



A NEW SONG CALLED

Erin's Lament for Maguire.

Hibernia has reason to be broken-hearted,
Since gallant Patt Maguire for ever has parted,
And crossed they blue waves of the Atlantic ocean,
Looking for shelter in the land of promotion,
He is a citizen to Washington's spread eagles,
Free from Britannia's tyrannical beagles,
He left all his friends and relations in woe,
Since the champion of freedom in exile did go.

It was on the 28th of June on a Saturday afternoon,
Our hero escaped from a band of dragoons,
From Sligo's brave harbour in the Shamrock he did sail,
And he took his last farewell to old Granuaile.
Leaving old Ireland he gave three cheers,
With the shamrock in his hand and his eyes all in tears,
Lamenting for green Erin his sad country,
But gallant Maguire's in the land of liberty.

America might boast of Washington of great,
And England of Wellington that treacherous cheat,
They Freuchmen do glory in Napoleon the brave,
And Granua does mourn for Sarsfield in the grave.
But none of these hero's could equal Maguire,
For freedom he would fight among cannons loud fire,
He struggled in the cause of his sad country,
Hoping to have Erin independant and free.

They curse of the orphans upon you M'Glum,
That the Lord may reward you for perjury and sin,
They true son of liberty from Erin you sent,
And left the Hibernians to mourn and lament,
He swore they were ribbonmen to wear the shamrock green,
And proved they were united against the British Queen,
They were sentenced to hard labour confined in Lifford gaol
But valiant brave Maguire to America did sail.

Maglin wanted money to hell he did write,
And requested of the Devil to meet him that night,
The devil and the traitor together did meet,
The bargain was finished and wrote on a sheet,
Satan did gave him 3 guineas each day,
For six years upon earth ribbonmen to betray,
They rest of his life to hell he then goes,
To live with the spirits and fight with his foes.

When the yeara were expired to hell he did steer,
There he saw Luther and Billy lamenting in tears,
Calvin soon asked him what was his creed,
The traitor replied I'm of catholic creed,
We can't keep a papist the devil he did say,
But I'll send you to earth the Mollies to betray,
If you become an Orangeman I will be your friend,
And send you to Boylagh the ribbonmen to end.

Maglin to his wishes with pleasure did reply,
I will become an Orangeman the same I will die,
Straight unto Glenties he then took his course,
And a letter from satin had with him to C—
When the read the letter he appeared very glad,
And swore he would banish Molly and her lads,
These profligate traitors they did then conspire,
To swear away the life of valiant Patt Maguire.

I mean to conclude and finish my song,
I am broken-hearted and can't live long,
Since all my true hero's were baniseed away,
To the lands of America or Botany Bay,
The Sun and the Moon looks gloomy each day,
The laurel and the shamrock will surely decay,
Since valiant brave Maguire has left the green shore,
That the Lord may restore him to Erin once more.

1840

