

MOTHER'S LETTER to HER SON.

ANSWER TO THE EMIGRANT'S LETTER.

Dear son I got your letter,
Which gives me to understand,
That you are in right good health,
Though in a foreign land;
I received the ten pound note,
It was a welcome guest you know,
For it passed me over the summer time,
Till the champions they did grow.

CHORUS

Son, agra, mind yourself,
For you are far from home,
For bad times in Erin's Isle,
Abroad you need not roam;
I am very glad you are doing well,
Acushla ashore macree,
Night and day I'll always pray,
Till you come back again to me.

I am sending you your father's pipe,
His tobacco for to smoke,
Fourteen years upon the hob,
And never yet was broke,
I am sending you a better coat,
A rock, and champion's too,
To let you see the Irish spuds,
They are now getting new.

CHORUS, &c.

The bailiff took away my cow,
The last now of my store,
And the ancient clock,
My father had, striking on the floor,
The goslings, and the ass and car,
They were auctioned at the pound,
And the landlord, says he will put me out
Of my little spot of ground.

CHORUS, &c.

Now dear son, I am very poor,
The last shift of all I tried,
I never knew what hardship was,
Till the day your father died,
I had to sell the little goat,
The day the bailiff came,
Tis bad to be a widow,
For it is a lonesome name.

CHORUS, &c.

Your brother says, they will emigrate,
When their passage you will pay,
Your intended wife will lose her wits,
If she don't cross the sea;
For the other night she had a fight,
With her cousin, Kate O'Neill,
She was taken by the police,
And got a month in jail.

CHORUS, &c.

The gardens never looked so well,
As they did this present year,
The corn fields they do look grand,
But the butter is very dear;
We will have good times before its long,
As the Champion, says to me,
I will see no more Mavel ashore,
Till you come back to me.



The Banks of the Ban.

In yonder shady harbour near to sweet Hilltown
Where mountains clear fountains did me surround
I espied a fair female as you may understand
She was viewing the fishes in the river Ban.

Her cheeks were like roses her breath like perfume,
And her skin like lillies when they're in bloom
For to gain her affections she said I'd trepan,
By her charms I'm wounded on the banks of the Ban.

The time I remember it was in sweet May,
When the goddess Flora clothed the meadow gay,
The fields were in bloom by natures command
When I met my darling on the banks of the Ban.

Then I did salute her and to her did say,
Fair nature has formed you all men to betray,
But if you come with me my dear I'm the man
Would be your darling on the banks of the Ban.

I cannot go with you young man she did say,
For you are a stranger and would me betray,
And a chaste virgin might break the command,
Your absence is cordial on the banks of the Ban.

May Venus and Juno, in the dark eclipse mourn,
And the gulf of Venn with sulphur may turn,
That the Atlantic ocean may turn to dry land
If ever I prove false on the banks of the Ban.

At length my persuasions they seemed to take place,

I thought by the blushes that shone on her face,
Her feet they did slip on the quick beds of sand,
And she fell into my arms on the banks of the Ban.

