



## My Emmet's No More.

Despair in her wild eye, a daughter of Erin,  
Appear'd on the cliffs of the bleak rocky shore,  
Loose in the wind flow'd her dark streaming ringlets,  
And heedless she gaz'd on dread surges roar;  
Loud rung her harp in wild tones of despairing  
The time pass'd away with the present comparing,  
And in soul thrilling strains deepest sorrow declaring,  
She sung Erin's woes, and her

Emmet's no more.

O Erin my country! your glory's departed,  
For tyrants and traitors have stabb'd thy heart's  
core,  
Thy daughters have lay'd in the streams of affliction,  
Thy patriots have fled, or lie stretched in their  
gore;  
From pale hungry orphans their last morsel have  
taken,  
The screams of thy females no pity awaken,  
Alas my poor country!

Your Emmet's no more.

Brave was his spirit, yet as mild as the Bramin,  
His heart bled in anguish for the wrong of the  
poor,  
To relieve their hard sufferings he braved every  
danger;  
The vengeance of tyrants he undauntedly bore.  
E'en before him the proud little villains in power,  
Were seen though in ermine, in terror to cower,  
But alas, he is gone! He's fallen a young flower,  
They've murdered my Emmet,

My Emmet's no more.



## MOLLY BAWN.

OH, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,  
All lonely waiting here for you,  
The stars above are brightly shining,  
Because they've nothing else to do.  
The flowers, gay, were open keeping  
To try a rival blush with you;  
But their mother, nature, set them sleeping,  
With their rosy faces wash'd with dew.

Oh, Molly, &c.

123

The pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,  
The pretty stars were made to shine,  
And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,  
And may be you were made for mine;  
The wicked watch-dog is at me snarling;  
He takes me for a thief, d' you see;  
For he knows I'd steal you Molly, darling,  
And then transported I should be.

Oh, Molly, &c.

