

SHANNON SIDE

John White, Printer, Rose Place, Liverpool.

It was in the month of April, one morning by the dawn,
When violets and cowslips were strewn upon the lawn,
And Flora's flowery mantle bedeck'd the field with pride,
I met a comely damsel down by the Shannon side.

Good morning, to you sweetheart, I unto her did say,
Why are you up so early, and where go you this way?
With cheeks like blooming roses, the damsel she replied,
I go to seek my father's sheep, down by the Shannon side.

I said my pretty fair maid, I'll bear thee company,
If you have no objection that I should go with thee;
She said, kind sir, excuse me, my parents will me chide,
If I am seen with any man down by the Shannon side.

In transport I beheld her, and gave to her a kiss,
She said; kind sir, be civil, what do you mean by this?
The ground was mossy where we stood, her feet from her did
slide,

And we both fell down together upon the Shannon side.

Three times I kissed her ruby lips as she lay on the grass,
On coming to herself again, O then she cried, alas!
Now you have had your will of me, make me your lawful bride,
And do not leave me here to mourn, down by the Shannon side,

He said, my pretty fair maid, from mourning now refrain,
And we will talk of marriage, when I return again,
But do not let your spirits fail, whatever you betide,
Until I see your face again, down by the Shannon side,

We kissed, shook hands and parted, and from her I did steer,
I did not pass that way again for more than half a year,
In crossing o'er the flowery path, my love by chance I spied,
She was scarcely able for to walk down by the Shannon side.

Seemed to take no notice, but steered on my way,
My love she turned her head aside, and desired me to stay,
The tears like crystal fountains down her cheeks did glide,
O don't forget the fall you gave, down by the Shannon side.

For me it was a woeful fall, for I am with child by thee,
And if you'll be satisfied, kind sir, to marry me,
Here's 50 guineas in bright gold, my father will provide,
And 60 acres of good land down by the Shannon side.

I said, my pretty fair maid, I like your offer well,
But I'm engaged already, the truth to you I tell,
Unto another fair maid who is to be my bride,
A wealthy grazier's daughter down by the Shannon side.

Since you will not marry me, pray tell to me your name,
That when my baby it is born, I may call it the same;
The name is Captain Thunderbolt, the same I'll not deny,



MOLLIE DARLING.

White, Printer, Rose Place, Liverpool.

Won't you tell me, Mollie, darling,
That you love none else but me?
For I love you, Mollie, darling,
You are all the world to me;

Oh, tell me, darling, that you love me
Put your little hand in mine,
Take my heart, sweet Mollie, darling,
And say that you will give me thine

Mollie, fairest, sweetest, dearest,
Look up, darling, tell me this,
If you love me, Mollie, darling,
Let your answer be a kiss.

Stars are shining, Mollie, darling,
Through the mystic veil of night,
They seem laughing, Mollie, darling,
While fair Luna hides her light;
Oh, no one listens but the flowers,
Indeed they hang their heads in
shame,

They are modest, Mollie darling,
When they hear me call thy name!
I must leave you, Mollie darling,
Though the parting gives me pain,
When the stars shine, Mollie, darling,
I will meet you here again; (one
of the best Mollie good boys)

