will,  
of my servant men came out, to wait their mas-  
will you not consent, this night, my charming  
maid said he,  
the banks of Inverary, my wedded wife to be!

set my love on horseback, on horseback very high,  
e'll go unto some parson, without any more delay,  
then will sing all sorts of love, until the day I die,  
On the banks of Inverary where first my love I spied



## THE POOR DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

In taking of my walks on a cold winter's day,  
Thro' the fields and the lanes I wended my way,  
Till I arrived at a hovel both rustic and wild,  
I heard a voice say, I'm a poor drunkard's child

In this lonely place I am doomed to die,  
There's no one to help me, there's no one comes nigh  
I'm shivering with cold and distracted tho' wild,  
Kind heaven look down on a poor drunkard's child.

My clothes are all ragged and tattered and torn  
I'm despised, dejected, forsaken, and forlorn.  
The world on me frowns, all seemeth unkind,  
No sympathy's shown to the poor drunkard's child.

When I used to attempt with the children to play,  
They fled from my presence and shunned my way,  
To make me a playmate, alas! they recoil'd,  
And often cried out that's a poor drunkard's child.

My mother did die in a workhouse hard by,  
Left me a poor orphan to weep and to sigh,  
Broken-hearted she died, look'd to heaven & smil'd,  
Crying Jesus protect thee my poor drunkard's child

My father he used to spend all our store,  
Which caused our misery and made us so poor,  
But his glass soon run out, and God not reconcil'd,  
He died frantic and left me a poor drunkard's child

O Jesus, my Saviour, unfold thy bless'd arms,  
Receive me with love, and endear with thy charms.  
Take my soul to bless'd mansions to live in thy smile  
And thy praises I'll sing tho' a poor drunkard's child

Poor drunkard, I pray thee, strong liquor spurn,  
Shun all vicious habits, strive virtue to learn,  
Be a husband, a father, both loving and kind,  
'T will be a balm to thy soul and peace to thy mind

So now to conclude, and finish my song,  
I hope what I've penn'd you'll not think me wrong.  
Tho' I am left distress'd I will not turn out wild,  
I'll show a good example tho' a poor drunkard's child

156.

